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OCTOBER,
1928

Hearst's International
Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG,
Editor

By O. O. McIntyre

On My Last Day

WE SAT in a hospital room on upper Fifth Avenue in the graying twilight. Shadows were forming queer whorls and arabesques over Central Park. That day, in the ripeness of splendid vigor, my friend had been told a dangerous surgical operation was im-

mediately imperative. At nine the following morning he was to face his zero-hour. I had been with him in the afternoon as a grim witness to a few last-minute changes in his will. He had bade his young wife a cheery farewell and over the telephone his four-year-old son added a touch of tragic humor with: "Good night, Daddy. Have a good time."

For many, sane reasoning has stripped Death of much of its awfulness. It is as the gentle opening and closing of a door through which we pass to a fuller realization of Life. But to the majority it remains the King of Terrors, and in the gathering dusk it seemed mockingly near.

Conversation had reached that monosyllabic stage of almost frozen silence. Our friendship had been firm through years of fair weather and foul and there was much each of us wanted to say. Instead we became suddenly inarticulate. I gazed out the window at the few faint pin-pricks of stars.

His eyes fell on a newspaper sprawling across the bed and I heard the rasping of tearing paper. He had removed a syndicated poem entitled, oddly enough, "On the Last Day" which philosophized on the problem of having one more day to live.

He handed it to me with a sly smile. I knew him too well not to realize some of the bravado of the day was feigned. Nobody I have ever known loved life so much and the import of the poem touched me as a clammy chill from a tomb.

"That might furnish you with the idea for an article some day," he ventured but I knew his motive was not that. It was his subtle method of conveying to me something he was not quite able to say. It might be his last day in this world. That it wasn't, he had no way of knowing.

And so in the brusque manner men employ to choke off the suspicion of tears or display of sentimentality we said good-by awkwardly without even shaking hands.

Fifth Avenue was in the full beauty of a glorious moon that

rode high as I walked aimlessly in the direction of my hotel. I could not escape the reverie of imagining myself one whose life was to be crowded into another fleeting twenty-four hours. What would I do?

Most of us dodge such gloomy forebodings. To the average healthy human being, Death is always far away. Turning westward into brilliantly lighted Broadway, with its eager hunger for life and gaiety, the thought of Death seemed as much folly as the pleasures all about.

Yet in a quiet room only a few blocks away my friend, alone save for the faint tick of a gaunt clock, was in the fringe of the great shadow.

Had I one more day to live, I reflected, and the courage to carry on without whimpering there were many of whom I should like to ask forgiveness for intentional and unintentional hurts.

THE nature of mankind is to seek forgiveness in final hours.

It was the last despairing cry of the Master. And it is probable that only on the brink of eternity most of us become conscious how silly and useless hate is.

On my last day I should like to clasp the hand of every person who has helped me over the rough spots. In the hurry of every-day life there is a rude casualness in our attitude toward genuine friendship.

I should like to recall the many little acts of selfishness toward those so near and dear to me. I should like to blot out useless falsehoods that brought me only misery.

What a priceless sense of peace, as the shadows fall, to be conscious of having tried to give the world as much happiness as it had given to me! To feel I had never taken the slightest advantage of friend or foe and that my life had been an open book that all might read.

Such idealistic thoughts perhaps sound mawkish to those in the full bloom of excellent health, yet given one day to live I am certain they are the sort that come to us all.

Indeed, on the final day I think my greatest regret would be that I had fallen so far short of being the kind of son my mother wished me to be.

On the Last Day

By EDGAR A. GUEST

With one more day to live, and only one,
I wonder what great task I'd work upon.
Granted full strength for those fast fleeting
hours,
I wonder on what deeds I'd spend my powers.

The fancy comes that I should run to see
The countless friends who have been kind
to me,
And I should pause, the while I rushed along,
To beg another's pardon for some wrong.

I think I'd waste no time on selfish deeds
But only labor for my spirit's needs.
As one about to journey far away
Good-by to all I've known I'd want to say.

I'd have no vain illusions then of fame,
I'd see how cheap are things men strive to
claim.
For that last day allowed on earth to me
I'd be the man I've often wished to be.

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By CHARLES



Old Love

S DANA GIBSON



Love Letters

B y R E X

Illustrations by
Rico Tomaso



Son of the Gods

"Three things are universally acknowledged to be honorable: nobility, age and virtue. In the courts, nobility holds first place, in the villages age. Neither is equal to virtue."

IT WAS a warm evening in April. A week of sunshine had caused the first crinkled leaves to unfold; lawns and borders were richly green, crocuses were in bloom and the forsythia bushes were turning into spraying fountains of gold. Spring provokes a jocund excitement all its own: the marvel of rising sap, of swelling buds, of tender yet fiercely growing things awakens ardors, yearnings peculiar to that season of the year.

Sam Lee stood at the open window of his apartment overlooking the park, and the very fact that the window stood open gave him a feeling of freedom which amounted almost to intoxication. He was restless, eager, dissatisfied, elated: he debated irresolutely with himself whether to yield to the formless urge within him and ask Moy to fetch his polo coat, or to obey his conscience and call for his lounging-robe. His notes on today's lectures needed elaboration, but—it was spring; a gay rebellion had broken out in him, a thousand mischievous tongues were whispering in his ears, his thoughts were as unruly as wild horses. Who was it who defined a college lecture as a process by which the contents of a professor's notebook are transferred by mechanical means to a student's notebook without passing through the mind of either? No matter, it was a good definition and particularly true at this season of warm sap and bursting buds.

There was his brand-new Hispano-Suiza standing at the curb below, positively rearing to go somewhere, anywhere, out into the fragrant evening. Sam could see it gleaming through the half-clothed branches of the elms, its side-lights glowing. It was desert sand in color, striped with white and upholstered in light leather—a "special job" that had awakened the envy of every

undergraduate at Eastern. People invariably stopped to admire it and at this moment Sam could make out a group of dusky figures on the sidewalk near the car. He could hear their voices. Girls' voices! Laughter!—Throaty exclamations!

Spring, he told himself, is a frame of mind. Good Lord! The idea of wasting time on "extensions of the binomial theorem" when one's mind is all itchy and when one's body is crawling with desires!

The telephone tinkled discreetly, then came Moy's soft "Allo!" A moment and he entered the living-room, bowed and announced, "Mister Spuggum calling you, sir." Moy was a Korean: the simplest English names were baffling to him, he distrusted one and all and assumed no responsibility whatever for those that he was forced to repeat.

SAM went into the hall, took the instrument and spoke. "Hello, Sam!" came a cheerful voice. "This is Spud Gorham. How's every little thing?"

"Fine, thank you."

"Are you working?"

"Not—yet. I was just getting ready—"

"Say! There's some sculduggery afoot: I'm downstairs with Kicker and three does. He and I were on our way up to your place to borrow a fresh set of money when we startled these fawns. One of 'em's a pal of Kicker's. They're outside now petting your petting wagon. You'd better come down: we found a moth stamping around on it. They'll ruin the paint—I mean those moths."

Sam laughed and framed a pleasant comment but Spud talked through his words:

"It's too nice a night for the movies and anyhow Kicker and I are down to our last pair of cigarets. You sound like a fellow

K B E A C H



What delighted Alice above all when she visited Sam's apartment was to have him perform on a slim silver flageolet, which gave forth flute-like notes.

who'd enjoy taking us all for a ride. Girls and everything. Am I right? . . . Think of it, Sam: we couldn't make a borrow in front of them! You'll save money by going . . . Aw, come on! They're nice Janes. They won't stick gum under the seats." There was a moment of silence before Sam inquired: "Are you sure it would be—all right?" "Certainly!" Mr. Gorham spoke with heartiness. "Absolutely oh kay! It'll be a polite expedition in search of scientific knowledge and no parking whatever. They'll have to dock

early. Make it snappy, Sam, before they change their alleged minds."

Sam Lee called for his polo coat and a few moments later he ran down the steps of the apartment-house and joined the group on the sidewalk. He was greeted enthusiastically by Spud Gorham and Kicker Wade, who introduced him with something of a theatrical flourish to their three companions. The latter were no little impressed at meeting the owner of a fifteen-thousand-dollar car, and Sam judged that Spud and Kicker must have told them who and what he was, for his arrival created quite a flutter.

It was dark out here at the curb, features were suggested rather than revealed, but he could see that these young women were tastefully dressed and as pleasing in appearance as girls need to be nowadays. There were more than three thousand students enrolled at Eastern; nevertheless Sam knew most of them by sight, but this trio was strange to him; he assumed, therefore, that they were merely dwellers in the neighborhood.

All of them addressed him simultaneously and in some confusion, at which Kicker said breezily:

"Don't let royalty rattle you, girls. Cut out the high voice and talk in the natural register. Sam is a timid, flickering spark and he wouldn't blaze if you fanned him."

"What a beautiful car, Mr. Lee!" . . . "Aren't you afraid somebody will steal it?" . . . "How shall we ride?" . . . "It's the same make as that car in 'The Green Hat.' Didn't you adore the play?" . . .

"I'm wearing a green hat, I'll ride with Mr. Lee. Unless one of you would prefer—"

"Go ahead." Gorham addressed the last speaker the while he lowered the folding seats in the tonneau. "You're intellectual and so is Sam. He's the mental giant of the sophomore class and he does all our heavy thinking. Wait till he warms up the old cerebellum and explains the mysteries of the solar system, or thrills you with the principle of the mariners' compass. He's full of exciting gossip. Eh, Sam?"

Sam Lee's white teeth gleamed as he fitted his key to the lock and pressed the starter. "I'm not a gladiator at small talk," he admitted, "but I'm an aggressive listener."

"It makes me nervous to ride with a driver who talks too much," declared the girl at his side. "My, this car runs like silk, doesn't it?"

There followed a moment or two of general chatter during which each and every passenger undertook to make himself or herself heard. Then Wade gained attention.

"Say, people! How about some close harmonizing while we get better acquainted? Who knows the words to something? Anything. I'm a tiger on tunes but words bother me. I make up my own—'Red-hot mama! Red-hot mama! Vo-do-de-o! Vo-do-de-o!' They fit anything. Come on! Somebody start a dirge."

One of the girls began to hum the chorus of a popular song and the others joined in.

After a while the girl at Sam's side—he believed her name was Hart, but he was not sure—inquired of him: "Don't you sing?"

"Not well," he confessed.

"Goodness! Who does outside of Italy? I can't keep up with the new songs. That's because I have no radio. There isn't room for one in my little room; it's about the size of a canoe. The real reason is I can't afford one." She laughed pleasantly. "I suppose you have a set?"

Sam inclined his head. "Most of the fellows have sets."

"What kind is yours?"

He told her and she gasped. "Oh, Mr. Midas! What haven't you got? A thousand-dollar radio, a Spanish car, an apartment of your own and a—valet! Gee, I'd call that living. Where is your home, Mr. Lee?"

"New York."

"I'm a Westerner. Bartonville, Ohio!"

Sam looked at her and again his teeth shone in a smile. "I was born in San Francisco," said he.

There was an interruption from the quartet in the rear. A moment and then Miss Hart addressed him in some curiosity:

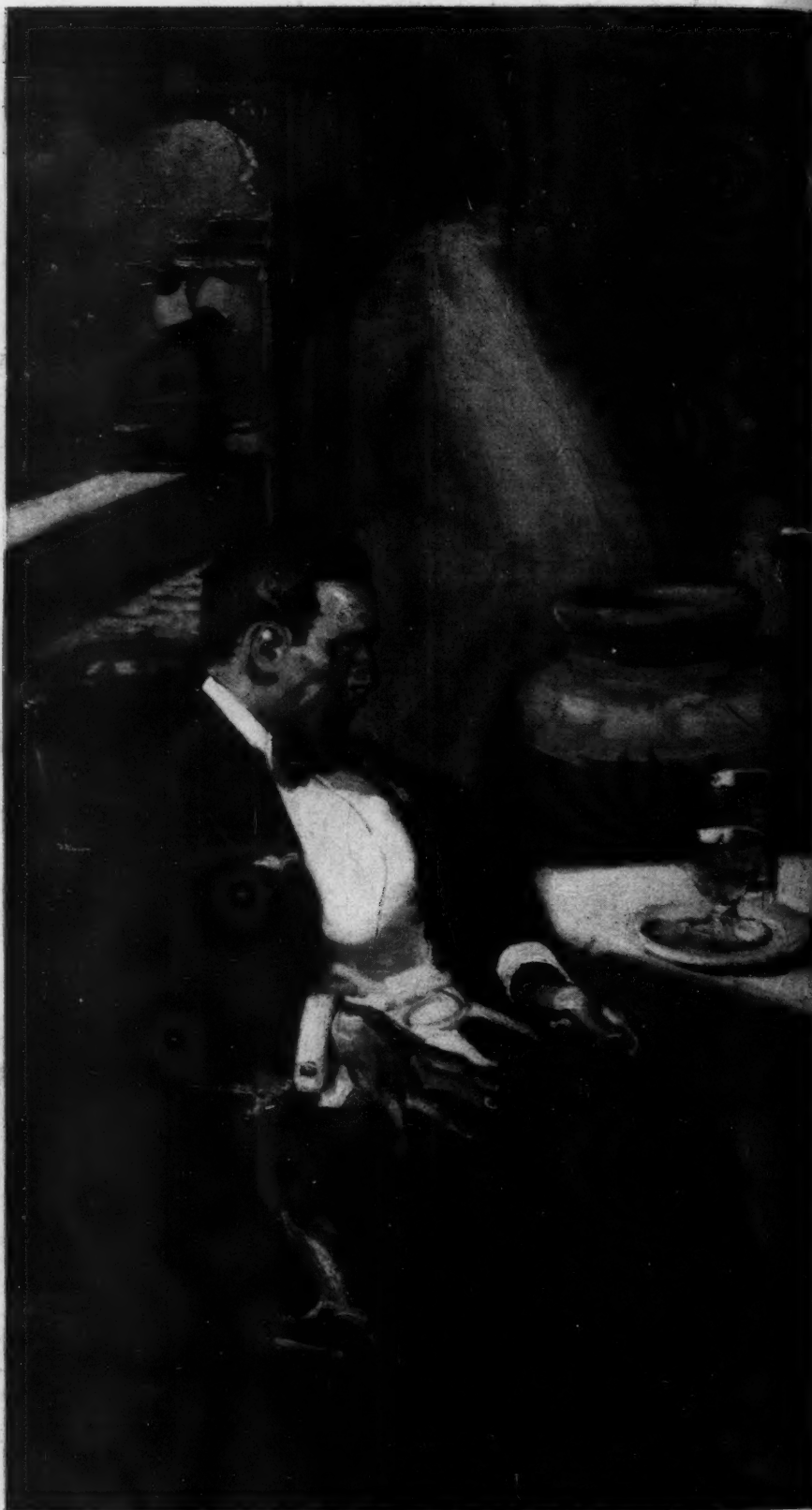
"I thought wealthy fellows like you always put up at the frat houses."

"A good many do. I don't belong to any fraternity."

"I've been to some of the dances; one or two. I think it's terrible the way those fellows look at college. I mean as if it were all play. If they had any idea how hard it is to earn—"

There came a gale of laughter from the back seats. Kicker, Spud and their two companions were talking like parrots.

Through the upper end of the city and out into the country Sam drove. The roads were smooth and wide, the night was fragrant with pleasant, earthy odors. Youth itself on such a night is a delirious adventure.



Alice gasped: "You mean—Paris? That's my

Sam Lee felt enormously grateful to his two friends for inviting him to join their party. It was nice of them to admit him into such close fellowship with them and to introduce him to their girls, for he was a pretty lonely person. It was nice of the girls, also, to treat him so graciously. Miss Hart—Alice was her given name—had quite recovered from her first constraint



dream." A look of dismay flickered over Sam's face and resentment stirred in Lee Ying's breast.

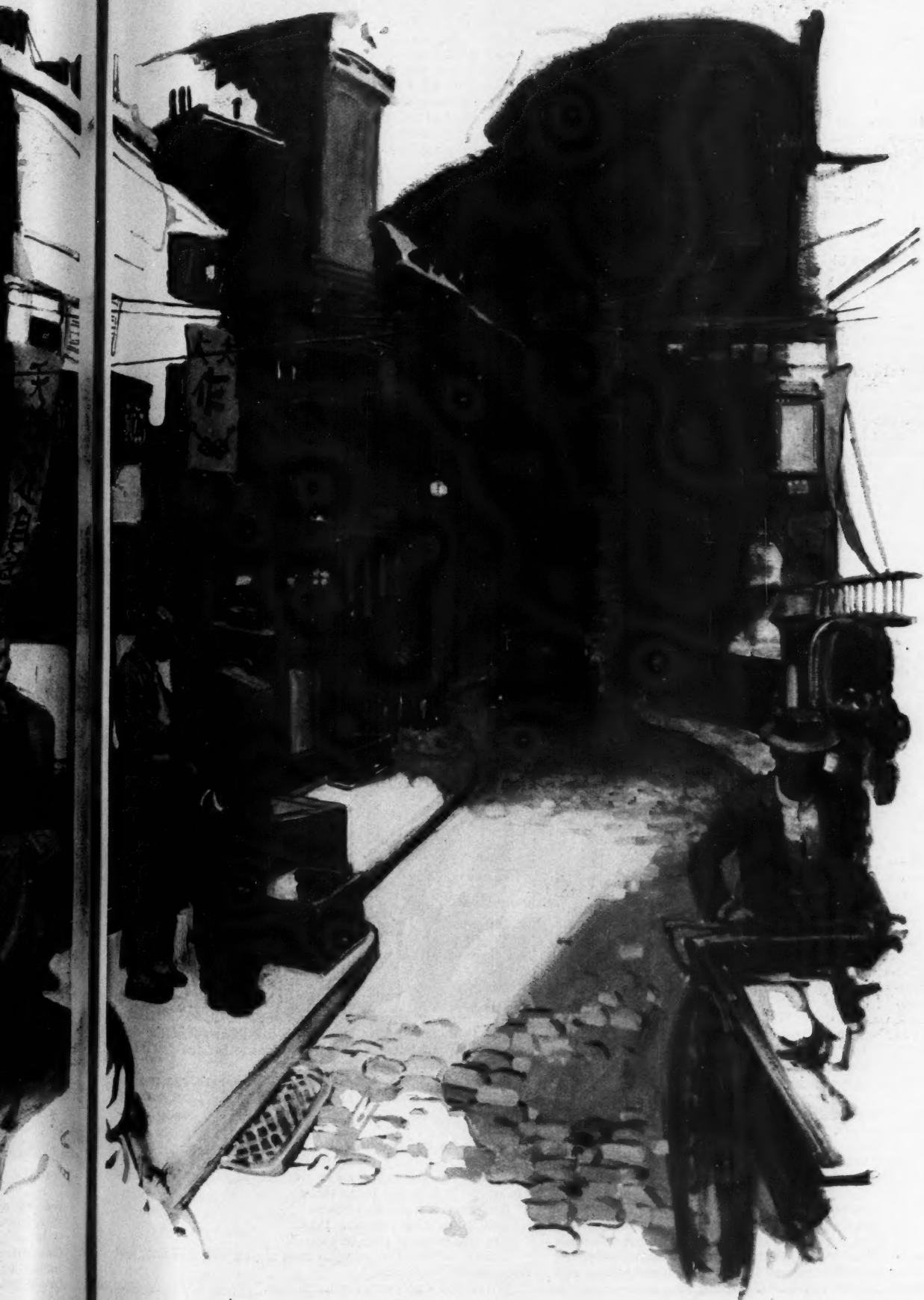
and was exerting herself to be agreeable. She no longer shrank over against her end of the seat as if he had measles: on the contrary, she took the wheel wherever the road was open and at such times her body pressed close to his, her shoulder rested against his chest. Her hands were soft and warm; when they touched Sam's he was conscious of unaccustomed sensations.

It would have been easy to slip an arm around her: probably she more than half expected him to do so, for something of that sort was going on behind, but Sam had never put his arm around a girl.

A dog rushed out from a farmhouse gate and raced along beside the running board. It came with the intention of barking



AThe stream of pedestrians divided to let Sam's car pass through. There were new odors, strange, pungent, spicy; Oriental men wearing ill-fitting clothes; outlandish cries and words without meaning.



savagely, but the speed of the machine was such that it could manage to emit nothing more terrifying than a falsetto yelp or two. Kicker Wade waved his cap and jeered at the animal as it fell behind, then with a sudden change of tone announced that he was hungry.

"Why bring that up?" Gorham inquired irritably.

"How can I help bringing it up? *Sa-a-y!* Don't kick me! If you want to step on my foot, step on it under a table with a napkin in your neck. That dog makes my mouth water: he started a sequence of thought. Remember Prof Austin's lecture on thought sequence? But of course you don't. You don't remember anything. He calls it successiveness. 'Thought flows like a stream of water and one channel leads into another.' Follow me. Dog! Running dog! Dog overheated! Hot dog! Plural, hot dogs! With mustard! Ain't culture wonderful?"

KICKER's girl companion uttered an exclamation. She hadn't tasted a hot dog in goodness knows when. Neither had the other girl, nor Alice Hart, for that matter. Food became the topic of conversation; starvation, it seemed, threatened more than one of the party. Somebody suggested it would be fun to get a bite somewhere and then dance for an hour.

Came another panicky protest from the bankrupt Gorham aimed at his pal Wade: "Hunger is good for people. It sharpens their intellects, and Lord knows yours needs it, Kicker. For me, I couldn't eat a thing. So help me!"

But Wade was shameless in money matters, financial obligations rested upon him as lightly as thistle-down. With no hint of embarrassment he declared:

"We won't press you, big boy. Live on your fat like a bear if you will, but I famish. Having fasted since dinner-time, my brain grows feverish, fancies come and go, visions pass before my eyes. Beautiful visions like those that tantalize the thirsty traveler in a desert. Look! I see a swell road-house. It's all lit up. There's music in the air. And smells! Smells of Welsh rabbits! . . . Do I dream? Is it all a cruel mirage? But no, six people are entering that heavenly road-house and I am one of them. They are led by a handsome, open-handed youth in a polo coat. Who is this princely fellow? Is it— It is! It is— *Sam Lee!*"

Above the laughter Wade went on in a hollow voice:

"Are we his guests? I—can't make out. I think I see him lending me money to pay the check. Yes! And now the scene changes; comes the dawn. It is tomorrow. I am returning Sam's loan."

"There's no doubt, now, it's a mirage," Gorham asserted.

Sam Lee turned his smiling face to inquire: "What do you say if we go back the shore road and stop at the Bird Cage?"

This query brought a shout from Wade but half-hearted protests from the girls. Not the Bird Cage. That was altogether too spiffy. They weren't dressed for a place like that. Of course it would be wonderful just to see it but— Wade, who usually constituted himself a majority in any group, declared:

"It's a positive inspiration. You girls look like three plush horses, and anyhow Sam's known there."

"It's so—expensive," Alice Hart ventured.

"Pish! And two tushes! You're not with Spud and me, you're with Sam. He should worry about the high cost of caviar with millions out at six percent. My heart bleeds for that poor bonded bloat-holder."

Sam felt a certain embarrassment, especially as he was aware that Miss Hart was staring at him with new interest. Kicker was frequently embarrassing with his talk of money. It was characteristic of him to invite everybody to dine at another's expense, that was his way. He, and Spud too, had practically been living off Sam's bounty for months, but what of it? Money could buy so little. What really mattered was the fact that these two fellows liked him, had accepted him as a friend and an intimate. They actually kidded him and introduced him to their girls.

A feeling of gratitude absurdly out of proportion to its cause came over the driver of the car. He was no longer an outsider. He wished he knew how to joke as freely and as easily as these fellows, but his training had been different from theirs. He doubted if he could ever learn the secret of badinage.

The Bird Cage was the most popular road-house on the north shore. It had been done in the Chinese fashion, with miniature flower-gardens and dwarfed pine trees surrounding the dancing floor and with tiny pebbled pools spanned by toy bamboo bridges separating the tables. Scores of bird cages, each with a twittering canary of imperial yellow, swung from the lacquered beams, and all the attendants were in Oriental costume.

Smart people frequented the Bird Cage, for one of the best orchestras in the city played there nightly, and the cover charge was high. That cover charge amounted to more than most of the students at Eastern spent on themselves in a week, and in consequence it was not liberally patronized by the college crowd. But Sam went there frequently to dine alone.

He let his companions out under the porte-cochère, parked his car and returned to the porch, then led the way inside. The three girls were chattering animatedly as he removed his coat and cap and tossed them to the coat man. He ran a hand over his shiny black hair and turned, smiling, to his guests.

It was his first chance to see them distinctly and he was curious to discover whether these friends of Spud's and Kicker's, especially Miss Hart, would prove as attractive in a revealing light as in the semi-obscurity of the night. He was not disappointed. They were healthy, charming, animated girls: Alice—Alice Hart—was unusually pretty. Sam had learned by now that she was an advanced student at the School of Design. That explained why he had never seen her on the campus, for Eastern's art school was in the heart of the city. Of the other two, one held a position of some importance in a publishing house and—

Sam felt his gaze drawn from Alice's face to that of Kicker's girl; perhaps his attention was attracted by the fact that she broke off in the middle of what she was saying and stared at him out of startled eyes. A look of incredulity succeeded her smile; she opened her lips to speak, but the obsequious proprietor of the Bird Cage bustled up at that moment with a word of welcome to Sam and an inquiry as to where he wished his party seated. When the latter had made his wishes known, the girls were on their way to the dressing-room.

The orchestra in the café started playing, the dance floor filled and the three college men moved forward and looked in. Devoutly Gorham murmured:

"Heaven must be a road-house! Listen to that sax appeal!"

Wade shook his head. "In the beginning God made Heaven and earth. Mr. Volstead made the road-houses."

"And *how!*" breathed the former speaker.

Sam Lee was staring at the gyrating throng; his face was placid, his eyes were as expressionless as onyx disks, he did not seem to hear what his friends were saying.

When several moments had passed, Wade inquired irritably: "What ails those sopranos? I require nourishment."

"Give a date free lip-sticks and face powder and she'll stretch it into a permanent wave. I bet they've stopped to get shaved."

Wade felt a touch on his arm: a maid in an Oriental blouse, blue silk trousers and felt-soled slippers advised him that one of the ladies wished to speak to him. He followed her.

A STORMY face peered out at Kicker from the dressing-room door, an angry voice greeted him.

"You've got your nerve!"

"Hello! What's wrong?"

"You know very well. You get us out of here this minute before anybody sees us." The speaker was furious, her eyes were glowing. "The idea! Alice is crying. She's almost in hysterics!"

Illumination came to Kicker. "You mean—Sam? Aw, see here! Don't be a goofer."

"I recognized him the minute we got in here. If this is your idea of a practical joke—the excited young woman choked—"well, I think it's pretty rotten and I'm going to tell my father. The Regents will hear about this, Mr. Fresh, you see if they don't."

"But listen, dearie—"

"Listen nothing! You get us out of here, that's all. The idea of your *daring* to take us out with a *Chinaman!*"

Spud Gorham's seat-mate now revealed herself in the door opening. "That's what I say. I've got a brother and you'll hear from him."

"For heaven's sake, be reasonable! Don't make a scene in a place like this," Kicker implored. "Sam isn't an ordinary Chinese."

"Bah!"

"What's the difference—"

"Anyhow, we don't think of him as one. He's a high-class gentleman. If I'd had any idea you felt like this—but it's too late now. You've got to go through."

"And have him ask us to *dance?*"

"That's just what he'd do. I'd *die*."

"Are you going to take us away?"

"I *can't*. Think I'm going to bawl myself out, and him, too! What would I tell him?"

"We should worry what you tell him."

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and him, too?



Alice tried on the new finery Sam had sent her, indulging her consuming vanity. She could make an artist of herself if she had the chance, and she would pay any price, almost, for the opportunity.

Angrily Wade exclaimed: "You just want to start something. Who the devil do you think you are? The Astor girls? Sam doesn't look Chinese, and nobody here knows him."

"I know him!"

"Nasty yellow man! Ugh! I wouldn't let him touch me," the other girl put in.

"Is that so? Well, Alice let him touch her, all right! Everything was Jake till you started to broadcast. And he isn't yellow, either. But here's Spud——"

Gorham had observed storm-signals and was approaching: Sam Lee still stood in the doorway absorbed in watching the dancers. His back was to his guests.

When Spud learned what was amiss he joined his entreaties to Kicker's, but with no success.

"Do you think we'd be seen in a public place with an Oriental?" "Yes, and his name isn't Sam Lee, at all—it's Lee Sam." The indignant instigator of the scene made herself heard. "I never thought when you introduced him, but the instant I got a good look——"

"Lee Sam is the Chinese way to say his name," Kicker explained. "They get everything backwards. Now listen: he's a big guy; his father is the richest Oriental in New York. He's the Chinese Marshall Field. Sam's a kind of a prince. He's an honor man at the university and——"

"Are you going to call a taxi?"

"Is who going to call what taxi?" Gorham demanded roughly. "You'd wear out a new one on the way home. We're further from home than Cape Town. If you (Continued on page 180)

S I S S Y



“‘Mah young prince’ll bust his heart over dat little sea-devil,” murmured

THE first time Lydia beheld her son drape a bit of apple-green silk, left over from a bridesmaid’s frock, around the wire figure of her dressmaking form, she reached out and plucked him off as you would a bur.

“Bernard, don’t you ever let me see you do that again.”

Tish, remnant of the days when the late Major Yardsley had been stationed at El Paso, raised two pallid and horny palms and rolled two eyes that were like black circles of carbon-paper pasted against white.

“Dat chile’s chip off de ole block of his mammy, I’ll say, Miss Lydie.”

“There’s nothing funny in that, Tish. Children who imitate everything they see are little monkeys. Boys don’t play at dressmaking, Bernard. That’s sissified.”

Sissified, a word destined to become as cuttingly sibilant as a buzz-saw to Bernard, had not yet made its dent. There was to come a day in the household when it became unsayable. But by that time, the mere saying of it no longer mattered so much, because long before Bernard was fifteen, it was more a part of the sensation of a lodestone or a lump lodging in the throat, than it was a word.

Children frequently hurled the noun of it at Bernard. It made a wildcat of Lydia. Once she had slapped a small boy resoundingly across the face for hissing it out at Bernard as they passed along the street. An enraged note had followed from the neighborhood boy’s outraged mother, to which Lydia had written apology.

Such an outburst, striking a child across the face, was so alien to her nature that, looking back, it seemed to her some third and mysterious hand must have darted out from her subconsciousness

and struck at that boy. Bernard, on the other hand, had only increased his speed and hurried along without glancing back, which, in Lydia’s secret and tormented opinion, was as strange a thing for the son of Major Yardsley to have done, as it was for her to have struck out.

Well, what could you expect! was Lydia’s excited and sometimes almost hysterical fashion of talking down, to herself, these forbidden thoughts when they crept on her unawares. You could not hope to rear a boy in a city, and of all places around a dressmaking establishment, and make a man of him overnight.

Then this only-child business. Wasn’t there a scientific theory to the effect that only children, because of their enforced loneliness and association with their elders were—yes, yes, yes—and so on and so on and so on.

Now, if the major had only been spared, all might have been so different. Ah, there was a venturesome spirit for you! Alas, too venturesome! Lydia had first clapped eyes on him when she was a seminary girl in Ferguson, a suburb of St. Louis, and he had been stationed at Jefferson Barracks. They had met at a Tree Day reception. He had been in full uniform.

Sometimes it seemed to Lydia that her marriage had been a dream that ended—or had it begun?—with the message that followed the battle of Château-Thierry. He had died in action.

She kept the splotched and crumpled message in a small carved sandalwood box. Sometimes she showed it to Bernard. That was what made it seem a strange thing, somehow, for the son of Major Yardsley to have hurried along without glancing back, that time the sibilant aspersion had hopped off the lips of the bad boy.

Quite an
Unusual
Short Story

by
*Fannie
Hurst*



Tish. Silly old brown Tish, thought Lydia.

Illustrations by
Henry Raleigh

It made her secretly resolve to become a little strict with Bernard. To harden him a bit. To refuse to permit him to hang around the house after school hours. To send him out to join the other boys at play.

Lydia loved to have Bernard about. There was something sedative about him. He never seemed to want or desire to a sufficient degree to make him unruly. He was a satisfying child to have around and could stand at the window for half an hour watching the street scenes quietly and without any of the noisy, jumpy impulses of most boys to be in and out. Sometimes he would lie under the sewing-table on his stomach, chin propped on palms, and improvise little chants.

The flow-er said to the lit-tle dog,
I would rath-er be me than you—ooo.

Cats are nice but I hate mice
I—hate—mice—

LYDIA, who from time to time, when she felt strangely bothered about Bernard, had read books on child culture and psychology, would often listen to these and try to analyze them.

I want to sit in a golden spoon
And eat little cakes the shape of the moon.

Now what could that one mean? You were supposed to be able to draw important deductions from unconscious revelations like this, which would give you the private key to the innermost thoughts of your child.

It was a pretty enough little thought, that one about the spoon and moon, but somehow, from her reading, Lydia would have preferred that Bernard's mind run to the husky themes of piracy

or conquest by land or air.

Frequently, as she sat stitching, stitching, Lydia found herself leaning forward, with an almost breathless eagerness, for some such note in the chantings of her son as he lay beneath the sewing-table.

The garden 'was filled
with roses
That the pansies made
faces at.

What kind of thoughts were those for a boy of eleven! Why, even as Bernard chanted them, her neighbor's son Bleeker could be heard breaking a broomstick bronco down in the yard below.

"Bernard, why don't you run out and play?"

"I am playing, Mother."

Lydia found herself passionately wanting Bernard to be breaking broomstick broncos in the yard below. She used to insist upon his going down, only to have him come trailing in a little later, pale, and sometimes with evidence of blackened tear stains along his cheeks.

It was no use. Bernard hated breaking broncos down in the back yard with Bleeker Sheehan or Rodney Stuart.

Tish used to fold him to her as if he had been absent over a long period of time, when he came wearily indoors from these enforced forays into the small-boy outside world, and wash the black streaks off his cheeks and, with her wide pink lips against his ear, mumble treasons against Lydia.

"Mah young-prince honey-chile ain't got ways dat fits in wid dem thar devils-on-wheels of boys down thar. If Tish ketches one of dem good-for-nothin' red Injuns a-layin' a hand to her boy, Tish'll parboil 'em in oil, dat's what Tish'll do. Your ma hadn't ought to think she's a-makin' a man out of you by sendin' you down thar to git bean-shot at."

Bean-shot would send Bernard into a hysteria of dread. He dreaded for his eyes. He batted them wildly, covered them with his hands and ran shouting and shuddering up the back stairs.

Well, Lydia used to reason excitedly to herself on these occasions, what could you expect? Bleeker was just naturally a blustering fellow and Rodney's own blood uncle was none other than Tex Stuart, the lightweight champion—or was it the heavy-weight? More probably heavy.

Boys of just ordinary stripe could be expected to stand up under a spatter of shot. Highly strung, sensitive boys were another

matter. More than probably the major himself had hated bean-shot.

"Shh-h-h, Bernard, get quiet, darling. You don't have to go out and play any more today.

"Tish will take you out in the kitchen and give you a cooky, won't you, Tish?"

"Honey-chile, just you come wid Tish. I hope to de Lord de four-eyed heebiejeebies gits eberv one of dem daredevils what pesters mah chile."

When Tish's hand, which was the color of pale jade on the inside and a corduroyed brown on the out, closed over Bernard's, it could cause rest and security to flow their ways back into his wildly beating heart.

After a time, Lydia ceased to command Bernard to go out and play, because usually when he came home from the public school which he attended, two blocks away, there were such tired lines about his mouth that Lydia did not quite dare. Not

that he ever complained, or that there were complaints from school, but for some reason, unmentionable even to herself, Lydia never inquired, or attempted to meet his teachers. The reports which he brought home were fairly good; studies average, deportment, for the most part, excellent.

Again for a reason she could not analyze, Lydia shrank before the consistent excellency of the deportment. Bleeker's mother complained bitterly of her boy's low conduct grades, but Lydia, who sewed for her, felt a sort of secret and vicious exultancy in her manner.

"Boys will be boys, Mrs. Yardsley, isn't it true?"

"Yes, yes, yes, Mrs. Sheehan." Now what did she mean by that?

Just the same, Lydia no longer drove Bernard down into the yard to play with these boys who would be boys. Besides, the customers enjoyed him around the house. He was rather a beautiful boy, with contemplative dark eyes and long,



In the doll Bernard had achieved his Nicola with amazing fidelity. It had been easy for him to do her to the life. Nicola's loveliness was graven into his heart.

smooth cheeks. Eager to please, too, and willing at errands.

But one day a Mrs. Bok, a large young woman who could have afforded Paris clothes, but swore by the way in which Lydia could fit her heavy figure, took exception. Standing in her underbodice before a long mirror, while Lydia, on her knees, her mouth full of pins and her pretty ash-colored hair awry, was turning up a hem, Mrs. Bok started, recoiled and threw a scarf over her shoulders as Bernard entered the room.

"Please don't let your boy come in while I'm being fitted, Mrs. Yardsley. Such a great big boy—it's not nice—"

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Bok. Bernard is such a child in his ways, we forget he's nearly thirteen. Bernard, run out and play." But at the stricken look which followed that command, there was borne full upon her the most acute awareness of her new problem.

Bernard, whom the women customers had loved to pet, was outgrowing his environment. Along the narrow, pale panel of his cheeks, was the beginning of a hint of light fuzz. He had already

approached his mother for long trousers. He carried a coin-purse by now for his own spending-money and took off his cap gravely to small neighborhood girls whom he passed in the street.

Mrs. Bok had been quite right. Lydia was grateful to her for jerking her to this awareness of her son's fine and normal maturity which had been embarrassing to her as a customer.

For a moment, the exigency of giving up the dressmaking establishment flashed over Lydia. No doubt about it, this was no environment for a growing boy. Lydia hated more and more Bernard's tendency to putter with bits of silk and to make amusing character dolls out of clothes-pins and scraps of material that fell from under her scissors. A boy did not have much opportunity to develop into a boy's boy in such an environment.

The small pension paid her by the government was less than they could live on, without some additional source of income, even in circumstances rather more than modest. But there was always the alternative of doing hand-work for the Women's Exchanges. The first few years of Bernard's life she had managed it that way, occupying a small room in a lodging-house and sewing while her son learned to crawl.

Her natural aptitude with the needle asserting itself, she had been able to earn the much-needed margin to her income by making satin flowers, lamp-shades, bed jackets and boudoir caps. From there, the step of branching out into dressmaking was a logical one.

By the act of moving from El Paso back to the St. Louis she had known as a girl when the late major had been stationed at Jefferson Barracks, and announcing to a few of her erstwhile friends her intention of setting up dressmaking, Lydia, within the first twelve-month, had been able to double her income.

Friends both in town and out in the suburb of Ferguson, where she had spent her childhood previous to the death of her parents, remembered her pretty aptitude with the needle, and rallied around.

Her present scale of life in the apartment that occupied the upper floor of a two-family building on a nicely laid out residential street, known as Vernon Avenue, was the result of Lydia's ability by now almost to quadruple the income derived from the pension.

Tish, who had been maid of all work in the El Paso household during those strangely unreal and cherished months of the major's lifetime and who had held Bernard in her chocolate-colored arms the first hour of his life, had been sent for, as the dressmaking end of the establishment grew and Lydia was no longer able to sandwich in her domestic chores between fittings.

There was a helper in the sewing-room too, and if Lydia had been ambitious for still further extension, one of her patrons, a Mrs. Hammerschlakker of Ferguson, had twice offered to back her to the extent of twenty-five hundred dollars in setting up a downtown establishment.

Lydia, to whom the idea of the dress-making business on a larger scale was not tenable, found the question of discontinuing it entirely, to be even more untenable. Why, its chief virtue all along had been the advantages the increased income could make possible for Bernard. His education. His home. His opportunities in the vocation or profession he would ultimately choose for himself. Now that he was approaching his middle teens it seemed highly impracticable even to contemplate a return to a more restricted mode of living.

Lydia and Bernard could no longer occupy one small room in a lodging-house. Besides, that environment might present even greater disadvantages than the present one of dressmaker's twaddle, silk, drapes and Tish's extravagant (Continued on page 106)



He Learned about *By Gouverneur Morris*

"IT USED to be called the Island of Women, but now it is called Birthday Island, and for very good reasons. The island itself has been reborn."

Callot reached for the Gilby gin with one hand and with the other wiped the perspiration from his brow.

Reborn? I should say it had been (he continued). But it won't affect civilization any. It's too little—thirty miles around and mostly mountains. If it had only been bigger—as big as New Zealand, say, and with national resources: coal, oil, iron—it might end by having its say with the whole world, and making it a better place to live in. But it's too little—the population has reached the saturation point—probably it's already reached the peak of its possibilities, and will begin to go downhill.

But it's a shame, for I tell you that it's the only crumb of the earth's surface that's entirely inhabited by decent, able, worthwhile people. There's no vice—no rottenness, and not a chance for missionaries or traders or officials or any other low-down white trash to introduce any.

You can go ashore if you like, but you have to keep within a restricted area. And in that area while you're in it, even if you are an old man like me, you won't even see one female child let alone a grown woman. You'll do your trading with three handsome, serious young men, and then you'll get out.

It's one of the British islands, of course, but the natives own all the real estate, and they won't sell a square inch. Anything that looks like a path leading into the interior has a tabu sign on it—tabu meaning "Private Property," "No Trespassing," "No Thoroughfare." If you insist on trespassing, you'll be knocked on the head, and when the matter comes up before the British authorities, they will say that it served you jolly well right.

They don't even keep a commissioner on that island. They realize that it runs itself better than they or anybody else could run it, and they are proud to let it go at that.

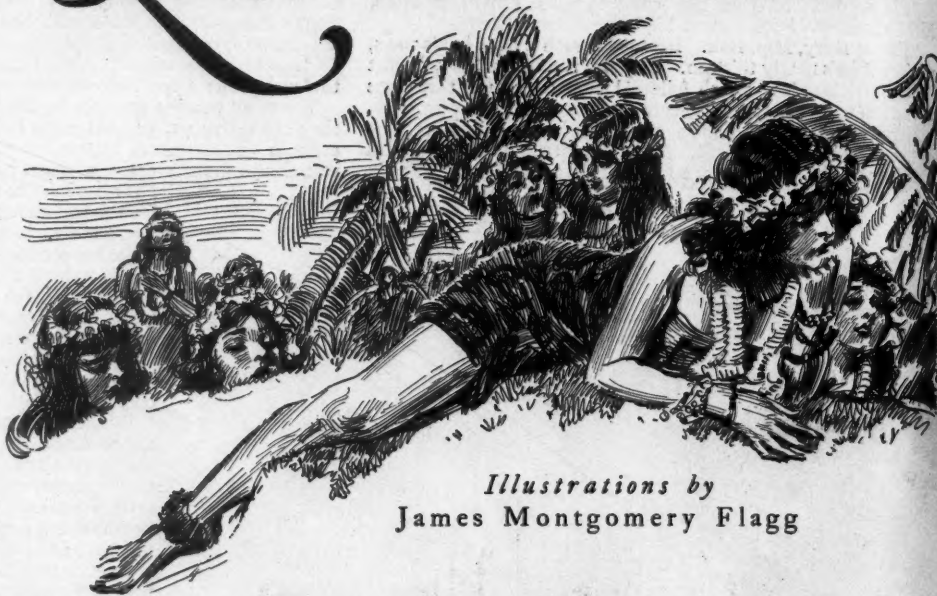
Birthday Island is a man's island today. But it used to be a woman's island. It belonged to the great island of Boralonga, distant seven miles across the Straits of Boralonga, and played a basic part in the religion and customs of that island.

The Boralongans had ideas of their own—and good ideas. Like all the original South Sea islanders, they had highly developed and sound biological theories. They were brave and warlike—great boatmen, swimmers and fishermen. They weren't afraid to tackle a sperm-whale. But they were stern moralists and had no use for philandering.

When a young man of the Boralongans was judged old enough and wise enough and strong enough, the chief took him aside and talked to him, and put a gardenia over his right ear, and told him to swim the straits to the Island of Women, choose a wife and bring her home with him.

The young man would proceed to obey orders. He would swim the straits, choose a wife, and swim back home with her.

If his wife bore him a female child, why, the moment it was weaned, he and his wife would rub the baby's little nose good-bye and ship her back to the Island of Women, to be reared in toil and innocence. And the same with his wife, when she got too old to have any more children.



Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg

So you see there were never any females on the Island of Boralonga except wives in the years of their fertility. Delicate and misshapen children were knocked on the head.

The Boralonga formula produced a strong, handsome, vivid race. There's no question about that. If the chiefs thought that fresh blood was needed, they would spare such prisoners taken in war as were of the right age, and had fought most bravely, and adopt them into the nation. And sometimes a promising male child was spared and allowed to grow up among them.

One such child was spared, not only because he had a fine body but because he was blue-eyed and red-headed.

As events proved, Bimbo must have been a white child, but the Boralongans didn't know that. According to tradition, except for his blue eyes and his red hair, he had just the same beautiful golden-brown coloring that everybody else had.

At the time that the chiefs decided to let him live he must have been ten or eleven years old. And, as events proved, he must have been able to read and write. But if he had told the Boralongans of these accomplishments, they wouldn't have known what he was talking about.

THERE is good reason to think that the Boralongan boys in those old days grew to manhood without any definite knowledge of sex. The married men lived apart with their wives. There were no girls running about. And sex as a topic was tabu.

The boys were brought up in a school of violent physical exercise: swimming, fishing, climbing, hunting, boat-building, hewing and planting and handling weapons. And at the same time, of course, all the island commandments and tabus were drilled into them and became an automatic part of all their mental processes.

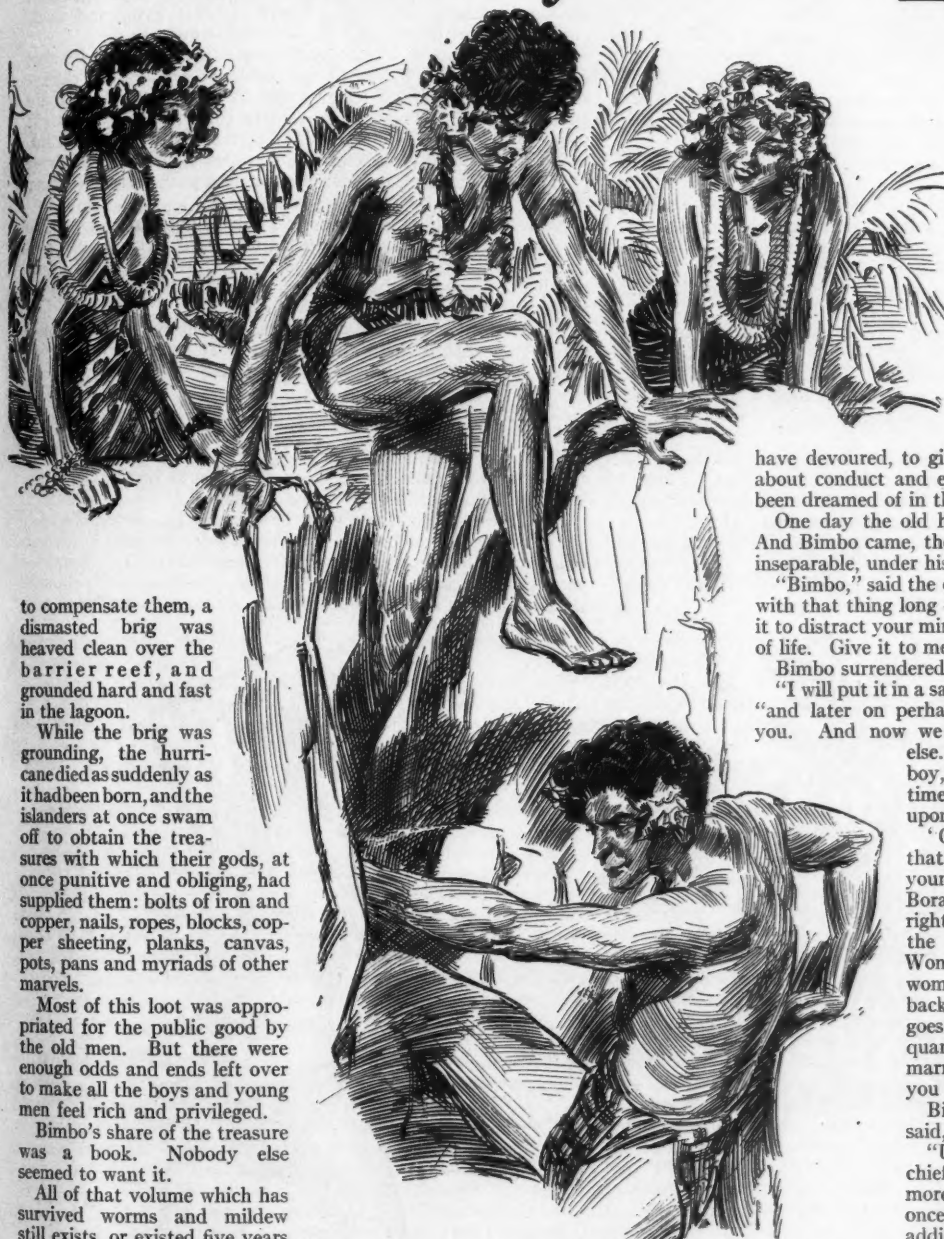
Bimbo, according to tradition, was a wonderful natural athlete. He had the kind of mind and body that win the Decathlon at the Olympic games. Among all the young men on the island, he was simply the best at everything. Also, according to tradition, he was immensely merry, full of pranks and practical jokes.

When he was seventeen, some of the chiefs thought that he ought to be allowed to take a wife. Others thought that he should wait another year. A few thought, secretly, that such a wonderful young man ought to be allowed to take more than one wife, for the future good of the island. But even to them such thoughts were tabu.

While the matter was pending, the weather became ominously calm and gave birth presently to a hurricane, and there was an awful smashing of banana trees and coconut trees and houses and canoes. The Boralongans suffered heavy material losses. But

ris
ut

Women from him



to compensate them, a dismasted brig was heaved clean over the barrier reef, and grounded hard and fast in the lagoon.

While the brig was grounding, the hurricane died as suddenly as it had been born, and the islanders at once swam off to obtain the treasures with which their gods, at once punitive and obliging, had supplied them: bolts of iron and copper, nails, ropes, blocks, copper sheeting, planks, canvas, pots, pans and myriads of other marvels.

Most of this loot was appropriated for the public good by the old men. But there were enough odds and ends left over to make all the boys and young men feel rich and privileged.

Bimbo's share of the treasure was a book. Nobody else seemed to want it.

All of that volume which has survived worms and mildew still exists, or existed five years ago, when a toothless and senile old priest of the Boralongans took the wreckage out of a hiding-place and allowed me to examine it. The Boralongans, the poor old shrunken remnant of what was once a dominant Pacific race, attribute the catastrophe which overwhelmed them to that book. They feared it so that they dared not destroy it, lest worse things befall them.

They don't know, of course, what book it is, or what it is about. They don't even know that it is a book. They only know that until Bimbo brought that book ashore and made a god of it, sat in the shade of a palm tree and looked at it by the hour, turning the leaves of thin paper and examining all the black marks on them, they were happy and prosperous. And that within three months they found themselves faced with a problem which,

soluble though it may have been, they found themselves unable to solve.

In seven years Bimbo must have forgotten a great many words that he once had known. He tackled that book therefore with the diminished vocabulary of a bright ten- or eleven-year-old boy, and must of course have missed the meaning of whole passages, but he got enough out of the book, which he seems to

have devoured, to give him thoughts and ideas about conduct and ethics which never yet had been dreamed of in the island philosophy.

One day the old head chief sent for Bimbo. And Bimbo came, the book, from which he was inseparable, under his arm.

"Bimbo," said the old chief, "you have played with that thing long enough. You have allowed it to distract your mind from the serious business of life. Give it to me."

Bimbo surrendered the book.

"I will put it in a safe place," said the old chief, "and later on perhaps I will give it back to you. And now we shall speak of something else. You are no longer a boy, Bimbo, but a man. The time for marriage has come upon you.

Of marriage you only know that when it is time for a young man to marry, a *tiare* Boralonga is placed over his right ear, and he swims across the straits to the Island of Women, and chooses a young woman to be his wife, and swims back with her to Boralonga, and goes to live with her in the quarter which is set aside for married couples. That is all you know about marriage."

Bimbo nodded gravely, and said, "Yes. That is all."

"Unhappily," said the old chief, "it is necessary to know more than that. And I shall at once proceed to impart all the additional knowledge which is necessary, and as delicately as possible. Now, Bimbo, by

what I am going to tell you, you are going to be immensely surprised . . ."

Bimbo nodded gravely and signified that he was all ears.

An hour later the old chief picked a beautiful gardenia from the bush in front of his house, and wedged it firmly between Bimbo's close-growing, somewhat pointed right ear and the side of his skull. Then he led Bimbo to the shore of the lagoon and pointed to the fantastic sky-line of the Island of Women.

"Steer," he told Bimbo, "for the highest peak. The Island of Women is not like Boralonga. There is but the one opening through the reef and but one place at which a swimmer may get ashore. Swim swiftly, choose wisely, and return soon . . ."

"To hear my father's words," said Bimbo, "is to obey them."

Then he rubbed his beautiful young nose against the old man's ugly old nose and, turning, rushed into the lagoon with a great splashing. When the water reached his waist he dived, and when he came to the surface he was seen to be swimming toward the Island of Women with the grace and almost the speed of a porpoise.

The old man was a little troubled. Usually what he told the young men, before they embarked on the nuptial swim, frightened them and made them seem shy and troubled. And they usually swam out to sea in a slow reflective sort of way. Bimbo, contrariwise, had displayed an *elan*, an eagerness, which in the old chief's mind almost amounted to a breach of good manners.

The old man sighed, and turned away from the beach. "I do hope," he thought, "that for the good of our race, he makes a wise choice, something strong and sensible, something with extra good eyesight and all its teeth . . . But the old women will be there to advise him, and if they don't know what's what, who does? Who indeed?"

But Bimbo, it seemed, was not going to need any advice from the old women. It seemed that he had not listened very carefully even to the advices and instructions of the old chief. Worse, it seemed that the commandments and tabus which had been taught him during his Boralongan adoption had not become the real basis for his acts and thoughts . . .

You know yourself that right here in Papeiti there was never a case of theft among the natives, or of vulgarity in speech or dress, or of downright idiotic conduct, until American civilization was revealed to them on the screen of their motion-picture house.

Bimbo, in an older day, presents us perhaps with a similar case.

According to all tradition he was a true Boralongan, heart and soul, until he had received, and preferred, a different scheme of life from the book which had come ashore in the dismasted brig. He had been an obedient lad, and good-natured. He had made himself a past master of all the island arts and crafts. He was as the young Adam might have been before the fall.

If it had not been for the book, it is probable that Bimbo would have swum to the Island of Women, chosen a wife, with the

advice of the old women, and returned to Boralonga on the following day. But the book had given him a different set of ideas.

But it must have been the sheer difficulty of getting ashore on the Island of Women which finally determined him to put all those strange and alluring ideas into practise.

The Island of Women, or Birthday Island, as it is now called, differs from any other South Sea island with which I am familiar. It has the usual barrier reef, through which there is only one passage, and inside of that is the usual lagoon, deep in some places, shallow in others, paved with lumps of coral, living and dead, and teeming with the vivid life of tropic waters.

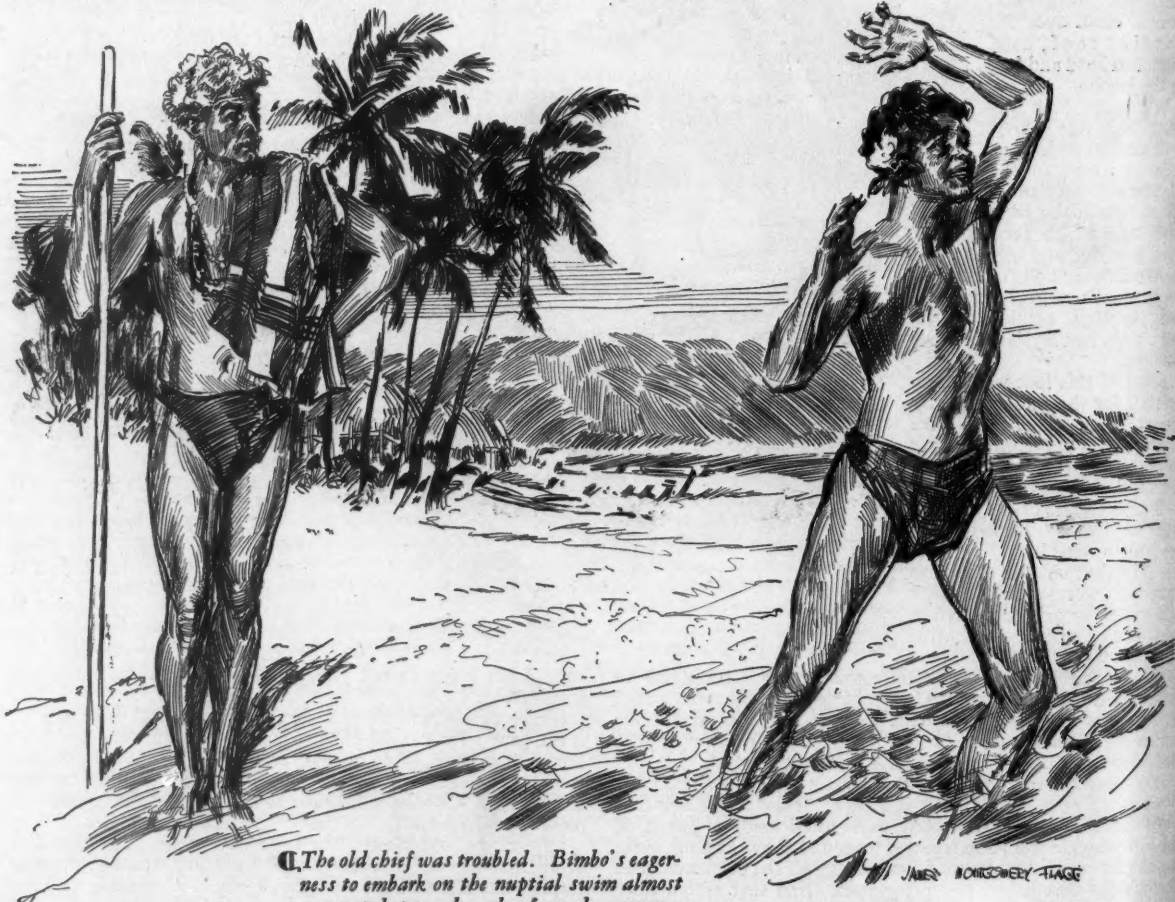
But then, instead of coming to gentle and practical beaches of white sea sand or black volcanic sand, you are faced by cliffs—sixty feet high—which where they are not perpendicular are superimposing. They are so smooth that, almost, you might say they are polished. They offer neither footholds nor handholds. In a word, they can't be climbed, either by the ablest guide in Switzerland, or the most talented goat in the Rockies.

THE ascent of the cliffs is possible only at one place. Opposite the opening in the barrier reef there is a crack or chimney which leans a little back from the perpendicular. Wedging with knees and back, a good climber can worm his way up the chimney to the lovely levels above.

Bimbo must have seen at once that one brave warrior could defend that island against a thousand. It could be done with lumps of lava, with a club, with the adroitly placed and impelled sole of a foot.

Four miles out from Boralonga, and before his bright red head had been sighted from the Island of Women, Bimbo swam into a black rain squall, and this kept up until he had passed through the barrier reef, crossed the lagoon and come to rest in the warm lapping shallows at the foot of the chimney.

Only the watch at the top of the chimney had noted the arrival of a young Boralongan in search of a wife. In spite of the red hair and the blue eyes, you could tell that Bimbo was a Boralongan by the gardenia over his ear and the tattooing on his chest—the beginning of a double spiral, which in time, if he had remained



The old chief was troubled. Bimbo's eagerness to embark on the nuptial swim almost amounted to a breach of good manners.

JAMES BOWEN—HAGG



Ordinarily the watch at the top of the chimney would have notified the other women of Bimbo's arrival. But she didn't. His red hair and blue eyes caused her to forget her instructions.

true to Boralongan tradition, would have been developed until it covered his entire anatomy.

Ordinarily the watch at the top of the chimney would have notified the others of his arrival by blasts on a triton shell. But for some reason she didn't. It may be that the red hair, and the blue eyes looking steadily upward and the magnificent seagoing body actually rattled her and caused her to forget her instructions.

Wedging with his knees and back, Bimbo wormed his way with unusual celerity to the top of the chimney.

Among the eligible maidens on the Island of Women, the watch at the top of the chimney was by no means the most comely, but she was a fine, strong, wholesome, ardent-looking young wench, and when she remembered her instructions and lifted the triton shell to her lips, Bimbo said, "Wait," and took the triton-shell horn away from her.

"But," said the maiden, "haven't you made the big swim from Boralonga to choose a wife?"

"Certainly," said Bimbo frankly, "and for the present I choose you."

(Callot reached for the Gilby gin with one hand, and with the finger-tips of the other drummed delicately on the table. Then he went on again with the story.)

The fact that Bimbo and his chosen bride did not return to Boralonga on the following day was attributed to the weather—rain squalls and high winds. But when the sky cleared and the wind went down and days passed and there was no sign of Bimbo or the chosen one, the Boralongans came to the dismal conclusion that he, and she too for that matter, must have been drowned or massacred by barracuda.

There was mourning for that marvelous, smiling athlete, the red-headed Bimbo, and then it came time for another young man to swim across the straits and fetch a wife. His name was Bo, and as luck would have it, he rated next to Bimbo among all the young Boralongans as an athlete, and a youth of character and forward lookingness.

And in addition he had been young Bimbo's most intimate friend.

Well, Bo went overboard with a beautiful gardenia over his right ear, and his head filled with instructions, and swam diffidently and even bashfully if such a thing is possible toward the highest peak of the Island of Women.

The weather remained calm and beautiful, but Bo and the

wife whom he had been sent to choose did not show up, either on the next day or the day after, or ever. And they too were given up for lost.

It was Pamaloo's turn next. He swam the seven miles across and the seven miles back in one day. But there was no young female with him, and he was probably the most mortified and humiliated young man that ever came ashore on a South Sea beach.

"I got to the landing-place," he said, "and looked up the crack in the cliff, and there looking down at me were Bimbo and Bo with wreaths of gardenias on their heads. And they laughed and said, 'You can't come up, Pamaloo.'"

"They told me," he went on, "that I was not only dull in conversation but much too bandy-legged to become an ancestor. And they said furthermore that as it was there were hardly enough young women to go around—not more than five or six hundred."

"Nevertheless, mindful of my instructions and impelled by a new interest that I seemed to have taken in life, I started to work my way up the crack in the cliff. When I had climbed all the way to the top, Bimbo placed the sole of his foot in my face and propelled me all the way to the bottom of the cliff, and here I am."

"And furthermore," he said, with tears running down his cheeks, "they shouted after me, and said, 'Tell the rest of the Boralongans from now on to attend to their business, and we'll attend to ours.' And until the roar of the waves on the barrier reef drowned out the sound, I could hear them laughing."

CALLOT reached for the Gilby gin with one hand and with the other made a gesture which seemed to signify, "Well, there you are; what do you think of that?"

But neither Beecher nor myself made any comment, and Callot presently said:

"The Boralongans sent war parties to the Island of Women, with stone gods in the bows of the canoes. But the two men on the island and all the women were violently opposed to them, and they found it impossible to effect a landing . . . Well, and naturally the Boralongans have died out—there are only a few of them left—only a few very old, very peevish, very thwarted old men."

"And contrariwise, just across the straits the Bimbons, as they are called, have become the finest race, mentally and physically, that ever graced an island of the South Sea. Bimbo and Bo are both dead, but their works live on."

"You said that the name of the island had been changed to Birthday Island," said Beecher. "Why?"

"Well," said Callot, "isn't that rather a foolish question? About nine months after Bimbo landed, he and Bo came to the conclusion that Birthday Island would be an excellent name for the place."

A question occurred to me, and I asked it.

"What," I said, "was the book that put all those notions into Bimbo's head?"

"The Memoirs of Monsieur Casanova," said Callot.

Company for Gertrude

THE Honorable Freddie Threepwood, married to the charming daughter of Donaldson's Dog-Biscuits of Long Island City, N. Y., and sent home by his father-in-law to stimulate the sale of the firm's products in England, naturally thought right away of his aunt Georgiana. There was a woman who literally ate dog-biscuits. She had owned, when he was last in this country, a matter of four Pekes, two Poms, a Yorkshire terrier, three Sealyhams and a Borzoi; and if that didn't constitute a promising market for Donaldson's Dog-Joy, Freddie would like to know what did.

A day or so after his arrival, accordingly, he hastened round to Upper Brook Street to make a sales talk; and it was as he was coming rather pensively out of the house at the conclusion of the interview that he ran into old Beefy Bingham, who had been up at Oxford with him.

Several years had passed since the other, then a third-year Blood and Trial Eights man, had bicycled along tow-paths saying rude things through a megaphone about Freddie's stomach, but he recognized him instantly. And this in spite of the fact that the passage of time appeared to have turned old Beefers into a clergyman. His colossal frame was clad in sober black, and he was wearing one of those collars which are kept in position without studs, purely by the exercise of will-power.

"Beefers!" cried Freddie, his slight gloom vanishing in the pleasure of this happy reunion.

The Reverend Rupert Bingham returned his greeting with cordiality but without exuberance. He, too, seemed gloomy.

"Oh, hullo, Freddie," he said, and his voice was that of a man with a secret sorrow. "I haven't seen you for years. What were you doing in that house?"

"Trying to sell my aunt dog-biscuits."

"I didn't know Lady Alcester was your aunt."

"Didn't you, Beefers, old man? I thought it was all over London."

"I suppose she told you about me, then?"

"What about you?" Freddie stared. "Great Scott! Are you the impoverished bloke who wants to marry Gertrude?"

"Yes. And now they've gone and sent her off to Blandings, to be out of my way."

"But why are you impoverished? What about tithes? I always understood you birds made a pot out of tithes."

"There aren't any tithes where I am."

"Oh? H'm. Not so hot. Well, what are you going to do about it, Beefers?"

"I thought of calling on your aunt and trying to reason with her."

Freddie took his old friend's arm sympathetically and drew him away.

"No earthly good, old man. If a woman won't buy Dog-Joy, it means she has some sort of mental kink and it's no use trying to reason with her. We must think of some other procedure. So Gertrude is at Blandings, is she? She would be. The family seem to look on the place as a sort of Bastille. Whenever the young of the species make a floater like falling in love



Lord Emsworth considered that he had taken into his acrobat, but after all the great thing was that Gertrude

with the wrong man, they are always shot off to Blandings to recover. The guv'nor has often complained about it bitterly. Now, let me think."

They passed into Park Street. Some workmen were busy tearing up the paving with pneumatic drills, but the whirring of Freddie's brain made the sound almost inaudible.

"I've got it," he said at length, his features relaxing from the terrific strain. "And it's a dashed good thing for you, my lad, that I went last night to see that super-film, 'Young Hearts Adrift,' featuring Rosalie Norton and Otto Byng. Beefers, old man, you're legging it straight down to Blandings."

"What!"

"By the first train after lunch. I've got the whole thing planned out. In this super-film, 'Young Hearts Adrift,' a poor but deserving young man was in love with the daughter of rich and haughty parents, and they took her away to the country so that she could forget, and a few days later a mysterious stranger turned up at the place and ingratiated himself with the parents and said he wanted to marry their daughter, and they gave their consent, and the wedding took place, and then he tore off his whiskers and it was Jim!"

"Yes, but—"

"Don't argue. The thing's settled. My aunt needs a sharp lesson. You would think a woman would be only too glad to put business in the way of her nearest and dearest, especially when shown samples and offered a fortnight's free trial. But no! She insists on sticking to Peterson's Pup-Food, a wholly inferior product—lacking, I happen to know, in many of the essential vitamins, and from now on, old boy, I am heart and soul in your cause."

"Whiskers?" said the Reverend Rupert doubtfully.

"You won't have to wear any whiskers. My guv'nor's never seen you. Or has he?"

"No, I've not met Lord Emsworth."

"Very well, then."

By
P. G.
Wodehouse



some what appeared to be a half-witted
seemed to appreciate the newcomer's society.

Illustrations by
O. F. Howard

"But what good will it do me, ingratiating myself, as you call it, with your father? He's only Gertrude's uncle."

"What good? My dear chap, are you aware that the guv'nor owns the countryside for miles around? He has all sorts of livings up his sleeve—livings simply dripping with tithes—and can distribute them to whoever he likes. I know, because at one time there was an idea of making me a parson. But I would have none of it."

The Reverend Rupert's face cleared. "Freddie, there's something in this."

"You can bet there's something in it, old chap," said Freddie.

"But how can I ingratiate myself with your father?"

"Perfectly easy. Cluster round him. Hang on his every word. Interest yourself in his pursuits. Do him little services! Help him out of chairs . . . Why, great Scott, I'd undertake to ingratiate myself with a man eating tiger if I gave my mind to it. Pop off and pack the old tooth-brush, and I'll go and get the guv'nor on the phone."

At about the time when this pregnant conversation was taking place in London, W. 1, far away in distant Shropshire Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, sat brooding in the library of Blandings Castle.



to the old roving spirit of the Wellbeloveds. George Cyril, he assumed, wearying of Shropshire, wished to try a change of air in some southern or eastern county. A nuisance, undoubtedly, for the man, when sober, was beyond question a force in the piggery. He had charm and personality. Pigs liked him. Still, if he wanted to resign office, there was nothing to be done about it.

But when, not a week later, word was brought to Lord Emsworth that, so far from having migrated to Sussex or Norfolk or Kent or somewhere, the fellow was actually just round the corner in the neighboring village of Much Matchingham, serving under the banner of Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe of Matchingham Hall, the scales fell from his eyes. He realized that black treachery had been at work. George Cyril Wellbeloved had sold himself for gold, and Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, hitherto looked upon as a high-minded friend and fellow justice of the peace, was in reality that lowest of created things, a lurer away of other people's pig men.

And there was nothing one could do about it.

Monstrous! But true.

So deeply was Lord Emsworth occupied with the consideration of this appalling state of affairs that it was only when the knock upon the door was repeated that it reached his consciousness.

"Come in," he said hollowly. He hoped it was not his niece Gertrude. A gloomy young woman. He could hardly stand Gertrude's society just now.

It was not Gertrude. It was Beach, the butler.

"Mr. Frederick wishes to speak to your lordship on the telephone."

An additional layer of grayness fell over Lord Emsworth's spirit as he toddled down the great staircase to the telephone-closet in the hall. It was his experience that almost any communication from Freddie indicated trouble.

But there was nothing in his son's voice as it floated over the wire to suggest that all was not well. "Hullo, guv'nor."

"Well, Frederick?"
 "How's everything at Blandings?"

Lord Emsworth was not the man to exhibit the vultures gnawing at his heart to a blabber like the Honorable Freddie. He replied, though it hurt him to do so, that everything was excellent.

"Good oh!" said Freddie. "Is the old doss-house full up at the moment?"

"If," replied his lordship, "you are alluding to Blandings Castle, there is nobody at present staying here except myself and your cousin Gertrude. Why?" he added in quick alarm. "Were you thinking of coming down?"

"Good Lord, no!" cried his son with equal horror. "I mean to say, I'd love to, but just now I'm too busy with Dog-Joy."

"Who is Popjoy?"

"Popjoy? Popjoy? Oh—ah, yes. He's a pal of mine and, as you've plenty of room, I want you to put him up for a bit. Nice chap. You'll like him. Right ho, then, I'll ship him off on the three-fifteen."

Lord Emsworth's face has assumed an expression which made it fortunate for his son that television was not yet in operation on the telephone systems of England, and he had just recovered enough breath for the delivery of a blistering refusal to have any friend of Freddie's within fifty miles of the place, when the other spoke again.

"He'll be company for Gertrude."

And at these words a remarkable change came over Lord Emsworth. His face untwisted itself. The basilisk glare died out of his eyes.

"Lord bless my soul! That's true," he exclaimed. "That's certainly true. So he will. The three-fifteen, did you say? I will send the car to Market Blandings to meet it."

Company for Gertrude? A pleasing thought. A fragrant, refreshing, stimulating thought. Somebody to take Gertrude off his hands occasionally was what he had been praying for ever since his sister Georgiana had dumped her down on him.

One of the chief drawbacks to entertaining in your home a girl who has been crossed in love is that she is extremely apt to go about the place doing good. All that life holds for her now is the opportunity of being kind to others, and she intends to be kind if it chokes them.

For two weeks Lord Emsworth's beautiful young niece had been moving to and fro through the castle with a drawn face, doing good right and left; and his lordship, being handiest, had had to bear the brunt of it. It was with the first real smile he had smiled that day that he came out of the telephone-closet and found the object of his thoughts entering the hall in front of him.

"Well, well, well, my dear," he said cheerily. "And what have you been doing?"

There was no answering smile on his niece's face. Indeed, looking at her, you could see that this was a girl who had forgotten how to smile. She suggested something symbolic out of Maeterlinck.

"I have been tidying your study, Uncle Clarence," she replied listlessly. "It was in a dreadful mess."

Lord Emsworth winced as a man of set habits will who has been



Company for Gertrude

remiss enough to let a Little Mother get at his study while his back is turned, but he continued bravely on the cheerful note.

"I have been talking to Frederick on the telephone."

"Yes?" Gertrude sighed, and a bleak wind seemed to blow through the hall. "Your tie's crooked, Uncle Clarence."

"I like it crooked," said his lordship, backing. "I have a piece of news for you. A friend of Frederick's is coming down here tonight for a visit. His name, I understand, is Popjoy. So you will have some young society at last."

"I don't want young society."

"Oh, come, my dear."

She looked at him thoughtfully with large, somber eyes. Another sigh escaped her.

"It must be wonderful to be as old as you are, Uncle Clarence."

"Eh?" said his lordship, starting.

"To feel that there is such a short, short step to the quiet tomb, to the ineffable peace of the grave. To me, life seems to stretch out endlessly, like a long, dusty desert. Twenty-three! That's all I am. Only twenty-three. And all our family live to sixty."

"What do you mean, sixty?" demanded his lordship with the warmth of a man who would be that his next birthday. "My poor father was seventy-six when he was killed in the hunting-field. My uncle Robert lived till nearly ninety. My cousin Claude was eighty-four when he broke his neck trying to jump a five-barred gate. My mother's brother

Alistair—"

"Don't!" said the girl with a little shudder. "Don't! It makes it all seem so awful and hopeless."

Yes, that was Gertrude; and in Lord Emsworth's opinion she needed company.

The reactions of Lord Emsworth to the young man Popjoy, when he encountered him for the first time in the drawing-room shortly before dinner, were in the beginning wholly favorable. His son's friend was an extraordinarily large and powerful person with a frank, open, ingenuous face about the color of



"It must be wonderful to be as old as you are, Uncle Clarence," said Gertrude. "To feel there is such a short step to the grave."

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and he seemed a little ner-
vous. That, however, was
in his favor.

It was, his lordship felt,
a pleasant surprise to find
in one of the younger gen-
eration so novel an emotion
as diffidence.

He condoned, therefore,
the other's trick of laughing
hysterically even when the
subject under discussion was
the not irresistibly ludicrous
one of slugs in the rose-
garden. He excused him for
appearing to find something
outstandingly comic in the
statement that the glass was
going up.

And when, springing to
his feet at the entrance of
Gertrude, the young man
performed some complicated
steps in conjunction with a
table covered with china
and photograph frames, he
joined in the mirth which
the feat provoked not only
from the visitor but actually
from Gertrude herself.

Yes, amazing though it
must seem, his niece Ger-
trude, on seeing this young
Popjoy, had suddenly burst
into a peal of happy laughter.
The gloom of the last two
weeks appeared to be gone.
She laughed. He laughed.
The young man laughed.
They proceeded down to
dinner in a perfect gale of
merriment, rather like a
chorus of revelers exiting
after a concerted number
in an old-fashioned comic
opera.

And at dinner the young man had spilt his soup, broken a wine-
glass and almost taken another spectacular toss when leaping up
at the end of the meal to open the door. At which Gertrude had
laughed, and the young man had laughed, and his lordship had
laughed—though not, perhaps, quite so heartily as the young
folks, for that wine-glass had been one of a set which he valued.

However, weighing profit and loss as he sipped his port, Lord
Emsworth considered that the ledger worked out on the right side.
True, he had taken into his home what appeared to be a half-
witted acrobat; but then, any friend of his son Frederick was
bound to be weak in the head, and, after all, the great thing was
that Gertrude seemed to appreciate the newcomer's society. He
looked forward contentedly to a succession of sunshiny days of
peace, perfect peace with loved ones far away; days when he
would be able to work in his garden without the fear, which had
been haunting him for the last two weeks, of finding his niece
drooping wanly at his side and asking him if he was wise to stand
about in the hot sun. She had company now that would occupy
her elsewhere.

His lordship's opinion of his guest's mental deficiencies was
strengthened late that night when, hearing footsteps on the
terrace, he poked his head out and found him standing beneath
his window, blowing kisses at it.

At the sight of his host he appeared somewhat confused.
"Lovely evening," he said, with his usual hyena-esque laugh.

"I—er—I thought or, rather, that is to say— Ha. ha, ha!"

"Is anything the matter?"

"No, no. No. No, thanks, no. No. No, no. I—er—ho, ho,
ho!—just came out for a stroll, ha, ha!"

Lord Emsworth returned to his bed a little thoughtfully.
Perhaps some premonition of what was to come afflicted his
subconscious mind, for, as he slipped between the sheets, he
shivered. But gradually, as he dozed off, his equanimity became
restored.



C "Rupert dashed forward, but the steps
shut up like a pair of scissors; the next thing he
knew Uncle Clarence was sitting on the grass."

Looking at the thing in the right spirit, he saw it might have
been worse. After all, he felt, the mists of sleep beginning to ex-
ert their usual beneficent influence, he might have been enter-
taining at Blandings Castle one of his nephews, or one of his
sisters, or even—though this was morbid—his younger son
Frederick.

In matters where shades of feeling are involved, it is not al-
ways easy for the historian to be as definite as he could wish. He
wants to keep the record straight, and yet he cannot take any
one particular moment of time, pin it down for the scrutiny of
posterity and say, "This was the moment when Lord Emsworth
for the first time found himself wishing that his guest would tumble
out of an upper window and break his neck."

To his lordship it seemed that this had been from the begin-
ning his constant day-dream, but such was not the case. When,
on the second morning of the other's visit, the luncheon-gong
had found them chatting in the library and the young man,
bounding up, had extended a hand like a ham and, placing it be-
neath his host's arm, gently helped him to rise, Lord Emsworth
had been distinctly pleased by the courteous attention.

But when the fellow did the same thing day after day, night
after night, every time he caught him sitting; when he offered
him an arm to help him across floors; when he assisted him up-
stairs, along corridors, down paths, out of rooms and into rain-
coats; when he snatched objects from his hands to carry them
himself; when he came galloping out of the house on dewy
evenings laden down with rugs, mufflers, hats and, on one occa-
sion, positively a blasted respirator—why, then, Lord Emsworth's
proud spirit rebelled. He was a tough old gentleman and, like
most tough old gentlemen, did not enjoy having his juniors look
upon him as something pathetically helpless that crawled the
earth waiting for the end.

It had been bad enough when Gertrude was being the Little
Mother. This was infinitely worse. Apparently having con-
ceived for him one of those unreasoning, (Continued on page 176)

MUSSOLINI *o n*

The Dictator of Italy says:

WHILE disagreements are inevitable, both parties to a marriage should be disciplined to realize that, despite disagreements, they have got to get along together and in the full knowledge of that principle they *will* get along.

¶ The man and woman can get along *if each does his duty to the other.*

¶ In the case of disputes in which there is bound to be an apparently unsolvable clash, *it is the duty of the woman to accede to the mandates of the man* if they are not in conflict with her other primary duties, and the man's privilege to elicit such obedience.

By His Excellency

THERE are tendencies in modern civilization which threaten the integrity of the family. Urbanism, the misplacements caused by the industrial organization and the call of women into the professions have made inroads into the quiet functioning of the family cluster. The fashion of woman seeking a career, without first fulfilling her duty of motherhood, has caused family derangement in the so-called better and more intellectual classes. The abandonment of agricultural life and the exodus from the villages to the large cities have reacted adversely on the normal relation which should exist between the sexes.

There has been a tendency away from the natural and simple family organization and this anomaly is bound to bring ill if allowed to assume even moderate proportions. The break-up of the family is an evil which leads to the displacement of the fundamental units of the state and thus inevitably will cause deviation from its proper conformity.

Conditions must be created which will make a natural healthy family life possible, which will permit the mother to perform her noble mission with no excessive hardship and bring up her children in wholesome and healthful surroundings. The problem of the sterilizing influence of crowded and congested housing in the cities, the tendency to shirk the responsibility of bearing children and of keeping a family, and the destructive effects of the transfer of the woman from the home to the industrial establishment and the professions must be met with effective treatment ridding the body politic of the evils which they engender.

In the first place the institution of marriage must be upheld in its entirety. *Two thousand years of trial and testing have given ample proof that the monogamous marriage is the one most ideally adapted to insure the stability of the modern state and family. Even laying aside all religious considerations which enter into the consummation of a Christian union of man and wife, there is abundant demonstration that, for the permanence of society in its most effective and homogeneous form, the establishment of the principle of one man, one wife, has given the most salutary results.*

While polygamy may have had some climatic or sociological basis in other times, the conditions of life were different. Polygamy prevailed in a primitive civilization, when the earth was one vast expanse of uncultivated soil, when there were no cities and no real state, for the patriarch was head of the tribe, the only

existing hierarchy. The patriarch might well have had many branches of family but the need for a coherent whole and a strongly centralized grouping of all the families was not apparent, for the space was unlimited and his enemies were more or less his own size.

Today we have but to examine the status of marriage in several polygamous countries and measure the results deriving therefrom. Nowhere in the world is there a society so virile and so stable as that prevailing in Christian countries, which can but point with unmistakable certainty to the fact that it is the steady and strengthening influence of one man for one wife and vice versa.

Plurality of wives or promiscuity of concubines weakens the structure of the family, robs it of the manifold virtues which the monogamous state brings with its sole father and one mother. As a firm foundation for the society of the state, the monogamous marriage, with its home and its family, provides the soundest basis for the knitting together of all the elements.

Marriage is a sacred trust. It is a trust bestowed not alone by the prevailing religions but by the state. It is incumbent upon the individual not only from a duty to the state but also by divine will. If we should disregard all the psychological and biological impulsions which throw man and wife together, there is still the duty devolving upon him to protect and promote the interests of his state and his fellow man, a duty which makes it compelling that marriage should form part of his life and should be entered into with the same sincerity and sense of obligation as all other duties to the state.

Without marriage as we conceive it in Christian countries, there is every likelihood that the strong family ties now existing would disintegrate, as has been demonstrated amply in Russia, and the state would tread an insecure path based on shifting insecure units, lacking homogeneity and not bound by the bonds which true family life inculcates.

How can a state countenance any encroachment on the inviolability of the family? It is there the consciousness of nationality and religion is first instilled. It is the first ground wherein are planted the seeds from which grow the very life and power of the individual.

Here is where the child learns that he is an Italian, an American, a Christian, a worshiper of the sun. It is even more than that: it is where he is *made* an Italian or Christian; where he *first*

MARRIAGE



Ⓒ Mussolini and his Family on a picnic.

Benito MUSSOLINI

acquires that vast body of precepts and folk-lore of his people, which becomes part and parcel of his person, makes him what he is to be and creates the motive power of his conduct throughout his life.

It is the arch-master of his personality, bringing out his hidden powers to fulfil their best handiwork and molding him in the fashion of his people's traditions, handed down from generation to generation around the hearth, on his mother's knee and under his father's counsel. Family, church and school model him, but the greatest of these is the family.

We have but to study the history of the Jews since the great dispersion at the beginning of the Christian era. Here was a people whose devotion to family was deeply embedded in their national traditions.

A whole family code had been evolved through the centuries of their existence which defined family behavior in every conceivable circumstance. Emphasis was placed on the duty of all the members of the family—father to the children, the husband to the wife, wife to husband, mother to children, through the whole fabric of family life.

The code was interwoven in the Jewish race, so that wherever there was a Jewish family, there also would be the unbroken traditions and precepts of the Jewish faith and law, the essence of Jewish national life crystallized in every single Jewish family. When the great dispersion came and the Jews were scattered to the four corners of the earth, wherever a single Jewish family went there went also the accumulated Jewish lore of twenty centuries.

The larger the family the more virile the spirit inculcated in all the children. Families in which each child has to play a part—to learn the ebb and flow of family life by having to give up, to conciliate as well as defend his rights in a fair brotherly way—are conducive to the rearing of children who understand the give-and-take principle in life. They know how to meet the world, to assert themselves, and then to forbear when occasion demands.

A child brought up alone in a family, pampered and petted, given all that he asks for without effort on his part, is having his way paved to become either a bully or a mollycoddle. The child needs the buff and rebuff as well as the affection of his brothers and sisters; he needs the adverse cross-currents of life to strike him in the family, where, though he may feel that life is hard for him, it will not be as hard as it would be if he must be brought to know adversity by being foisted suddenly on a hard and unrelenting world.

The influence of his family associations is stronger than those

of the school or of his first gang. He looks to his parents first for guidance and protection, and relies on the way they lead him and direct his path more than he does on any other influence. The home, from the beginning, he looks upon as his, his natural birthright, the source of supply for all his little needs, both physical and spiritual.

How can the influence of the family ever be measured? It transcends that of any other source, molding the career, creating loyalties and dislikes, ministering religion, inculcating patriotism and fostering the triumphant spirit of pride of race. It is the greatest force binding all the spirits of the nation into a harmonious whole, for from its hearth have been kindled the first flames of those devotions for which the child grown to manhood will be ready to lay down his life.

THERE is no divorce in Italy, nor will there be. Divorce can have no other effect than to weaken the family bonds, to decompose the fine structure of loyalties and devotions which is the heritage of healthy family life. Divorce is truly an evil, where the greatest sufferers are the children and the state, while the benefactors in a large number of cases succeed in throwing off a responsibility they should have faced with fortitude and resolution.

The marriage bond should be established firmly, and setting out on a career of marriage, the couple should make up their minds that their union is for life. This principle once fixed and accepted, there can be no turning back, there can be no vacillating or hair-splitting. The course is set and, once set, must be held.

The relation between the couple is then held firmest, as each, determined that there can be no turning back, must resign and surrender wholly to a common cause. Should a mere possibility be suggested that this union is dissolvable, then the whole course of life is fraught with threats and probabilities. The union is then rendered weak by its own insecurity.

The marriage contract should be engaged in with due care for its importance and due regard for the high purpose of its function. Marriage is not a travesty on life. It cannot be made the subject for pleasantries in the columns of the daily newspapers, or the target for farcical thrusts on the stage. Actors and actresses blessed with simple mediocrity in the drama often find humor to be exploited in references to the married state or to the man with a family.

The social conscience must be made (Continued on page 175)

Enter SIR JOHN

The Story So Far:

WHEN Magda Druce was found murdered, her head battered in, Martella Baring stood beside her, with the bloody poker that had done the job next to her hand, you might say.

And Martella was bewildered; her head ached; she could remember nothing that had happened; she practically confessed that she must have committed the murder.

They were a theatrical company on tour, playing in the little town of Peridu, in Wales. Gordon Druce was the manager, Magda was his wife. This Martella Baring had come to them without experience, but she had had an encouraging interview with the famous actor-manager, Sir John Saumarez. Druce took her on. She was good-looking, talented, and she played villainesses with a gusto that made her a favorite with audiences.

But she was a well-bred girl of good family, Martella; and with the exception of Doucie, wife of the stage-manager, Novello Markham, her high-handed ways soon set every woman in the company against her. Especially Magda, a catty individual who always had a young man or two in tow. (The latest of these were supercilious Ion Marion and dark Handell Fane, who had lost his nerve in the war, and was desperately in love with Martella.)

Martella finally left the company. Druce promptly made his wife eat humble-pie and get her back. They had a grand reconciliation, and Martella invited Magda to supper at her boarding-house after the show. Everything looked lovely.

But Magda got her claws into Martella at that supper. Miss Mitcham, the boarding-house keeper, heard sounds of quarreling. Druce was drunk that night. He came after his wife at three A.M. and made a scene at the front door. Miss Mitcham wouldn't let him in. A small crowd collected to hear the row.

Shortly afterward there were screams from Martella's room. Grogan, the constable, rushed in with little Novello Markham. There lay Magda, dead; and Martella, dazed, stood beside her.

What defense could Martella's lawyers make? They got medical evidence to show that in a condition known as fugue people do things they are totally unaware of. There was a flask



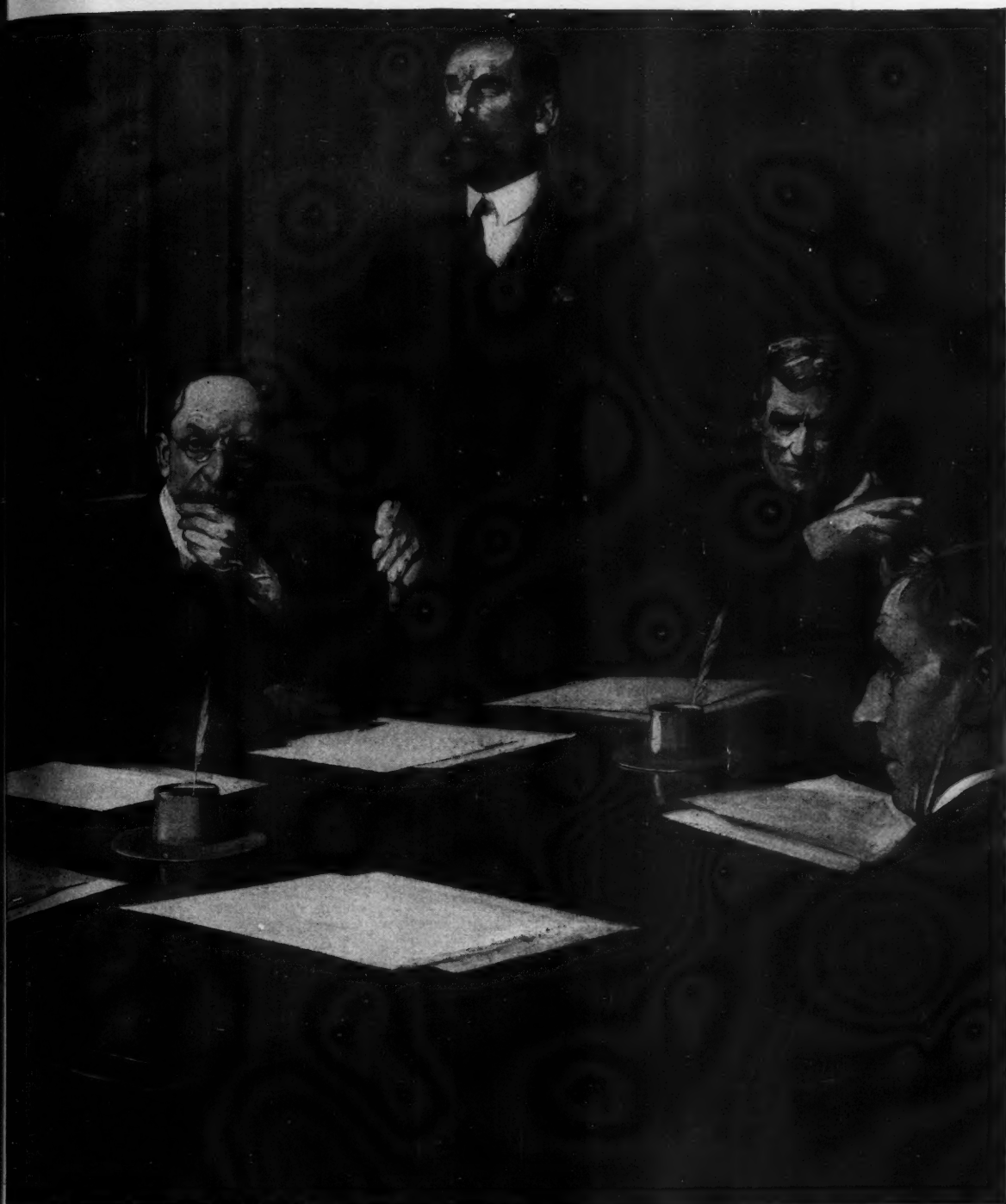
Illustrations by
Sydney Seymour-Lucas

*Ludovici turned down his
The foreman bowed. "We're"*

of brandy at the supper; it was empty afterwards; Martella's breath, said one witness, smelled of spirits. Might she not, unused as she was to spirits, have become excited; might she not, angered by Magda's taunts have gone into this fugue state and committed a brutal murder while utterly irresponsible?

But Martella denied drinking the brandy, and she denied that Magda drank it. She refused to name the person they were discussing at the time of the murder. Her whole high-spirited manner was against her with the jury. Only one person was impressed favorably—Sir John Saumarez, who sat in the audience. Sir John found himself strangely interested in this girl he knew so slightly.

The prosecution made short work of the defense's ingenious evidence. When the jury retired, it looked as though Martella Baring would hang.



thumb in a gesture two thousand years old.
watched our verdict then. It is unanimous."

COLONEL PLENDARY, the mild competent foreman, surveyed his charges. "With your permission, ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I propose that we should not waste time going over all the arguments we've heard during the past two days. I propose that each member of the jury should give the decision he's come to privately, and explain, if he can, how he's arrived at it. I'll read out the names. Ladies first. Mrs. Walker-Wheeler. What conclusion have you come to?" The neat lady, with blue eyes and a pearl and turquoise brooch, rose to her feet. "Guilty," said the neat lady, and sat down. "Do you wish to amplify that?" the foreman asked. "To give us your reasons?" "Oh, no," said the lady. "I just think so, that's all. I've thought so all along."

A MYSTERY NOVEL

by *Clemence Dane*
and *Helen Simpson*

The foreman made a mark against her name and read out the next on his list. "Miss Lampeter."

This was a different matter. Miss Lampeter, who wore a monocle and very well-cut clothes, was feared by all the men; Mrs. Walker-Wheeler too would have feared her, but for the saving fact that Miss Lampeter was unmarried.

"Not guilty," said Miss Lampeter, in the accents of Oxford. "I will give my reasons in sequence. First. The evidence of Doctor Stringfellow appears to me conclusive. Anyone who has followed the trend of modern psychological investigation must be aware—"

THE eleven jurors listened in silence to Miss Lampeter's dogma. They reflected that all this education for women was a mistake.

"On these grounds, and after due consideration, I repeat that Martella Baring must be considered the victim of circumstances; and the verdict must be 'Not guilty.'"

She sat down. The foreman coughed and called the next name. "Mr. Preevy."

This was a morose person who looked constantly at his watch, and drew designs on his nails in pencil during the less interesting evidence.

"Guilty," he said. "She did it, of course. Doesn't deny it."

"Next, if you please; Mr. Harris," said the foreman.

"Guilty," answered the juror, "but I think she ought to be recommended for mercy."

"We'll consider that separately, in due course," said the foreman. "Mr. Mallard?"

"I don't like the notion of condemning a woman to death."

"Well, of course," said the foreman, "it need not imply that. We may recommend her to mercy, as Mr. Harris has reminded us."

"Guilty, then," said the juror.

The foreman made a note and called the next name. "Mr. Smith."

"I agree with Mr. Mallard that the whole business is hateful," said this young man. "It's too much responsibility to put on our shoulders. Either we've got to let her go free, and that's not fair to the rest of the world if she's guilty; or we've got to hang her, and that's barbarous."

"If we recommend her to mercy—" the foreman began.

"Mercy!" the young man almost screamed. "That's what you call it? Twenty years cut out of a life; the best years. It takes a civilized community to think out a punishment like that."

"Your verdict, Mr. Smith?" said the foreman.

The young man smiled a wry smile. "Guilty," said he, and lighted a cigaret with shaking fingers.

"Mr. Arthur?" inquired the foreman.

"Guilty. I don't see what else we can say, on the evidence."

"You, Mr. Ludovici?" the foreman asked.

"It is what I say, let her go," responded Mr. Ludovici in rapid Italianate English.

"Not guilty?" the foreman inquired, his pencil held ready.

"Guilty, yes," said Mr. Ludovici with an indulgent smile, "only not for hang. A woman, what is that? It is not like a man. She means no harm. I think she did right to kill this other. Woman should not be patient. That is no good; such a woman, I would not give sixpence. But this one she take the poker, fight, strike—that is right, what I say."

The foreman gazed helplessly at him. "I take it," he said at last, "that what you mean me to understand is, 'Not Guilty?'"

"That's right," said Mr. Ludovici, smiling.

"Five against and two for," Miss Lampeter reckoned, "and it's ten to six now."

"Do you suppose," inquired Mrs. Walker-Wheeler of her neighbor, "that we shall be kept very late? My husband will be expecting me—"

"Well, if we can come to an agreement," said the neighbor.

"Personally, I share your opinion. I only hope these others won't keep us here till all hours arguing." The foreman summoned him, and he broke off to say, "Guilty. I agree with Mr. Arthur. There's no other verdict possible on the evidence, and the personality of the girl."

"You've hit the nail on the head," said Mr. Arthur. "That's a woman you couldn't take by surprise. She's an actress born."

"Mr. Nethercoat, may I hear your opinion?" said the foreman.

"Guilty, I suppose," answered Mr. Nethercoat.

"Now, the last name; Mr. Zeal," said the foreman.

"I agree with the majority," said Mr. Zeal, precisely. "I'm sorry for the girl, personally, but that mustn't be allowed to stand in the way. In my opinion the story of the fugue is genuine; and that being the case it is liable to recur, possibly with the same result."

"If we let her go," Miss Lampeter pondered, "and anything happened—"

"That blood would be on our heads," said Mr. Zeal.

"I say," Miss Lampeter exclaimed, "it's pretty awful!"

The jurors stirred uncomfortably, crossed their legs, rustled papers. It was pretty awful, they thought, but there was no need to dwell on it. The foreman, reading their wish, decided to get the ordeal over.

"Do you wish to modify your verdict?" he asked Miss Lampeter.

"I suppose so," she said. "I suppose I ought. Sentiment—it's all wrong, I know. It harms the future. That's what we have to think of and not of the poor girl."

Then, meeting the foreman's eye, she nodded. He altered the mark against her name.

"What about yourself, colonel?" asked Mr. Mallard.

"I share your opinion, ladies and gentleman," said the foreman; "that means that with one exception we are agreed that the accused woman is guilty of murder. The exception is Mr. Ludovici. But I don't think that he can maintain his attitude in the face of our decision."

He looked at the dissenting juror, who felt the tension rounding him and answered:

"If you all agree, I agree. What you say, I do."

He made a gesture two thousand years old, that was his right of direct descent; a turning out and down of the thumb towards the ground. The foreman bowed slightly, and addressed the others.

"We've reached our verdict, then. It is unanimous. I don't believe, ladies and gentleman, there's one of us who doesn't feel a load of responsibility at this moment. It only remains now for us to decide whether there shall be a recommendation to mercy. We may do that by a show of hands. Those in favor—"

Hands were lifted, counted; the foreman noted them. Silence persisted, and lay like a weight upon the room.

"I may tell the clerk of the court, then," said the foreman, "that we are ready?"

They gave assent; and still in that heavy silence he rang for the messenger.

SIR JOHN SAUMAREZ, that well-known actor manager, dismissed his car at the park gates. He proceeded to the pleasant house in Sloane Street where dwelt the one relative with whom Sir John Saumarez could, as he put it to himself, be himself.

For the Jonathan Simmonds he had been in his cradle days was not, had never been truly himself, and his Aunt Delia, though she refused to exchange Simmonds for Saumarez, had always appreciated his point of view.

Indeed the pair understood each other as much as they like each other; and it was as natural to Sir John to take his tea and his worries to his Aunt Delia, as it is natural to some men to take their worries to somebody else's Aunt Delia.

And Sir John Saumarez was worried. Delia Simmonds knew when he came in and flung down the evening paper on a sofa. She gave him his opening. "Where have you come from?"

"The Baring trial."

"Oh, were you there again? I couldn't go today. I had a bridge party. Well?"

"Convicted."

"Of course. It was to be expected. Recommended to mercy, though?"

"Oh, no."

"Wasn't she? Didn't they? I'm surprised."

He fidgeted. "She had a manner, you know, in the witness-box—"

"Brazen?"

"Not exactly. But she made the jury feel that she wouldn't thank them if they acquitted her, and would think them fools if they convicted her. Magnificent, but not conciliatory."

"My dear John, she must be mad."

"Not a bit! Quite courteous and confoundedly sane. After all, the etiquette of a court can't seem very important when you've a rope round your neck—as she pointed out."

"If it weren't a tragedy, it would be laughable."

"Yes, but you didn't feel like laughing," said Sir John. "That was odd about the woman—her magnetism. She might have made a great actress—you felt it. You felt that she was a born fighter and that she had a right to use any weapon she could. And she did. It was quite a courageous effort. If she'd been palpably innocent it would have gone down; but as she was palpably guilty it was an unfortunate sort of courage."

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C Sir John said sternly: "Miss Mitcham, do you realize that your evidence, as it stands, will hang Miss Baring?" "But I had to tell the truth, didn't I?"

"D'you know what she said at the end? When they asked her if she'd anything to say, all she said was—'But it's ridiculous! It's just ridiculous. I can't take it in!' Just like that."

A pause ensued which the lady did not break.

"Did you follow the case?" said her nephew at last. She nodded. "Nothing struck you?"

"Only that it was rather dreadfully obvious."

"What was obvious?" said Sir John sharply.

"The motive. Oh, it was very understandable. When you've always controlled yourself, you'd let go worse when you did let go. Rage—it would get hold of you, as influenza gets hold of very healthy people."

"Then you think," said her nephew slowly, "that willingly or unwillingly Martella Baring killed Magda Druce?"

"But she admitted that, my dear John."

Sir John rose. Unconsciously and (Continued on page 209)

FIRST of Some NEW STORIES The Song of the BEE

IN ALL his sixteen years Midge Macklin had known nothing but horses. His father had been a veterinary and a good one—so good, in fact, that John T. Banfield had taken him under contract to care for the Questa Rey Stables exclusively. Midge's mother had died when he was five and as a result he had been thrown into a contact with his father much closer than most boys achieve. And his father taught him much about horses.

They lived at the breeding-farm and it was here that Midge learned to ride at the age of four, when his father gave him a Welsh pony. Although at twelve he was making his spending-money, both before and after school, as an exercise boy, it never occurred to John T. Banfield, watching the little gnome galloping his thoroughbreds around his private race-track, that Midge might some day make a jockey.

Then Midge's father died very suddenly, leaving nothing to Midge. There was nobody to look after the boy, so John T. Banfield took over the job—not because he was particularly charitable or fond of Midge, but because he saw in him a good, cheap exercise boy.

At sixteen Midge was as large as a normal boy of twelve. At full manhood he would be a flyweight. John T. Banfield saw that. Anybody could have seen it. But what he did not see was that Midge Macklin was extraordinarily intelligent, with a cold, calculating, logical intelligence not commensurate with his years and worldly experience. He was always asking why! Always studying cause and effect.

He was one of those strange human beings who, having an instinctive love for horses, is, in turn, beloved by horses.

Midge knew that a horse has no brains to speak of; that he can be habituated to a course of action but never taught it as one teaches a dog. He knew that horses, particularly thoroughbreds, are nervous and flighty and that to do their best work they must have the utmost confidence in and familiarity with their masters. So, in addition to exercising the Questa Rey horses and helping break the yearlings, he was forever fussing around the stables doing work he was not expected to do. He petted the horses, spoke to them as to warm personal friends; he had a habit of carrying a carrot or an apple into the stall with him; instinctively he found out the itchy spots on a horse and scratched them.

Nor could the most irritable and nervous of horses get a fight out of Midge. When they started cutting up he let them cut up, getting them in hand gradually and gently, soothing them, talking to them, slapping them on the quarters, humoring them. He knew how easy it is to spoil a high-strung horse and he avoided that. The result was that when Midge rode a horse that had the reputation of being a bad one at the barrier, that horse reduced his monkey-shines at least fifty percent for Midge.

Midge had a profound affection and admiration for John T. Banfield, but John T. Banfield did not know it. To him Midge was just an exercise boy. And, while John T. Banfield was a shrewd racing man, he had failed to make a very important discovery regarding Midge. He did not know that Midge "had a clock in his head," that he was a natural and uncanny judge of elapsed time, a quality very precious in a jockey and without



which no jockey ever can be truly great.

It remained for a woman to discover this. Her name was Marion Henning and she was the daughter of old Dan Henning, who had a little farm up in Sonoma County, California, where he bred good horses and raced his likeliest prospects at Reno and Tia Juana. If they showed well he

raced them elsewhere under lease to some good trainer with whom he divided the purses.

Under this system he had made some money and twice he had developed stake-horses that had sold for huge prices. In general, however, old Dan never had been more than three jumps ahead of the sheriff, until shortly before his death. He had acquired at that time some twenty really good mares and a sire that was in demand. Old Dan's racing string had been doing very well for two years, his annual auction sales had been well attended and bidding brisk, with consequent high prices, when influenza cut him down. He was not, however, quite out of debt.

Now, Marion always had kept old Dan Henning's breeding-records. With him she had made an exhaustive study of the thoroughbred horse, possibly because she had inherited all of her

by Peter B. Kyne

Illustrations by
Frank Hoffman
and
G. C. Condon



Down the stretch they came, with Pilgrim gaining at every jump . . . Marion closed her eyes. When she opened them Banfield's entry had been nosed out.

father's love for a horse, possibly because old Dan had not reared her to work for a living. At any rate, at twenty-two, she was unmarried and the mistress of Sycamore Rancho, and when her father's attorneys suggested that she sell the farm and the horses, she surprised them by announcing that she was going to carry on as her father had done.

Like Midge Macklin, Marion Henning had brains, although in a racing story it might be better to say that she had horse-sense. And she had a horse she thought very well of, a three-year-old stallion named Pilgrim's Pride. As a two-year-old he had won several good races and showed extreme promise; as a three-year-old, Marion felt certain he was going to redeem that promise. She had entered him for the Governor's Handicap and as the season advanced the girl, deciding to cast about her for a good jockey, went to Tia Juana to look the field over.

She had two horses running there on shares and one day when she went to the barn to see how they were getting on, she found one of her horses with his head out the box stall, accepting a carrot from a small, wistful little boy, who rubbed the animal between the ears and crooned to him:

"So you're the Great Big Devil at the post, are you, Don Marco? Just won't behave, eh? I wish I had you in charge. I'd make you do your stuff. Yes, and you'd be glad to do it, too.

If I ever get the leg up on you, big horse, we'll certainly spoil the Egyptians. Yes, yes, old-timer. That carrot's good, isn't it? Have another. Nobody understands you, do they, Don Marco?"

Midge Macklin was a sensitive boy. He felt an alien presence and, turning, saw Marion Henning smiling at him. He doffed his shabby cap.

"That's my horse," said Marion, by way of introduction.

The boy smiled. "You Dan Henning's girl, miss?"

She nodded.

"Dan was a friend of mine," he explained. "He got me the leg up on Don Marco here last fall. I'm Midge Macklin."

"How do you do, Midge. I'm glad to see you. I didn't see that race, but Father told me that the way you booted Don Marco home was the best bit of riding he had ever seen."

Midge smiled his gratitude at the compliment. "That was easy. The old boy can step some, Miss Henning."

"He's never done it since," she reminded him.

"He's a misunderstood horse. He's been spoiled. He's permitted to act up at the post and he hasn't been off to a really good start since that day I rode him. Of course he had the starter crazy that day, but, you see, I'd watched him a lot and I knew his habits.

"He'd swerve away from the webbing and carry me back about forty feet before I could get him faced around again. Then the assistant starter would lead him up and the instant he'd let go Don Marco would swerve again. Between ourselves, Miss Henning, I let him swerve. I wanted to get the starter mad and out of patience; I knew that the instant Don Marco was in any half decent position for a half decent start, the gate would go up.

"WELL, I know the starters. I've spent days sitting on the fence studying them. So I kept my eye on the starter and I asked the assistant starter to keep his hands off Don Marco. Well, the horse carried me back maybe twenty yards, then I turned him and trotted him back slowly. The other horses were nicely lined up for a perfect start and I was delaying it. I kept my eye on Henderson—that's the starter—and he waved me to come on; as I got Don Marco's head up to the tail of the horse on my right I saw Henderson's mouth. I knew he was going to say Come on—that the gate was going up, and I beat the gate a split second. Just gave the horse his head a little and clucked to him—and we were off—first.

"I rated him. I knew he had reserve speed. The jocks that weren't hopelessly out of it at the half had let me make the pace. I knew I was two seconds slow at the quarter; I was sure I was a second slow at the half. But I had the rail and I made my run before the others—not very much—just enough to get three open lengths to the good—and then I talked to this baby. He lasted. Lord, that was a race—and I've never had the leg up on this

horse since." He gave Don Marco another carrot.

"Whom do you ride for, Midge?"
"Exercise boy for the Questa Rey Stables—Mr. Banfield. But I'm an apprentice jock now and sometimes I get a mount in a cheap race from outside owners. Mr. Banfield won't trust me on a good horse."

"Would you like to ride Don Marco tomorrow, Midge? Perhaps I can arrange it."

"I'd like to, miss—and I'll make every post a winning-post."

Marion arranged it—and Don Marco, who hadn't been in the money for two months, acted decently at the barrier, beat it and was never headed. Just before Midge mounted Don Marco he handed Marion a paper on which he had written the time in which he intended to negotiate the quarter, the half, the three-quarters and the finish. When Marion glanced up from her split-second stop-watch and compared the time registered there with her jockey's private estimate, she saw that he had guessed it within half a second!

"That boy shall ride Pilgrim's Pride," the girl decided. "He's a dear little chap. What if he is an apprentice rider? He's like Don Marco. Nobody knows how really good he is. He has a clock in his head and he isn't old enough to have acquired bad habits."

She sought out John T. Banfield and introduced herself. "You have Moderator entered in the Governor's Handicap, I believe, Mr. Banfield?"

He nodded.

"Is your boy Midge Macklin going to ride Moderator that day, Mr. Banfield?"

"Good Lord, no, my dear young lady. Midge is just a glorified exercise boy, although as an apprentice I let him have a little experience riding for other owners occasionally. Some day he may make a jockey, but you may rest assured that when Moderator goes to the post I'll have a real jockey up on him."

"Midge gave Don Marco a good ride just now," she defended.

"Nothing to write home about, Miss Henning. He was in the company of his equals and inferiors. And Don Marco isn't a stake-horse, although unquestionably he was the best horse in that race."

"You remember Pilgrim's Pride?"

"Good two-year-old."

"He's mine and he's entered in the Governor's Handicap. I want to engage the services of Midge to ride him."

"Well, that should be an added reason why Moderator should win the race," he smiled back at her. "You've been warned."

"I play my hunches," she replied. "Is Midge under contract to you, Mr. Banfield?"

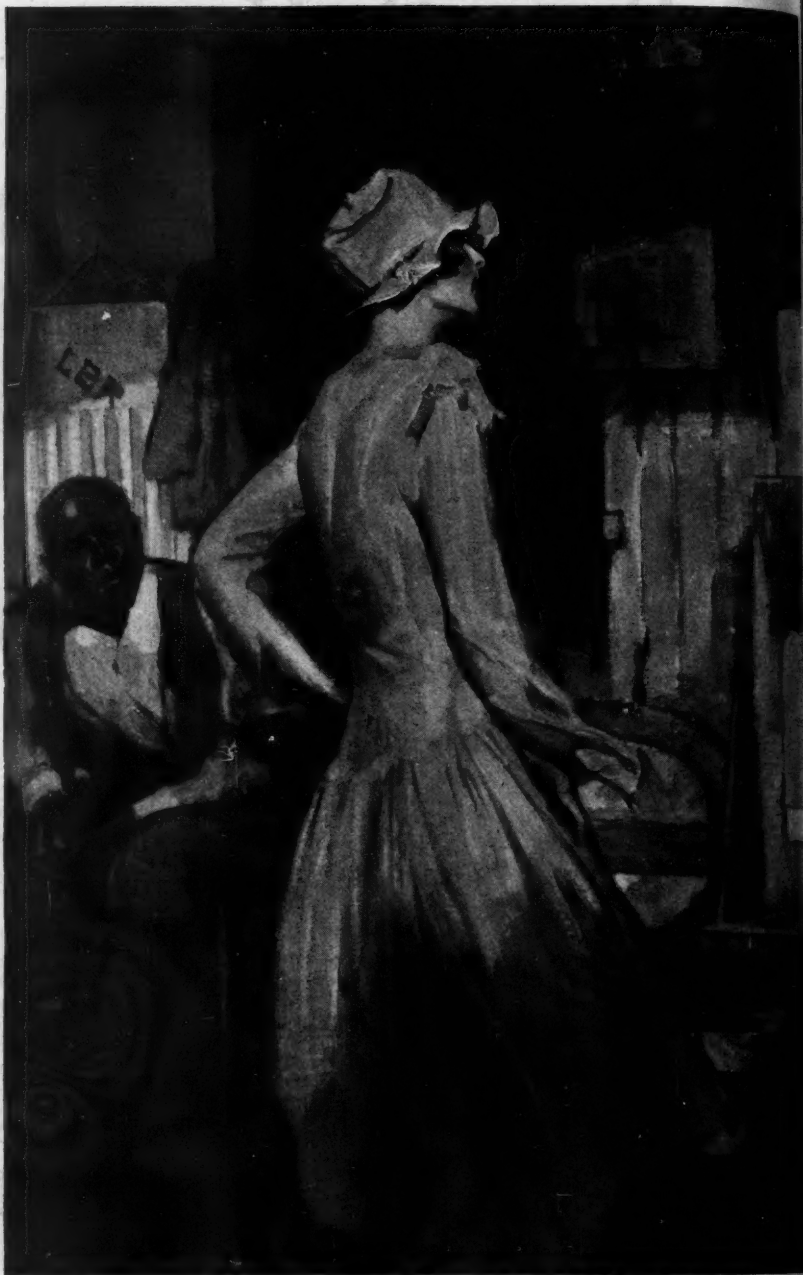
"Yes, he is," Banfield lied.

"Want to sell his contract?"

"I might consider it. How much am I offered?"

"Tell me how much you want?"

He considered. "Five thousand dollars for a contract that



"You just won't behave, eh, Don Marco?" you do your stuff." Marion smiled at



has five years to run," he decided. "I have better boys coming up."

"I've bought the Midget," she replied. "Give you my check the moment you hand me the contract duly assigned."

"I'll have to send away for it. See you in four or five days, Miss Henning."

The young mistress of Sycamore Rancho was at the barn when Midge came into his tack room. "I've bought you from Mr. Banfield, Midge," she informed him enthusiastically. "I couldn't help it. After that race you won with Don Marco I simply had to have you and I bet twenty dollars for you on Don Marco, Midge. Five to one. Here's your share of the loot," and she handed him a hundred dollars.

That was the first real money Midge Macklin had ever seen and his eyes popped and his throat worked as he gazed upon it. "Thanks, Miss Henning," he mumbled.

"You belong to the Sycamore Rancho, Midge," she went on. "You're going to ride Pilgrim's Pride in the Governor's Handicap."

"WHAT?" The world was slipping out from under Midge. She repeated the promise.



said Midge. "I wish I had you in charge. I'd make him. "That's my horse," she said by way of introduction.

"You're going to trust me on Pilgrim's Pride in the Governor's Handicap?"

"Why not? But, of course, Midge, if you aren't interested—"

"Oh, miss, if I win that race——" He paused, unable to visualize such a glorious future as that would entail. "Well, I'll give him a good ride, anyhow," he ended. "If he's a winner I'll win with him as handy as any jock on the Big Time could. He'll have an apprentice allowance of five pounds in the weights and that will help. You're awful kind to me, Miss Henning. Thanks ever so much. Did you say you'd bought me from Mr. Banfield?"

"I've bought your contract, Midge. It has five years to run, and if you and I have any luck with my horses in those five years the deal may turn out to be a very profitable one for both of us."

"How much did you pay him?"

"I'm going to pay him five thousand dollars."

"He's sold me, eh?" Midge's voice was husky with emotion.

"I liked Mr. Banfield. I thought he liked me. I didn't think he'd

do that. I—I guess—he thinks I don't amount to much." There were tears in the boy's eyes. Then suddenly his Celtic rage flared, triumphant above his emotion. "That's the worst deal Mr. Banfield ever put over," he declared, his voice taking a high shrill note. "I'll show him whether I'm a jock or an exercise boy. Sell me, would he, like I was a broken-down selling plater? I'll learn him."

He turned and walked away.

The next morning John T. Banfield came to him. "Jump into my car, Midge," he said affably. "I want you to drive into San Diego with me."

At a lawyer's office in San Diego John T. Banfield explained to Midge that he desired to give him a permanent position and a permanent wage and promote him from exercise boy to jockey. Fifty dollars a week for the first year (Continued on page 134)



By Kathleen
Norris

Monkey house



THEY had been married four years and were in Paris again, on what the newspapers rapturously called their "second honeymoon," when they had a most dreadful quarrel.

It was dreadful, at least to Stanley. But he and Carolyn had had bitter altercations before, in their fifty months of wedlock, and he had begun to suspect, before this, that she rather flourished on these violent outbursts of fury.

Oddly enough, in spite of her real emotion, she was always acting, too, at such times. Or rather, she was keenly alive to their dramatic significance—alive to all the values of the situation. She liked the part she had to play.

She liked to be beautiful, spoiled little Carolyn MacInnes, "the richest American girl," quarreling beautifully, picturesquely, tearfully, in her perfumed and flowery and quilted and softly lighted bedroom—quarreling with Stanley Addison, her husband, who was "millions of years" older than she, and dark, and silent, and bewildered, and humble and helpless, and one-fourth Jew and three-fourths Russian, and an American citizen.

"If it wasn't that everyone in the world would laugh at me—would say 'I told you so,'" she always stuttered, sooner or later in the altercation—"do you think I'd stay with you a minute?"

Stanley himself got no pleasure, no excitement or stimulus from these scenes. He was not in the least humble or bewildered or helpless when Carolyn acted like this, but in the beginning he had been silent through sheer surprise, through sheer shame and embarrassment for her, and of late he had substituted for that feeling one of deep boredom.

It was supremely, miserably boring to have to listen patiently to that sharp, raging, dramatic voice, to watch that silk-clad body subsiding and writhing among the lace-and-orchid pillows, to see the bright mane flung back, and the red lips bitten, and the little hand with the soaked filmy handkerchief in it go to her eyes.

They had been married four years; they were on their "second honeymoon." And Carolyn had created situations exactly like this on the original honeymoon. So that Stanley was hardly surprised by them any more.

He stood watching her, and thinking of their daughter, Mary MacInnes Addison, who was three years and two months old. A dark, silent, mysterious child, too tall for her three years, too broad, not in the least pretty. His child.

And behind Mary all the sorrow and suppression and philosophy of his mingled races.

If he deserted Mary, her mother would promptly marry again; marry someone like the painter at Palm Beach, or last summer's college youth at Newport, or Horner Holliday who was right here with them in Paris. Any real consideration of desertion of Mary never crossed Stanley's mind. His quiet, thoughtful, plain, dark little girl growing up with handsomer, gayer, typical

American children, under a stepfather—No, he couldn't countenance that.

So he only stood quietly,

politely listening, when Carolyn was in one of her tantrums, and was conscious of being deeply, profoundly bored.

The whole trip had bored him. Fame—his sort of fame—bored him profoundly.

Stanley Addison was forty-one, but he seemed older. The past twenty-five years had been so many centuries in his development from a shy, shawled, hungry, apprehensive boy who had crossed a gang-plank onto Ellis Island, at the age of sixteen.

He had not been humble or helpless, even then, but he had been bewildered, and a little frightened. The city behind the Liberty Statue had seemed a big, a scary thing to the boy whose name was not even remotely like Stanley Addison.

He had slept that first night on some tumbled rags on the floor of a dark inner room, with other persons—men, women and children—and had loved his bed. He had eaten for his first meal in America a stale roll and some salt fish and a chocolate bar, and loved them, too. He had learned to say, "All ride" and "Wod," and the sound of them was as music in his ears.

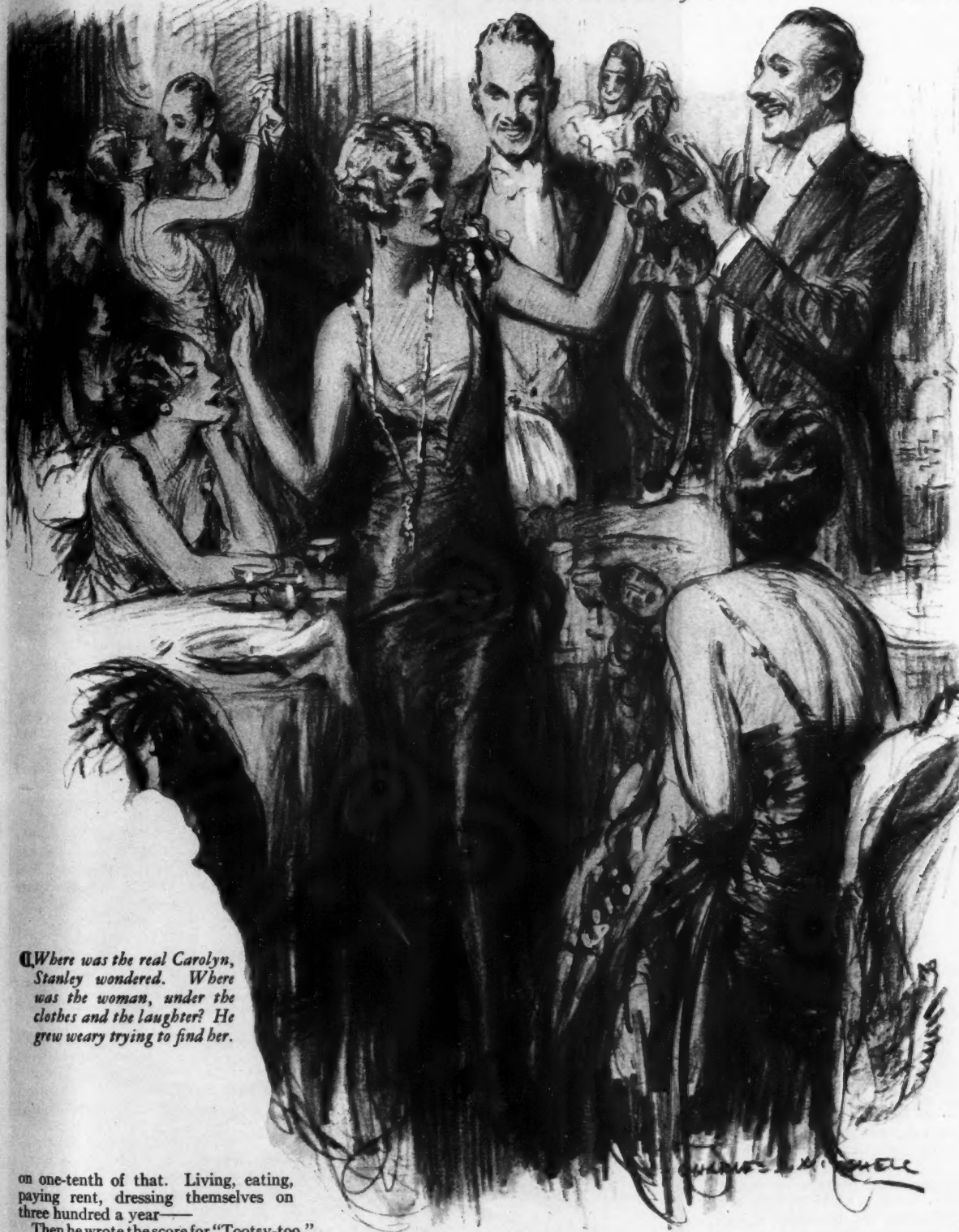
FOR every step of his new road had been conscious progress and so conscious delight. No frozen roads and dim smoky huts full of rotting sores and empty stomachs here. No haggard faces blazing with hate and protest. Just work—and he loved work.

He loved his first peddling—his first push-cart. He was still wearing his emigrant clothes when he bought, for eleven dollars, his first piano. His fingers were still thin and oily, and his eyes still deep with remembered want and pain when he played another piano on a first magic evening, in a Bowery "nickelodeon."

Stanley changed his name after the war, when he was honorably discharged from the navy, at thirty. By this time he was known in all the music stores of upper Broadway, and his "Army Red Navy Blues" was whining away busily upon five million phonographs, and being encored in every night club everywhere.

He spent all his evenings in an ornate apartment on Riverside Drive, with musical friends, sad, lean, clever young Russian Jews like himself, fiddling out new tunes at the piano, hungrily catching at the moment's mood in the big city—that was to be a key to the whole nation's mood next year.

They were all more afraid of their new powers of money-making and of their successes than they ever had been of failure and poverty. Stanley paid two hundred and fifty dollars a month for his apartment, and always shut his eyes tight for a second when the awful thought came to him that that meant three thousand dollars a year. Three thousand dollars!—and nothing to show for it. Families were living at home in comfort



Where was the real Carolyn, Stanley wondered. Where was the woman, under the clothes and the laughter? He grew weary trying to find her.

on one-tenth of that. Living, eating, paying rent, dressing themselves on three hundred a year—

Then he wrote the score for "Tootsy-too." And between royalties and music sales, he made more than a million dollars. He could wear an evening dress easily, by this time; he could entertain well. Everyone in the biggest city who did anything at all, players and writers and painters and book reviewers and song composers, knew him and liked him, and in his lonesome, quiet, mysterious way he was popular. But his eyes never lost their wise, cryptic, scrutinizing look. He smiled, he spoke, he brought his attention to gushing young girls and bluffly congratulatory, admiring men, and he was not deceived.

Stanley went to Europe every summer, the first time in the

second cabin, afterward in the usual way and finally in luxurious suites with names, "the Louis XIV Suite," "the Chinese Suite," "the Empress Eugénie Suite." He heard his music playing on board when he went on the ship in New York harbor, and heard it in all the restaurants and clubs in Paris, and at Cannes and Nice and Biarritz.

And all the time his success rolled up like a snowball. It was hardly warmer or more human to him. It made him uneasy. He kept depositing certain large sums in unshakeable banks or conservative securities.

"If everything else went, I could live on that," he would tell himself nervously. He determined, over and over again, that he would not sink his last thousands into an attempt to retrieve his fortunes, if a turn came some day in the tide of his achievements. He would not back a poor opera, hoping to get millions back, as so many playwrights and composers did. He would be content.

Year after year he took the same ocean trip, with the same eager persons meeting him on board, and the same unreal, intimate talks with men he cared nothing for, in the smoking-room at night. He went to the same hotel in Paris, and the night clubs where they played his "Rolling Along Like a Poor Little Stone," and gave away long-legged dolls with coarse painted faces.

And then came the same trip back, to the same men and women, and to the uproarious dinners of welcome at home, with all the kindly, enthusiastic persons who "did things"—writers and reviewers, painters and players—



apparently so glad to have him back! Apparently.

They changed, the individuals in this group, but there were always others, exactly like them, in their places. No one was ever missed; no one lasted long. Only Stanley Addison went on, lonely, remote, cryptic, quietly friendly, forever.

The professional world did not impress Stan, perhaps because he knew what a world of luck and mediocrity and hypocrisy it was. It demanded neither first-rate nor second-rate products—no, nor tenth-rate, either.

Any glib charlatan could deceive it; art and the drama and music and letters had their fashions, like hats, and he could feel no special respect for the man who happened to hit the fashion. Within a few months the play, the song, the book or sketch was forgotten, and the critics were off in full cry on a fresh scent.



"Can you come to us?" asked Kate. "I feel as if I had known all my life that that you lived," said Stanley, very



Stanley Addison knew that before he was fifty these same persons would be repeating his name wonderingly: "Who is he? What did he ever do?" Any year—any month, he might begin to feel the change. He would not allow himself to take either his associates or himself seriously.

To all this he was not vulnerable. But there was a spot where he was susceptible, all the more susceptible because he never suspected it—and when he was about thirty-five life found out this weak spot.

When he was thirty-five to his utter amazement society took him up, and that was different. He found society dull, but soothing and gratifying. Beautifully groomed ladies, past youth, asked him to sit in their opera-boxes; they invited him to magnificent country homes, where men talked finance, and women nothing. They talked all the time about books and politics and



operas and persons, but he perceived that they said and knew nothing. He rather liked it; it was restful.

They lived in a world freed of money, trouble, ugliness or pain.

Carolyn MacInnes came home from Switzerland for midsummer holidays while he was visiting her father and mother. She was seventeen. Stanley had never seen anyone at all like her.

Even at that age she was more sophisticated and more poised than her own mother; she spoke several languages, she was as much at home in Europe as in America. Carolyn played tennis and golf, rode superbly, liked bridge and billiards and cross-word puzzles and skating, knew everything that was to be known about cocktails and birth control and companionate marriage.

She was terribly spoiled, of course, but prettily spoiled. To see her being arrogant and dictatorial with the men who groomed her horses or exercised her dog, was to see a fascinating (Continued on page 168)

The Skeleton at the Feast

HE WAS a little bent old man with a scraggly beard, and he lived in the basement of an ancient tottering house in the Faubourg St. Germain, on the edge of a quarter made fashionable by Americans who were rich or "artistic," and sometimes both. The house was not quite in the quarter, for it turned its decrepit back upon rows of rookeries which housed the poor of Montparnasse. It was from these houses that the old man drew most of his trade, for he was an apothecary and his shop was so dark and so evil-smelling that only the poor who could not afford the prices of the glittering nightly lighted shops came to him for strange mixtures and nostrums.

It was said that he was something of a necromancer, and that he brewed love philters and potions for restoring youth and even powders which, when burned, had the power of suffocating an enemy, though he be on the other side of the earth. It was known too that he sold drugs which had qualities more certain of their effect: it was these powders which sometimes attracted well-dressed ladies and gentlemen into his little den beneath the turn of the stairs in the house on the Rue Jacquinot.

He had been there always so far as anyone in the quarter knew. He held an ancient lease to which he clung, even after the quarter began to grow picturesque and fashionable, and the old house was renovated and had its front repainted like the face of an old harridan, by a Spanish proprietor with the wisdom to make it livable without destroying its picturesqueness. The house and the Apothecary seemed inseparable; either separated from the other would have seemed isolated and torn from its roots. As you entered, you sometimes caught a swift glimpse of a thick, dirty beard, from which gleamed two little rat-like eyes—all dimly seen in the shadows of the evil-smelling shop. And sometimes you caught the queer light of another pair of eyes; they were the eyes of the Apothecary's cat, a black unfriendly animal.

There was no concierge in the house, for the Apothecary occupied the quarters which should have belonged to a concierge, and so it was a house in which you were quite free to do as you pleased because there was no one to watch you enter or leave. No one considered the Apothecary as human; no one ever thought of his watching what went on in the house.

He was only a gnome who lived half underground and was



"I've been robbed!" cried Mrs. Brodman. **"The big emerald I wore on my wrist . . ."**

never seen after he put up his shutters with the fall of night.

The house attracted, one by one, persons whose mode of life fitted into a scheme of living which did not include the prying eye of a concierge. First of all came a little dark man with tiny hands and feet, who wore bangles on his wrist, carried a yellow Malacca stick and spent his time at questionable cafés of the quarter. He occupied the top floor. And after him, to occupy the second, came Lady Connie Cheviott, a thin, white young Englishwoman, granddaughter of a duke, with dyed red hair, and weary old eyes, set in a too-hard face. And last of all came Daisy Sackville—boisterous, good-natured, buxom "Daisy."

People said: "Have you seen the absurd ramshackle house where Daisy has moved?" Because everyone knew Daisy; she was a sort of queen in that cosmopolitan, slightly shabby world that moved through the corridors of Ciro's and the Ritz. Daisy was the friend of grand duchesses and exiled kings, demi-mondaines and cheese manufacturers, bankrupt and bogus noblesse, millionaires and gigolos. In all that world she was a sort of queen reigning jointly with madness and folly and despair over a mad Kingdom.

By Louis Bromfield

who wrote "*Early Autumn*" and "*A Good Woman*"

Some said that Daisy was English in origin, but most people believed that she came originally by the long road of burlesque, vaudeville and the movies from Little Rock, Arkansas. Daisy herself never troubled to clear up the mystery. For the purposes of the world she was Daisy Sackville, a retired opera-singer. She had long ago lost any pretensions to a singing voice; indeed, when she spoke, her voice sounded coarse and metallic.

Long ago Daisy had come to live by her wits. One day she was rich,

and the next she had nothing but debts, and yet so great was fame that there were certain restaurants and certain dressmakers who considered it good advertising to feed and clothe Daisy without any hope of payment. She always brought in her train dukes and princesses with names that once had been glorious, and—what was of greater interest to tradesmen—millionaires in chocolate or perfume and their lady friends.

Daisy's success rested upon two gifts: first that she was born a comic, and second that she had a great and overflowing animal vitality—indeed, enough of vitality for herself and enough left

over to give that tired, despairing world over which she reigned a semblance of actual life. For years, ever since the war and the collapse of old Europe, Daisy had been supplying vitality and entertainment now in Rome, now on the Lido, now on the Riviera, now at Deauville or London, but most of all in Paris, which was the capital of her mad Kingdom.

And now at fifty-five Daisy, the indefatigable Daisy, the Daisy who was "always the life of the party," had begun to grow tired. There were days when she wanted passionately to lie in bed sleeping and eating chocolates and reading cheap novels as she had done in the far-off, mysterious, palmy days of her too-plump and voluptuous youth. But, tragically, there was no rest for Daisy. If she rested, perhaps even for a day, people would forget her, and she would be faced only by poverty and a horrible old age.

She lived by keeping always in the limelight. And so each day she had to forget that she was old and sometimes suffered from rheumatism, and rising wearily, she would paint her face and touch up her hair and do the agonizing exercises that were meant to reduce her figure. And a little later the Apothecary would see her pass through the evil-smelling hall—a bedizened, painted woman, past middle age, setting out to organize some fête or party to divert her mad Kingdom.

The sense of her great weariness swept over her for the first time on the day she moved into the ancient house in the Rue Jacquinot. There was something in the atmosphere of the place, perhaps the centuries-old, musty

smell of the dim hallway, that oppressed her. Even after the trouble and confusion of moving there was no rest for her. She lay down for a few minutes and then had a bath and dressed and went out to dinner and on to Hinky-Dink's to hear the negroes sing.

It was dawn when she returned at last, and the Apothecary and the black cat were on the pavement engaged in taking down his shutters and washing his windows. It was the first time she had ever seen him, and the sight of his bent figure and dirty beard and bright, malicious old eyes gave her a fright; she could not explain why.



Illustrations
by

Marshall Frantz

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Afterwards she told herself that it was because she was tired and because her vitality was terribly low at such an hour of the morning.

But the image of him remained—bent, crooked and dirty, with malicious prying eyes. It came to her sometimes in the midst of the gayest evenings when she sat telling risqué stories at Ciro's, with a grand duke on her right and a millionaire on her left. She never saw him again, even in the gray light of the dawn, but only in the darkness of his dark little cave—a mass of matted hair pierced by two rat-like malicious eyes. It seemed to her that he knew all the long history which she had managed to keep secret, that he was accusing her of things which no one could possibly know save herself.

And she thought, "This is nonsense. I must not, I dare not let my nerves get the better of me—I, who have never had a nerve in my body. Truly, I'm strong as a horse."

But the image did not go away, and she tried to destroy it by jesting at it. She had a way—the way of people who live by their wits—of turning poverty and other disadvantages into capital, and so she sought to make of the dirty little Apothecary a bit of "atmosphere" which lent luster to herself. When people asked her about the picturesque and amusing old house in which she had taken an apartment, she described it with a great deal of noisy wit, always adding, "But the best of all is the old man—the Apothecary—who lives in the basement. He's been there forever, since the house was built."

But the mention of him had, just the same, a way of bringing a little cloud of depression. He came presently to occupy a place in Daisy's scheme of things very near to that of the corpse which the ancient Egyptians brought in during the midst of a feast to remind them of the nearness of death. His eyes were not pleasant because they seemed to go about with you everywhere.

And among the grand dukes and harlots, profiteers and gigolos of Daisy's mad world, the Apothecary came to be a character. People who had never seen him spoke of him as "Daisy's Apothecary." He came to be a joke at dinners at Ciro's and the Ritz. One heard of him in the palaces of Rome and on the beach at Deauville.

As Daisy grew older and more weary, she had sudden moments when, looking in the mirror while she painted her sagging face, her hand would pause suddenly, and fascinated by her own reflection, she would find herself saying, "That thing in the mirror is Daisy Sackville—that battered, decaying, tired old woman who was born Tessie Dunker in Little Rock, Arkansas."

And one by one all the facets of a many-sided past—her vices, her betrayals, her sins—would have a way of rising up out of the funeral wrappings of forty years and returning to her in a horrid, fascinating procession. It was a terrible experience—this seeing oneself for the first time, especially if, like Daisy, you had always lived noisily in the moment without ever giving a thought to the past.

But in the end she would always dab on a trifle more rouge and rise quickly from her dressing-table, saying to herself, "After all, I am Daisy Sackville. Everybody has heard of me. My friends are the flower of Europe—the cream of the old-world nobility." And she would recite to herself such names as the grand duke's and Lady Connie Cheviott's, and the Princesse de Vigne's and the Duke of Sebastiola's.

"The flower of Europe" was a phrase which consoled her. She thought of it frequently, especially at the times when she kept seeing the beady, rat-like eyes of the Apothecary.

ON THE night of the same day that Daisy moved into the house on the Rue Jacquinet she had, however, a stroke of luck. As she entered the bar at Ciro's she caught a glimpse of a dark, familiar young face, a face which troubled her for a moment until her amazing memory—the memory which had saved her so many times—placed it. She knew suddenly, in a quick flash. It was Tony Markham—young, rich, idle, somewhat of a ne'er-do-well, an excellent dancer and a sportsman. She could not say at once why she was glad to see him there; she only experienced a swift sense of pleasure at the sight of his youth and his vigorous young figure, and then a sudden swift thought that she could make use of him in her world.

She had come of late to pounce upon anything that was young and not tired. She could feed his youth to her weary world; there were women in it who would adore this handsome young American. And so, sweeping forward royally, all her false jewels aglitter, she approached him, crying out in her hearty, booming voice:

"Why, Tony Markham! When did you turn up in Paris?"

The boy looked at her for a moment, puzzled, and then said quickly, "Oh, hello, Daisy!" and took her hand.

They really knew each other scarcely at all; she had seen him as a boy of nineteen at Faley's in Palm Beach before she found the place a little too unpleasant for her; but it was impossible to resist the cordiality of the great Daisy. They used first names at once.

She said, "I'm dining with the Duke of Sebastiola's party. You must join us." And she recited the names, splendorous, high-sounding names famous in the history of Europe, of all those who were in the party. To be sure, there was also a movie actress of dubious reputation and a man suspected of espionage during the war and a decayed demi-mondaine, but she overlooked these.

"But I can't," he said. "You see, I'm waiting for a friend of mine—a girl. I'm showing her the sights of Paris. I'm waiting for her now."

A bright, hard look came into Daisy's too-brilliant eyes. "Why, bring her, of course," she said. "We'd love to have her."

TONY hesitated. He even blushed a little. "I don't think it would be a success," he protested. "You see—you see—well, she wouldn't be at home in such a party. You see, she's only twenty—she's *jeune fille*."

For a moment something, perhaps the mention of age—"only twenty"—or the words "*jeune fille*" gave Daisy a bad turn. Her robust figure seemed to wilt a little but she recovered herself quickly, saying, "I understand. Well, you must join us soon in another party. Where are you staying?"

He wrote his address on a card, and taking it, she said, "You must come and see me some day soon. I live in the most fascinating house. Give me a card and I'll write the address"—she scribbled hastily. "There's no concierge. I live on the first floor. In the basement there's only an apothecary—but don't disturb him when you come. He's a little cracked and unpleasant. I must tell you about him sometime. But I must go. Bunny is calling me."

And with a trill of professional laughter, she swept through the crowd like a ship to where a tall, fallow duke stood beckoning to her. Daisy called dukes by pet names. Bunny was a grand duke.

A little while after she had gone the girl whom Tony awaited came through the whirling door, and dazzled for a second by the glare of brilliant lights, she stood staring about her. She was young and slender and blond with the look, Tony told her in one of his shamed sentimental moments, of a young bride. Her eyes were blue and candid, with a look of wonder in them, as if she found all this world about her fascinating and unreal. And yet there was a curious air of assurance, even of self-confidence about her, and an odd look of dignity. Blond and lovely in her ermine coat, one noticed her at once.

But Tony saw her first of all.

There are at Ciro's two rooms: one is right and one is wrong. The right room is crowded with the fashionable, the notorious, the freakish, the bankrupt; it is small and people sit back to back in order to squeeze into it. There are people who will not dine at Ciro's if they can't have a table in the "right" room. The wrong room is filled comfortably by the nonentities and by those who do not "know."

Tony had a table for two in the right room. Daisy's party occupied the largest and most resplendent table. The party, she had said, was given by the Duke of Sebastiola, but she did not say it was paid for by the wife of an American millionaire cheese manufacturer who wanted to know "the flower of Europe."

The two tables were near each other, and throughout the evening Daisy watched the two young people as if they had an evil fascination for her. There was something spidery in her behavior. She pointed them out to the Duke of Sebastiola, a lean, handsome, fallow man, with a tiny blue-black mustache and a monocle, who took a great interest.

"They are so young and fresh," he said mockingly. "But they won't last long. You must arrange to have me meet the girl, Daisy." And fixing his monocle for a better look, he added, "She is adorable." He drew out the word "adorable," for he was Italian and spoke with an accent.

Before Tony and the girl left, Daisy went over to their table. "Tony dear," she said, "I'm giving a party on Saturday and you must come."

Again he refused, but he introduced the girl. Her name was Ann Masterson.

"What a lovely name, my dear," said Daisy. "Are you a relation of the Syosset Mastersons?"

"Yes," said the girl. "He's my uncle."

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**It was said that Daisy's Apothecary was something of a necromancer and that he brewed love phil-
ters and potions for restoring youth . . . No one considered him as human. He was only a gnome.**

"I know them all well," said Daisy with an irresistible en-
thusiasm. "It makes such a difference, knowing one's relations,
doesn't it? Perhaps you'll come on Saturday?"

"She can't," said Tony. "We're going to the same dinner."

Then, for the first time, Daisy's claws showed a little. She
gave the boy a look which said, "You'll gain nothing by opposing
me in that way. You may regret it. Daisy Sackville is not to be
snubbed."

With a sweet smile, she said, "Well, another time, perhaps."
And bidding them good night, she went back to join the dukes and
princes and demi-mondaines, who were moving on to another
party."

The girl looked after her with amused blue eyes. "So that's
the great Daisy," she said.

"Yes, she's one of the sights of Paris, but I'd keep clear of her
if I were you."

"I feel sorry for her."

Tony laughed. "Sorry for Daisy! Great heavens, why?"

"She's old and tired," said the girl gravely.

"Why, Daisy loves this life. She's never been tired in her life.
She doesn't dare to risk being tired."

"That's just it."

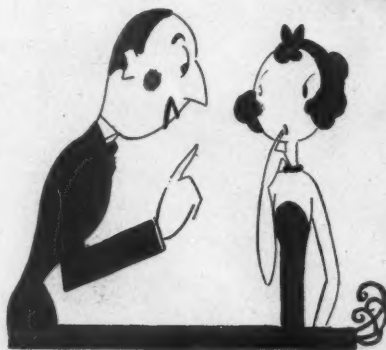
"Are you disappointed in her?" Tony asked.

"No—I'd never thought about her (Continued on page 119)

Careers for Our Girls The Mised Mannequin by FISH



At last—a designer who realizes that it takes a beautiful girl to make any gown look like a million dollars. He has cabled me from the steamer to be ready to start work as a model in the morning.



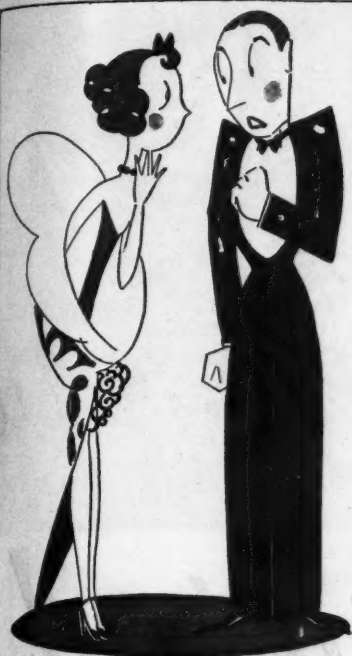
The very first day I persuaded Mrs. Fair, Rich and Forty-around-the-hips that she would look like a perfect 36 in Monsieur Henri's most expensive gown. Of course she couldn't even get into it with the aid of a shoe-horn but Henri will make an enlargement for her that will fool her completely.

Henri said I was such a good little girl to help him sell that expensive gown that he wanted to do something to show his appreciation. So I said, "Let's do what all the other good little boys and girls do. Let's go to a night club."



Henri's gowns must be seen to be appreciated so I decided to please him still further by wearing one of them that evening. It pays to advertise and perhaps more orders would be forthcoming.

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Such enthusiasm! Henri was actually angry because I wore the gown. He was afraid something would happen to it. So I said, "Be yourself, Henri! You may design gowns but you don't wear them."



Dancing with him was like dancing with a tailor's dummy. Even if I'd been a wax model I should never have melted in the warmth of his embrace. He was so afraid I'd spoil his old dress that he couldn't enjoy himself.



I got a real taste of his temperament a little later—but I ask you how was I to know that the mere sight of my beauty would have such an upsetting effect on that dumb waiter? Anyway Henri was so angry that he insisted on dragging me home to Father. As if Father could pay for any damaged gowns. He's so poor he even has to shave himself.



And so I suppose I've got to start reading want ads again. Henri probably won't even give me a decent reference. Men are such unappreciative creatures.

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Sophisticated

A Story of a Very Modern Girl

"**D**ODO was voted the most sophisticated girl in college," Bob boasted proudly.

"The most sophisticated?" his mother asked, looking slightly bewildered. "When I was in college we voted for the girl who had the highest standards in her work. Of course times have changed. I supposed now that they'd vote on the prettiest, or the most popular. But the most sophisticated!" Margaret smiled a bit indulgently. "How could a young college girl be sophisticated?"

"Wait till you meet her!" Bob prophesied. "She's got more poise . . . Gosh! You're a peach, Mom, to have her out." He gave Margaret an appreciative quick squeeze. "Makes a fellow kind of nervous, though, to have his girl visit his family. Well"—he ran his fingers through his thick blond hair, crushed on his hat—"I sure hope she likes you."

Oh, so it was Bob's family who were to be on trial, and not his girl! Margaret pursed her lips, but refrained from saying anything.

"Try to make Betty behave," Bob added. "And I do hope Dad won't pull so many of his wise-cracks. And Mother"—he flushed—"please see if you can't get Dad to keep his coat on during dinner. I know I can count on you, Mom." He gave her another squeeze and an unexpected, hasty kiss before letting the door slam after him.

Margaret knew it would be difficult, almost impossible, to get Paul to keep his coat on through dinner. He always did when dining out. But Paul believed that a man should do as he pleased in his own home. And did. Besides, he weighed one hundred and eighty-eight pounds, and even in zero weather was likely to become overheated. Margaret sighed; she foresaw difficulties looming ahead.

By six o'clock the little colonial house fairly glittered, it was in such perfect order for the coming guest. Margaret turned on the lamps in the living-room, readjusted the cushions, arranged the flowers, making several trips to the kitchen to be sure that Violet, the colored maid, had everything in readiness. Hearing a car in the driveway, she ran to the mirror to give her hair a final reassuring inspection. She was glad she had taken time to drive into the village for a trim and marcel. Bob's girl should see that his mother was young, up to date and not unattractive.

She really looked slender in her new gaily flowered chifon; her brown hair was shingled smartly close to her head; just enough

rouge on each cheek. Why, she almost could have passed for a college girl herself! She was glad, for Bob's sake.

But it had been Paul's car, instead of Bob's. "Hello, hon," Paul said, coming over to give her a hearty smack. "Whew! Doesn't my girl look sweet tonight?" He switched on the center lights. "Let's have a little light on your subject, Mama." He started to shed his coat.

"No! No!" Margaret cried. "Don't do that!" She turned the lights off, then hurried over and forcibly helped him on with his coat.

"Well, for—" Paul's mouth dropped open in amazement. "Don't you remember?" Margaret reminded him. "We're having company. Bob's girl. The room looks much better with just the lamps lighted, and you *must* wear your coat at the table."

"Oh, shucks!" Paul exclaimed, starting to take his coat off again. "I'll put the blamed thing on before we eat."

"You'll put it on now," Margaret said firmly. "Please, Paul"—in a more coaxing tone—"and don't forget and take it off during dinner."

"**A**ll right," Paul said, but his fat, good-humored face looked a trifle sulky. "Who is this girl anyway? The Queen of Sheba? I'm hungrier than a flood sufferer."

"We'll eat, the minute they come," Margaret promised. "The train must be late. And Paul, dear, one other thing—don't say so many—don't try to be too— Well, you know what I mean, dear. Remember to be rather dignified, especially at the table. I hope Betty will behave. I had to send her back upstairs to wash her neck." She hurried into the kitchen; Violet would be beginning to grow impatient.

"Good grief!" Paul grunted. "A man can't read or talk or call his *sole mio*." He stretched out on the davenport, and before his head had had time to disarrange the pillows, was snoring audibly.

By seven o'clock the scowl on Violet's face darkened the whole kitchen. Bob knew how difficult she became if dinner was even a few minutes late. Here it was nearly an hour overtime. Margaret was beginning to worry. Surely he would have phoned— But there was his roadster turning in the drive. She hastened to placate the temperamental Violet before she put a stop to Paul's vocal demonstrations.

"Well, here she is, Mom!" Bob wore a grin that was both triumphant and embarrassed—his face was always a mirror of his



d Stuff

by Adelaide Humphries

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emotions. "Gosh! I'm sorry we had to hold up dinner, but Dodo decided to take a later train. Mother, this is Dodo. Dad, want you to meet Miss Ferris."

Margaret held out her hand, forcing a warm smile in response to Miss Ferris' slight little nod. She couldn't help thinking that their guest, when she found she was taking a later train, might have sent word.

Paul was more outspoken. "'Bout time!" he rebuked, wagging a finger at Bob's girl. "A few minutes longer and I'd have passed out from malnutrition. Vitamins, my soul cries out for—"

"Paul!" Margaret interrupted quickly. "You know you were sno—resting. It doesn't matter at all," she assured her guest. "Betty!"—to her nine-year-old daughter who was sulking at the top of the stairs—"Betty, dear, come on down and say how do you do to Miss Ferris, and then you can show her to her room."

Betty came, rather reluctantly to be sure, but Margaret decided this was not the time to risk a scene by reproving her.

"Take my grip upstairs, Bob," Dodo ordered, and Margaret noticed that the grip was the size and weight of a small trunk—for a weekend visit! "You won't mind waiting a few minutes longer, then?" Dodo asked, with a smile that said that of course she knew they wouldn't. "I want to take a tub before dinner."

"Not at all," Margaret assured her hastily, enthusiastically. She was afraid she couldn't speak hastily enough, for no telling what Paul was likely to say at having his dinner delayed longer.

It was only about twenty minutes before Dodo, looking re-

Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

freshed and composed, came down the stairs again, but to Margaret it seemed like another hour. She knew that Violet positively would throw the food at them, and wondered if it would be fit to eat anyway.

Most certainly Dodo couldn't be called a pretty girl, Margaret decided, as she led the way into the dining-room. There was hardly enough of her to be called anything. She looked as though if you touched her, especially near the middle, she would break

in two. Her features were good enough and she was rather aristocratic-looking in a languid colorless way. She didn't wear even a touch of rouge or lip-stick. Her hair was very fair, with only a suggestion of a wave, and it wasn't bobbed. Her dress was black and severely plain.

Margaret wondered what Bob could see in her—but there, she mustn't start finding fault before they were even acquainted! Only she *had* hoped that Bob's girl would be pretty. However, perhaps in a colorful, more girlish dress . . .

"What part of the bird will you have?" Paul asked, smacking his lips at the sight of food. He pushed back his chair, standing up in order to obtain a more commanding position from which to attack the fowl.

"It really doesn't matter," Dodo murmured politely.

"Now, now!" Paul fussed. "You must have some choice. Any piece at all, except the part that goes over the fence last. That's reserved for Mama." He chuckled.

"Paul!" Margaret colored up. He always made that same remark and he knew she didn't eat that piece. "Just give Miss

Ferris some white meat." No wonder Bob had hoped that his father would refrain from wise-cracking. Margaret saw that Bob had colored up, too.

"It really doesn't matter,"

Dodo said again, when Paul asked if white meat would be "okay." She turned toward her hostess, asking what she thought of O'Neill's nine-act play.

"I haven't seen it," Margaret admitted, "but it certainly is an original idea."

"I can't agree with you," Dodo stated. "Take the medieval players. Or Wagner. Nothing is original."

Margaret felt reproved. "Of course we haven't any real theaters out here," she said, "but we have some fine movie houses. I thought perhaps you and Bob would like to go, after dinner."

"Oh, I never go to the movies!" Dodo replied, as though she had been insulted. "They're so utterly plebeian."

Margaret thoroughly enjoyed a good movie. "You don't?" she protested, feeling plebeian. "Not all of them are—"

"But most of them are," Bob interrupted. "I can't say I care much for them, myself."

Why, he knew he adored the movies! Just last Saturday night, hadn't he and she giggled like a couple of kids over Charlie in "The Circus"? However, Margaret didn't have time to remind him of that, for at this point Betty diverted her attention.

"Mama, look! Papa's giving me potatoes. I won't eat potatoes!"

"Sure you will!" Paul declared. "Make you fat and stylish like me."

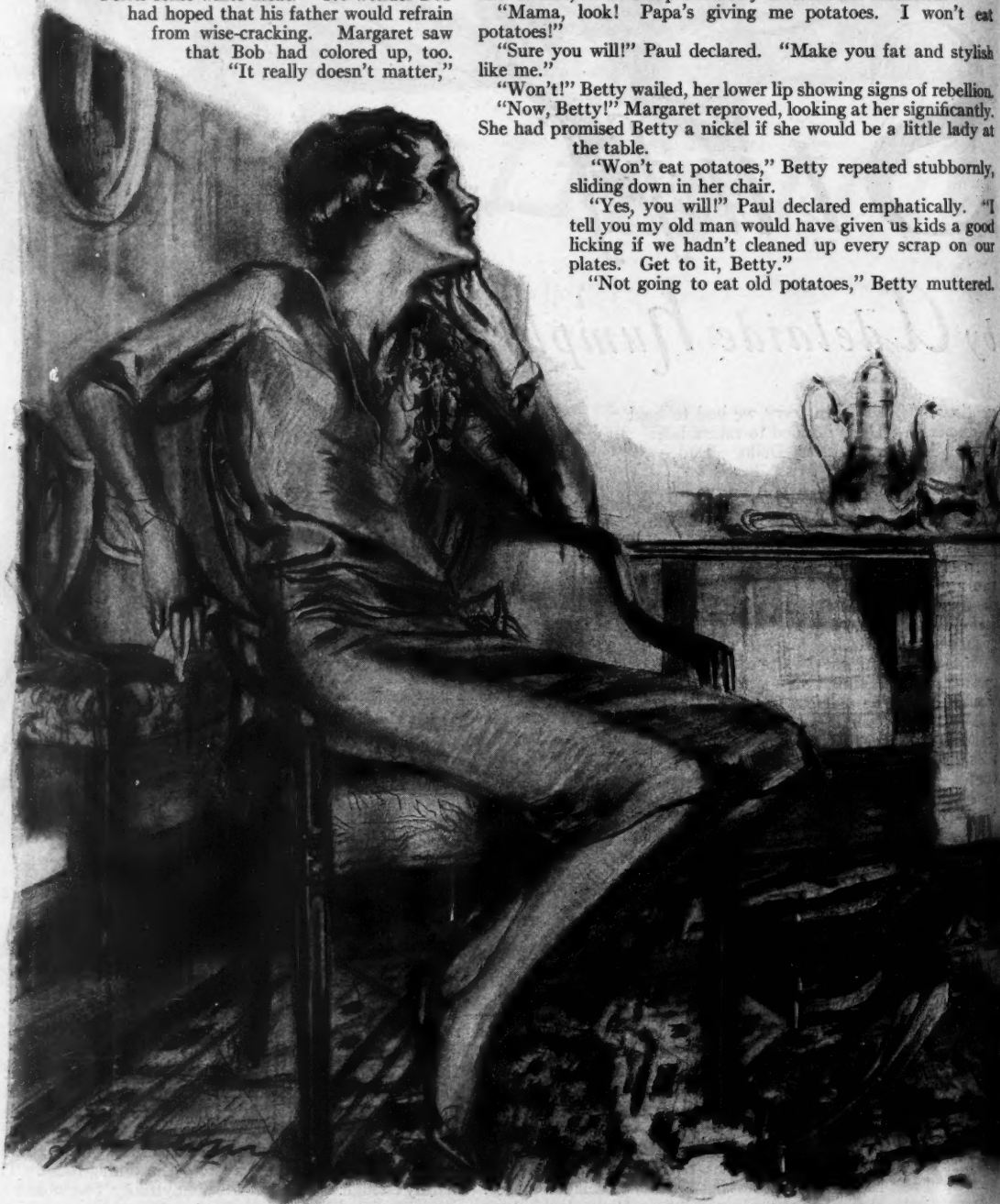
"Won't!" Betty wailed, her lower lip showing signs of rebellion. "Now, Betty!" Margaret reproved, looking at her significantly.

She had promised Betty a nickel if she would be a little lady at the table.

"Won't eat potatoes," Betty repeated stubbornly, sliding down in her chair.

"Yes, you will!" Paul declared emphatically. "I tell you my old man would have given us kids a good licking if we hadn't cleaned up every scrap on our plates. Get to it, Betty."

"Not going to eat old potatoes," Betty muttered.



"Children are such a problem," Margaret addressed Dodo, thinking it best to change the subject.

"Do you think so?" Dodo looked mildly surprised. "I suppose they could be, only I believe in the English custom."

"What's that?" Margaret asked, feeling that whatever it was she should have known about it.

"The governess takes care of the children," Dodo explained. "The parents only see them for one hour each day. It's better for the child and less difficult for the parents."

Margaret agreed that it would be; although she felt like asking what one did if there was no governess.

"Children should be fed scientifically," Dodo added.

Paul snorted. "Like to see anyone try any science on Betty! Pass your plate for more chicken, Miss Paris—Harris—which is it?"

Dodo said that it was Ferris and that she really couldn't eat another bite. Margaret noticed that she scarcely had touched what was on her plate. She wondered if her guest hadn't liked the things they served for dinner. But Dodo revealed that she was on a diet.

"A diet!" Margaret exclaimed; she had tried dieting herself, but never could stick to it. "Why, you can't weigh more than—"

"An even hundred!" Bob proclaimed with an air of quiet triumph.

"But there's always the chance of getting fat," Dodo said. She shuddered, closing her eyes for a moment. "I live in constant agony for fear I might."

Margaret had never felt more corpulent in all her life. She rang for the salad. She wished she hadn't had salad, knowing there would be the same difficulty over it with Betty as over the potatoes.

There was. Betty simply wouldn't eat salad. Margaret had never learned to like it, either, until she had grown up. But Paul, who liked everything eatable, couldn't

see that that made any difference. Betty was sent, sobbing and defiant, from the table.

"You don't mind if a man takes off his coat in his own house, now do you, Miss Dodo?" Paul asked, mopping his forehead after so much paternal exertion.

"Not in the least," Dodo assured him.

"Mama's shaking her head at me for doing it," Paul chuckled. "You'd think I was removing my trousers—"

"Paul!" Margaret interrupted, just in time. What would Dodo think of Bob's father? "Perhaps, since you don't care for movies, we could all have a game of bridge," she said, in order to say something.

"Oh, I never play bridge," Dodo answered. "I've always said that when I get so decrepit that I can't possibly do anything else, I might take up bridge."

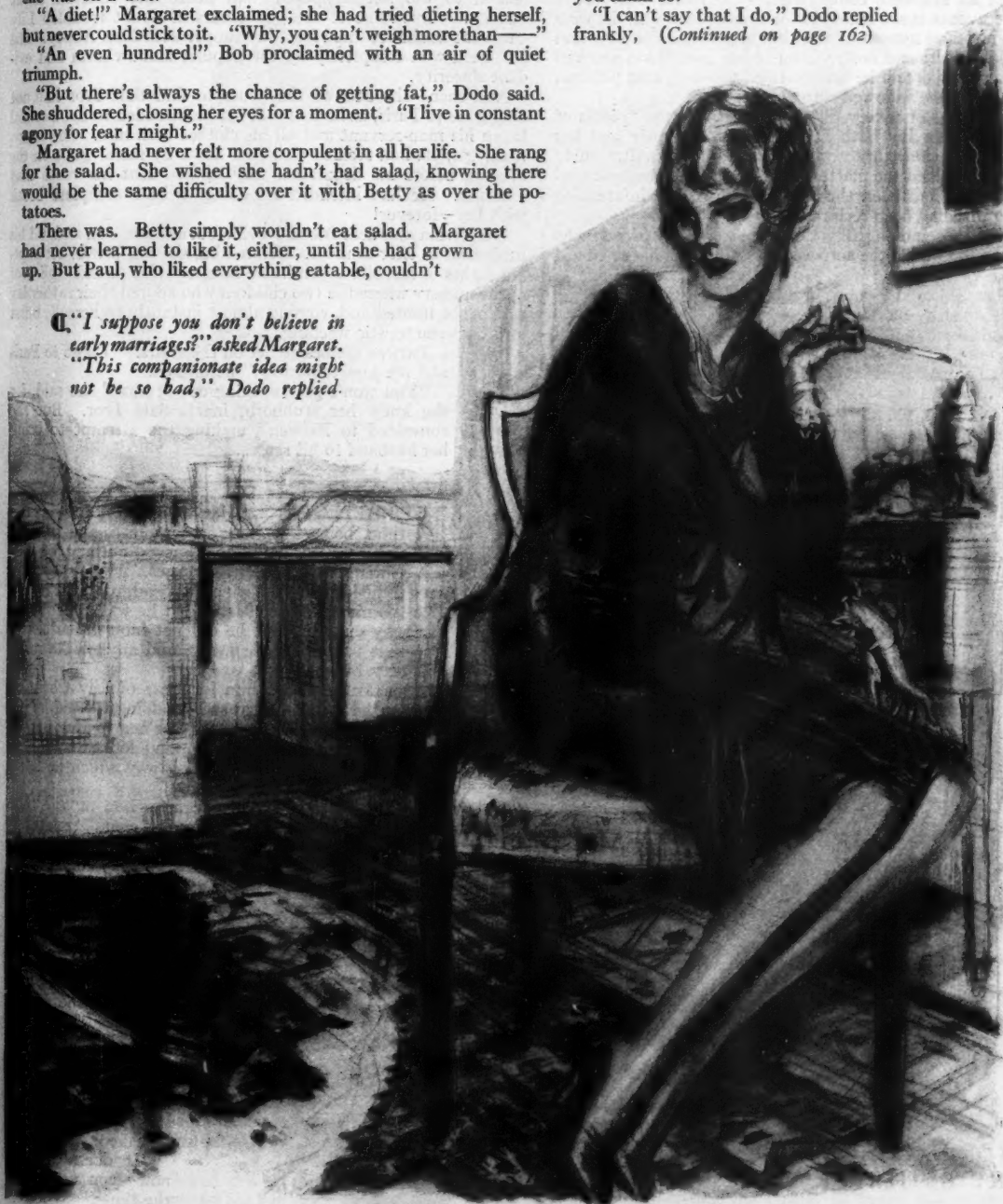
Decrepit! Margaret thoroughly enjoyed a game of bridge. She had prided herself on being so young, keeping up with her bridge clubs.

As soon as they got up from the table, Paul turned on the radio.

"Radio's a wonderful thing," Margaret remarked. "Don't you think so?"

"I can't say that I do," Dodo replied frankly, (Continued on page 162)

"I suppose you don't believe in early marriages?" asked Margaret.
"This companionate idea might not be so bad," Dodo replied.



Lily Christine

The Story So Far:

LOVE for handsome, blundering Ivor Summerest, the popular cricket champion, always had spelled martyrdom for Lily Christine, his wife. Because of it she endured the trials of an existence complicated by constant worry over finances; because of it she ignored Ivor's innumerable affairs with the "fluffy pieces of nonsense" who in quick succession won and lost his fickle heart; and now, victim of her great love, she had promised him a divorce if he really wished to marry that paragon of respectability, the widowed actress, Mrs. Abbey.

Mrs. Abbey was of a very different type from the "pieces of nonsense"—wherein lay both Lily Christine's despair and her hope. For when she had accepted Mrs. Abbey's invitation to supper and had talked the matter over with her, she became convinced that Ivor had been the victim of a passing infatuation which in no wise had been reciprocated.

There were those among Lily Christine's circle of friends who thought none too well of the actress. Mr. Ambatriadi, the Greek,

who had known her for years, characterized her as "crafty." Rupert Harvey—a lovable journalist whose friendship with Lily Christine dated from the night when he had put her up, wearied with a day of motoring and rendered almost blind through the breaking of her glasses, in his absent wife's bedroom while he retired to the sleeping-porch—had heard her referred to as "tricky." But none of these murmurs of doubt troubled Lily Christine as she returned from her supper with Mrs. Abbey. She had been won completely by the popular star's charm and evident sincerity.

And then—she entered the house to find that Ivor had not only gone to Paris, as he had told her he intended to do, but had taken his man-servant and all his clothes with him. She knew, then, why he had seemed weighted down by secret guilt on the evening before his departure, why he had sent her roses that morning. He had intended his going to be a complete break with her—forever!

Her cousin and dear friend Neville Parwen came in and did his futile best to offer comfort. Before him, she was brave, attempting flights of her old, indomitable humor. But outside the door of the nursery where the two children who adored their father lay asleep, she fainted and, coming almost instantly to herself, burst into uncharacteristic weeping.

Parwen sat beside her on the stairs. "I'll go to Paris and see him tomorrow," he offered.

"You won't get anything out of him," she said, for she knew her stubborn, inarticulate Ivor. But she consented to Parwen's making the attempt to bring her husband to his senses.

IT HAPPENED that Harvey was very busy at this time, being kept late at the office, and so some days passed before he knew anything of Lily Christine's immediate fortunes. There may have been some idea at the back of his head, too, that he had seen too much of her of late, that he was inflicting his company on her. But he did not inquire too closely into that uncomfortable fancy, and anyhow he really was very busy.

When Muriel asked him for news of Lily Christine, how she was and what she was doing, he said he had had time neither to see her nor to ring her up.

Muriel was surprised, and looked at him in an oddly ruminating way which he found rather annoying.

On the afternoon of the fifth day after the events related in the previous chapter, he heard Lily Christine's voice on the telephone asking him what she had done to deserve his desertion.

"Not," she said, "that I expect a busy man to come and see me more than once a week, but you might at least have rung me up to ask me how I was."

"And how are you?" he asked.

"It doesn't matter now—you are behind the times."



Illustrations by
H. R. Ballinger

By MICHAEL ARLEN

A Novel of a GOOD WOMAN



heels. I suppose you know Ivor has gone?"

"But I was with you when he went to Paris!"

"I mean forever, dear—left me is the way to put it, I think."

"Well!" said Harvey, dumfounded.

"Yes, it is surprising. That evening you wouldn't have thought he was going for good, would you?"

That hesitating back in the doorway, ashamed . . .

"Where's Parwen?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Paris. He should be back this evening sometime. How seriously he takes his responsibilities as my first cousin—bless him! What a world it is, isn't it, one so irresponsible and another so—adequate? And the irresponsible ones

seem to get the best of everything. It is hard, Rupert, isn't it?"

"I simply can't get over it," Harvey said. "Running off like that!"

She gave a small laugh, which made him tingle with distress.

"You can't imagine what a conceited fool it has made me feel! For I *did* think, I was *positive*, he liked me. Shows a woman she must never take anything for granted."

Harvey could not say anything, for distaste.

And all he could think of from that moment until he stood at the door of the small narrow house in the small narrow street, was Summerest's clumsy hesitating back. He kept on looking at the fellow's back hesitating in the doorway, ashamed.

Hempel opened the door, a thing that never

had happened before. She welcomed him with a lugubrious smile.

"Why, where's Coghill?"

"Coghill, sir, has gone, left us."

So he had "left" us too, had he! A charming pair. Here today, gone tomorrow. Modern marriage. The irresponsible swine.

In the familiar bedroom he found to his surprise that Lily Christine was in bed.

"But you didn't tell me you weren't well!"

"Oh, I'm quite well, really. It's only that my heart gets funny sometimes and I'm told to lie in bed to keep out of mischief."

There were two others in the room, a tall man and a tall young woman, neither of whom Harvey had seen before. Lily Christine introduced the tall young woman as Mrs. Parwen. She was very handsome in a severe way, with dark troubled eyes. Harvey felt she was troubled about things beyond his understanding. She had a pleasant, impersonal, masculine voice. Harvey found her rather formidable.

As for Ambatriadi the Greek, he never was so surprised in

Q "You've no more business with Ivor, understand that! I'm going to make a decent life for him. Why don't you behave if you want to be happy? Now get out!" said Mrs. Abbey to Lily Christine.

"Why, has so much as all that happened in the last few days?"

"Oh, you can't imagine how much! I'd like to see you, if you can spare any of your precious time."

"Don't say that, Lily Christine! It's only that I've been fancying you have seen quite enough of me lately."

"Rupert, what a silly thing to say! I didn't think it of you, really I didn't."

"Well, I promise not to be so petty in future."

"You can begin straight away by coming to see me this evening. I want to ask your advice about something."

Her voice was light and unconcerned; he thought it must be some little thing.

"Your advice," she said, "as a man of the world."

"Well, I've never been called *that* before, more's the pity!" cried Harvey.

"It's about a letter I had this morning—such a very curious letter that I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or my

his life. Ambatriadi was reading a letter in an absorbed way, and merely glanced up to shake hands with the newcomer. Harvey's met a hard, bony, restless hand. Now he had made a picture to himself of Ambatriadi the Greek as a shortish sleek dark man, very well-mannered, very well-dressed, suave and confident. To his resentment he found himself looking up to—Harvey was a stooping sort of six feet—a very erect man of impatiently natural manners in an old tweed suit that was first cousin to his own, a handsome man with a high, sensitive nose and tired, gentle brown eyes and a weathered, ravaged, haggard, ruined and melancholy complexion.

The familiar bedroom looked cheerful in the firelight. There were no roses on the small table by the bed.

"Council of war," Lily Christine smiled.

"Only Neville is missing," Mrs. Parwen said in her pleasant masculine voice, "and he should be here soon."

The bed was strewn with papers and books and note-paper. Lily Christine, sitting propped up against a pile of cushions, with her largest spectacles on her nose and her curly hair running wild, looked like a studious schoolgirl who had been overreading. She looked tired and wan, as though a long sleep would do her good.

But there was a sort of fluttering gaiety about her too, not feverish or unreal, but fluttering, hovering, a pale light gaiety of spirit, the waxen-white gossamer flower on the barren tree of unhappiness. And she spoke quite lightly and naturally, but Harvey felt all the time that there was only a very small part of her in the room with them.

"You see, you have got a companion for your dram-drinking at last," she smiled at him as he helped himself to a drink.

Ambatriadi, standing near the overburdened desk, was still absorbed in reading the letter, while in his other hand he held a tumbler in which, as Harvey could see, the impertinence of soda-water had been almost savagely limited. Harvey could have sworn that the man had long since finished reading the letter, and was now digesting it.

Mrs. Parwen sat in the armchair, looking thoughtfully into the fire. Her features were severely beautiful, and her nostrils made Harvey think of race-horses.

Harvey sat sideways at the foot of the bed.

"How are Julia and Timothy in this awful weather? Ours have got beastly colds."

"I've packed them off to Mother in the country."

"And a good thing too!" Mrs. Parwen said briskly.

She turned her dark troubled eyes to Harvey, and he saw how kind they were when they descended from their troubled heights.

"I do wish," she said, "you would try to persuade Lily Christine to come and stay with Neville and me for a while. I can't see any point in her staying alone here—particularly in this disheartening weather."

"Sonia, really I can't, dear."

Ambatriadi had at last finished with the letter, and was drinking thoughtfully.

"Well, Andy? What do you think?"

And on a sudden Lily Christine's voice was full of hope, eager, quite different from the light tentative voice in which she was saying everything that day.

To Harvey's surprise the tall Greek did not answer, but merely shrugged his shoulders in an extraordinarily impatient way, "Well!"

"Yes, it's quite mad, isn't it?" Lily Christine said, but now quite listlessly.

"Here," said Ambatriadi abruptly, holding out the letter to Harvey.

"Yes, read it, Rupert," Lily Christine said listlessly.

While Harvey read the letter he could feel that Ambatriadi,

without once looking at him, was taking a keen interest in what Americans call his "reaction" to it. There was something comical in the restless way Ambatriadi paced up and down; one could not resent it.

One felt he was so worried, so disturbed about other people's troubles, and impatient to put them right. One felt that his



friends gave him a very great deal of trouble, which could have been avoided but for their stupidity.

The letter was quite short, and in a clear, capable handwriting.

Dear Lily Christine,

It isn't easy for me to write this letter. But I am afraid it has got to be done. Of course you will understand that there can be no question of my ever coming back to you. All that is over, as you must have known it would be if ever I found out. I am afraid it will be no use trying to call this a misunderstanding. I could never write such a letter as this without the most definite proofs, and those were given to me only the other evening just before I left for Paris. I know I am not free from blame for the fact that our marriage has turned out to be an unhappy one. But never for a moment has it ever occurred to me that you could be anything but loyal in your affection for me and your love for our children. To find you haven't been is a great shock to me. I haven't yet quite decided what steps I shall take, but you will be informed in due course. In the meanwhile I shall stay on in Paris.

Ivor

Harvey was so thunderstruck that he had to read several sentences time and again before he could feel that he had even remotely understood what the fellow was driving at.

His back was half-turned to Lily Christine, and very glad he was of it.

It was Ambatriadi's eye he wanted to catch first. He did not stop to ask himself how it was that he trusted Ambatriadi to give of his best in friendship to Lily Christine.

He folded the letter up carefully, gaining time before he looked

"Fancy Ivor going mad!" Lily Christine sighed, still deep in thought.

"He's not mad, far from it," Ambatriadi said hoarsely. He had a hoarse smoky voice with a decidedly foreign intonation.

"Not mad? Then what is he?"

"I could tell you what he is," Ambatriadi said wickedly, "in Greek."

"Rupert, tell me," she said.

Her voice sounded quite inattentive, as though she was thinking of other things. He did not look round at her, not knowing what to say.

"Is he or isn't he accusing me of something or other in that letter? And if so, what? I've read it until my head aches, and still I can't make out. Sonia!"

"Yes, dear?"

"You've read it. Is Ivor accusing me of something? Rupert, tell me, dear."

Harvey looked at Ambatriadi. Mrs. Parwen looked into the fire. To his infinite surprise, when he at last turned to her, she was smiling.

"Come on, Rupert—buck up, buck up! You are always saying or implying what a plain man you are. Now for a plain man's opinion."

"Well, the point is," Harvey said slowly, "he hasn't written that letter at all."

"As though," she smiled, "I didn't know that! Ivor write such a letter!"

With an almost sinister sibilance Ambatriadi inhaled a terrifying quantity of smoke, as though his lungs were stupid and

needed a good lesson.

"It's no good talking like that," he said impatiently.

Lily Christine smiled at him, dismissing him. "You don't understand, Andy."

Harvey, looking at her, was utterly at a loss what to say. She had taken off her spectacles, and her eyes looked enormous, and so deep, so far-away, so clear yet unknowable. What was she thinking of, what life was she living, in the deep, far-away, blue-lit places?

"Of course Ivor never wrote that letter!" she said listlessly.

Harvey, quite helpless, looked at Ambatriadi. The Greek thoughtfully emptied his glass.

"Lily Christine," he said hoarsely, "don't make things more difficult by being—silly."

"Then tell me the truth," she cried bitterly, startling Harvey.

Ambatriadi made a desperate, almost frantic gesture, as though people in general were too much for him altogether.

"How can we tell you the truth, Lily Christine, when you at once begin making up fairy-stories on your own?"

"But I believe in fairy-stories, Andy!"

Ambatriadi looked as though he was suffering intensely and, what was worse, quite unnecessarily. "Then don't ask us to tell you the truth," he said.

Sonia Parwen, who all this time had not taken her eyes from the fire, went to her and sat on the bed and took her hand.

"Sonia darling, now don't you begin being impatient with me."

"All I want to say, dear one, is that Mr. Harvey and old Andy mean that Ivor must have written that letter at the dictation of a lawyer."

Lily Christine laughed shakily. "A (Continued on page 142)



C. "Nappie, you mean there really is a case against Rupert?" "The two maids saw him come out of your room, Lily Christine."

up. Somehow he did not associate Summerest with that letter. Such a letter seemed to have nothing to do with any man he ever had met. It was an idiotic wickedness committed by some impersonal unknown.

"Well?" Lily Christine asked listlessly.

But Harvey could not turn round to her, could not collect any sentences in his mind. He met Ambatriadi's tired eyes. The Greek was looking at him, as who should say: "Now what shall we tell her?"

By *Irvin S. Cobb*

*A Story of a
Self-Righteous Man*

Haste



in that case were very unusual, very peculiar. Never mind that, for the moment.

"The court appointed me to defend. My man, didn't have a dime to his name and so the circuit judge—he's dead now—the judge picked me out to represent him. Of course, fee or no fee, I was anxious to make a showing, being a raw cub and full of ambitions and determined to build up a record for myself. Considering what material we had to work on, I credit myself, looking back on it after all these years, with having handled the thing about as well as the average older man could have done if he was in my shoes. But without a cent of money behind me and the prosecution on edge

to draw blood, and public opinion organized the way it was—well, I never had a chance, not a chance on earth.

"But oh, the money I might have had to shoot with—the money we missed out on getting, as you might say, by a hair! 'Twould have made no difference where that money came from or how it came—not an earthly particle of difference. It's not where money comes from but where it's going that counts. That's true everywhere, but it's specially true in a criminal court.

"Lord, with that much cash behind me to draw on, what an air-tight case of emotional insanity I could have made out! When I think of all those expert witnesses from any one of the big cities who'd have just fallen over themselves to testify for us it makes me feel sick, even at this late day.

"And what a swell line of this prenatal stuff I could have handed them to prove hereditary impulses—melancholia on one side, dipsomania on the other. Think of the novelty of it, too, the sensation of it in a town where they'd never seen an up-to-date emotional insanity defense before. And think of the way these imported sharps would have tied up a rube of a commonwealth's attorney such as old Foster was—just tied him up in good hard knots!

"And besides that, for our ace in the hole we always could have fallen back on the scheme of a little personal influence on some weak sister on the jury—if only we'd had that dough back of us to talk for us and work for us! Why, a hung jury is the worst break we could have figured on possibly. And if that was the way of it, why then I could have worn the State down with delays and so forth and so on; could have fought off another trial until some new case had bobbed up to take the interest away from mine.

"Oh, sooner or later, one way or another, I'd have licked them. And instead of that, there might have been an acquittal on the grounds of temporary insanity, the very first pop. Suppose, though, they did chase my client off to the lunatic asylum. As long as you've got the money to pay 'em their fees you can line up your experts to testify that while a fellow might have been insane when he did the thing, he's perfectly sane at the present time; and then there's nothing for anybody to do except to turn him loose. It's a poor expert witness that won't work both ways. Oh, I'm telling you that an insanity defense anywhere in this country that's properly handled and properly financed—that's the main point—is a beautiful thing.

"But we didn't have any money at all to fight with, let alone

THE beginning of this story is the ending thereof, which, as any professor in any school of short-story writing will tell you, is absolutely the wrong way of going about such a job. Still, when a thing has to be it has to be, that's all.

Accordingly we start with Part V, which is really the wind-up of our narrative, and then jump back to Part I. The conclusion, you will understand, occurs a considerable number of years after the rest of the tale has been finished, and the speaker is a lawyer locally distinguished throughout the state where he lives, his name being Margolius, Max Margolius.

This Mr. Margolius specializes in the practise—and, so his detractors claim, the practises also—of criminal law. He is highly successful in his calling; so successful, in fact, that traditions about him have sprung up. For instance, it often has been asserted that he never lost a case—that is to say, the statement is made that he never yet appeared for the defense in a so-called capital case wherein the defendant was convicted and punished in the first degree. This, however, is a mistake. The fact is that as a very young man, and newly admitted to the bar, he did lose his first case of this sort.

Naturally, Mr. Margolius does not go about advertising to the world the history of that single failure, that one small solitary blot on his professional escutcheon. But in reminiscent confidences he has been known to relate the circumstances of the lamentable affair, always prefacing his disclosures, though, with the explanation that it happened soon after he had hung up his license and hung out his shingle.

"Even so [he says] I'd have won out by the length of a city block if the party I was defending hadn't been in such a terrible rush. If he'd only waited just a little while! The circumstances

ste

Makes Waste

Illustrations by C. D. Williams

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the chunk we might have had, and all because a fool had to be in such a hurry. And of course he got the limit. And so that's how I lost my first case—the only one, mind you, that I ever have lost."

Now, then, with the reader's kind permission, we will take up the story at the point where properly it begins:

FROM the court-house Mr. Northcutt walked home with a brisk step, walking alone as was his custom. There was in his soul a warm spot of satisfaction like one live coal on an otherwise cold hearth. He had a cozy feeling of having had his way, and on top of that the feeling of having done his bounden duty. So his comfort was of a double thickness, and as he walked he snuggled himself inside of it. He had just succeeded, after more or less trouble, in having his nephew sent to the state reform school.

Most people, as he now told himself, might have been ashamed to think a kinsman of theirs was to be locked up in the state reform school, which, when you came right down to it, was really a sort of penitentiary. But Mr. Northcutt flattered himself that he was not as most people were. He was the Spartan father, he was Abraham preparing to sacrifice Isaac, he was that old Roman emperor or general, or whatever he was, who condemned his own begotten son to death for disobedience. He was all of these, and, to boot, he was Mr. Cyrus P. Northcutt. It suited his present mood to fancy himself a sort of composite of four such admirable characters.

Also and furthermore, being an upright man and one going always in due dread of the Lord, he was on this day justified in holding a high head all the higher for having, at whatsoever cost, discharged his responsibilities as a good citizen, as a conscientious guardian, and most of all as a God-fearing Christian. That was just it. He did mightily fear the God he worshiped. He believed in the Law and the Gospels, especially the Law. He believed in an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. He went further; he believed in punishment at compound interest. If he had his way about it, for an eye there should be an exactment of many eyes, for a tooth an usurious toll of teeth added unto teeth until the jaw of him that had sinned was all empty and raw. He believed in a literal Hell and a physical Devil and in the amazing beauties of a system of Eternal Damnation. He was in certain regards almost like a person out of a story-book but on his doctrinal side was quite orthodox and of a sort not as uncommon as you might expect. He believed in a Jehovah Who sat on a storm-cloud forging thunderbolts; a Jehovah Who drew a shining and a terrible sword; Who scourged with plagues and with famines, likewise with flood and fire and the manifold diseases of affliction. He was worth nearly half a million dollars. He was respected accordingly. None stood better in the community where he lived.

While walking along, Mr. Northcutt reviewed the tally of events leading up to today's desirable dénouement. Not once in the entire course of a somewhat protracted transaction had he permitted himself to err in the direction of a mistaken



"The kid was just finishin' sellin' both them two brooms for thirty cents when I nabbed him red-banded."

mercifulness. On his own private account he was especially pleased over that reflection.

To begin with, there had been his behavior on the occasion when that policeman brought the boy before him. He had been at his books and his records, not hearing the scuffle of feet across the porch; then a knock had come at the lintel of his half-opened door and he had looked up and there stood this policeman with one stout hand firmly caught in the back yoke of the boy's coat so that the garment was pulled up and bunched up behind its wearer's head, and its sleeves were drawn back almost to his elbows. This gave to the boy a misshapen aspect, and somehow it enhanced his air of being terribly guilty of something.

While he was dragged along the street, the ignominy of his position had made him cry and turn his face down on his breast to avoid batteries of morbid and, in certain instances perhaps, pitying eyes. Now, though, under his uncle's hard scrutiny, he checked his sniffing and as fast as the sobs arose in his throat he swallowed them back. His features set themselves in a shape of stubborn sulkiness. There was fear in his look. But defiance was there, too. And also hopelessness, as though he fully realized the utter futility of seeking for compassion in this quarter.

Mr. Northcutt said nothing for a long half-minute, his unimpassioned gaze shifting from the policeman's form to the prisoner's.

"Well, well, well," he said finally, "well, what's up now, Padgett?"

The policeman cleared his throat with an embarrassed humph. "Say, look here, Mr. Northcutt, I hate to be luggin' this youngster in here today this-a-way," he began, almost apologetically. "I sure do."

"Don't worry yourself on that score," said Mr. Northcutt. "If you are carrying out your obligations as an officer of the law you have nothing to explain and nothing to regret. That's what the taxpayers pay you for. Go right ahead, Padgett."

"Well, sir, then it's like this: It seems like this here shaver was hangin' round Dobell's grocery store this mornin'—just hangin' round and hangin' round. And Billy Dobell taken it into

his head to suspicion he might be up to something 'r'other. So Dobell he went on back into the back part of the store pretendin' like he was busy, but keepin' his weather eye skinned for out front. And sure enough, pretty soon out of the corner of his eye he seen the kid sneakin' two brand-new brooms, worth seventy-five cents apiece, out of a rack that was there in front on the pavement for a special sale. If it had been apples the kid was hookin' or a watermelon, say, he might 'a' understood it, but brooms was altogether a different matter.

"But he didn't yell or let on like he seen him doin' it or nothin'." He just tiptoed to the door, but the kid was gone—he'd already lit out around the corner, and when Dobell got down to the corner he wasn't nowhere in sight. He'd took off up Ferguson's alley somewheres. So with that Dobell seen me comin' along and he flagged me and when I got up to him he told me what had happened just about the same as I'm tellin' it to you now. Naturally, I went on the case."

Policeman Padgett took on a slightly more professional tone. "I decided in my own mind what was probably the best line of clues to follow under the circumstances, and, as it turned out, I was right. I put right out for old man Sizemore's rag, bones and second-hand junk shop at the other end of that there alley. Because old Sizemore'll buy anything off of anybody if the price is right and no questions asked. And sure enough, when I got there the kid was just finishin' sellin' both them two brooms for thirty cents in cash. Sizemore'd offered him a quarter at first but the kid held out for thirty cents and finally Sizemore gave in and handed him the extra nickel, and just as he done so I stepped in and nabbed him, as you might say, red-handed in the very act.

"I made Sizemore undo his bargain and then I taken the two brooms under one arm and taken a good safe holt on this kid's collar with the other and I marched him back round to Dobell's. And on the way goin' back I asked him what in the world possessed him to do a fool thing like that, a thing that was liable to get him into trouble, and he owned up and told me he was crazy to go along with some other youngsters to this here Joyce Brothers' Trained Dog and Pony Show that's showin' down yonder on Pierce's circus lot, and he claimed he didn't have the money to get in with and couldn't get none here at home and couldn't raise it no other way he could think of, so he'd up and done this. Seemed like that was why he'd stood out for thirty cents from old Sizemore—thirty cents is what it would cost to get in.

"Well, to make a long story short, I made him tell his yarn all over again to Dobell when he got there and then I put the thing up to Dobell and asked him if he wanted to make a regular complaint, and him bein' a good-hearted fellow and easy-goin', he said no. He said he'd be satisfied to call it off, seein' there wasn't no damage done, if you'd just take a hick'ry gad or something else handy and give the boy one good genteel dressin'-down; and said for me to fetch him along to you and tell you what he suggested and what he thought about it. So that's the straight of it; Mr. Northcutt, and here's this here nephew of yours."

HE THRUST the culprit forward as though to surrender him, whereupon Mr. Northcutt, in the manner of one rendering judgment, raised an authoritative hand, palm outward.

"Don't turn him loose yet," commanded Mr. Northcutt. "Keep a grip on him while you're listening to what I've got to say. So Dobell declines to prosecute, does he?"

"That's it; he says it ain't worth the bother. You bein' his uncle and his trustee by law, he's puttin' the whole proposition up to you."

"Very well, then, if Dobell won't make a formal charge against him, I will. I'll

swear out the warrant or do whatever is necessary—as a preliminary step to something else."

"You will?" There was amazement in the policeman's voice. "You heard me, Padgett, I think. I've just now come to a final decision about this boy."

"But Dobell thought warmin' up his jacket for him oughter be punishment enough and teach him a lesson besides. Tell you the truth, Mr. Northcutt, that was my notion, too. 'Tain't as if he'd went and done somethin' which you might call downright serious. But a trisin' little thing—well, now, shucks!"

"I'm sorry I must disagree with both of you." Mr. Northcutt was sifting light dashes of sarcasm in between his words. "The difficulty is that neither of you knows this boy as well as I know him. I've tried to do my duty by him. I've been strict with him. I've whipped him whenever he deserved it. He's getting too big to be whipped any more—he's fifteen years old. Because he disobeyed me yesterday by associating with forbidden company, I told him that he was not to go off the place Saturday, which is today. And the moment my back is turned what does he do—deliberately runs away.

"Worse than that, he turns thief. There has never been a thief before in my family, Padgett. There may have been other disgraces, but not thievery. And this thief is going to be cured of his habit before it's too late. Besides, this today—this affair—



C "Some of the people in this town blamed me for sending

is not a trifle, as you call it. It's a culmination, if you know what I mean. If you'll just wait, Padgett, until I get my hat and stick from the hall, I'll go along with you downtown and see to it that he is kept in secure custody until I can get in touch with the proper persons."

He stood up and from under thin but bristly sandy eyebrows he eyed the small captive. The latter had not moved during the policeman's recital nor through his uncle's rejoinder; he had not offered to speak, either, but following the next words from Mr. Northcutt he cried out once sharply—a gasping, stricken cry rather like a hurt animal than a human being—and gave a desperate convulsive jerk of his body. In another instant, though, his fit of resistance had passed and he was sullenly, silently submissive again.

What his uncle had said was: "It is my intention, Padgett, to have this boy committed to the state reformatory."

"Say, but look here, now, Mr. Northcutt," Padgett blurted out, involuntarily making his tone, in spite of his awe for this rich man, expostulatory and shocked as well. "If I was you I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry about it—not if I was you, I wouldn't. Throwin' a skeer into an ornery kid's one thing, but surely you ain't really fixin' to do no such thing as this here—not to your own flesh and blood?"

"Watch me and see," said Mr. Northcutt grimly. As a matter

of truth, Mr. Northcutt had reached his conclusion by impulse and swiftly. Still, having reached it he was not the man to reconsider it. The Medes and the Persians—he had their inflexible spirit within him. It would seem he was a blending of quite an assortment of the ancient traditions.

A good many besides Padgett watched—and saw. What Mr. Northcutt neither could understand nor excuse was that a sort of local sentiment—or perhaps it would be better to call it a sort of sentimentality—became manifest on the young larcenist's account from the hour when word spread of his guardian's intention.

A few among these sympathizers went so far as openly to champion the cause of the offender. As they viewed the thing, here was a boy who'd never had a fair chance really. Hadn't his father died a drunkard? Hadn't his poor little mother, on top of that, killed herself and left her child, and him at the time hardly more than a baby at that, to be brought up by Cyrus Northcutt, a crabbed old bachelor who didn't know a thing in the world about how to care for children, and wasn't the kind of man that would be willing to learn how, either?—brought up in that lonely house under a regular rod of iron and thrashed within an inch of his life for the least little thing or locked up on bread and water days on end in a bare room, or both—at least that was the current report in the neighborhood—and marched off (Continued on page 103)



that boy to the reformatory. They didn't say it to my face but I could guess what was being said behind my back."

By JOHN B. WATSON, who Upset



What

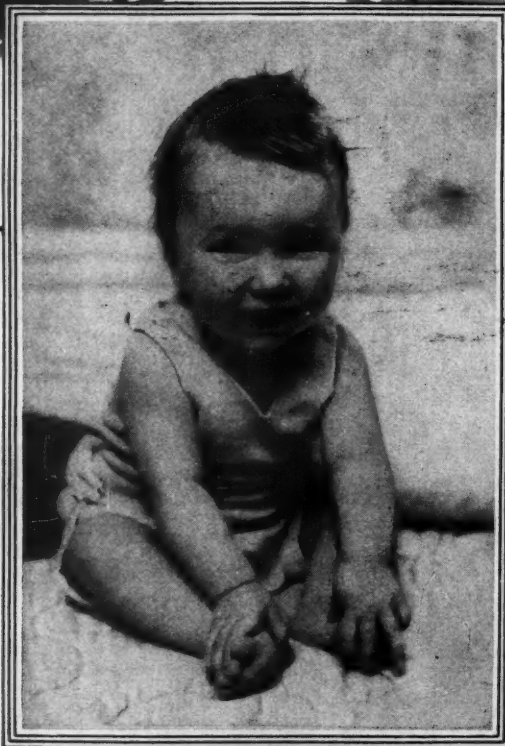
About

DOES society want to go on forever making the next generation more and more like the old? That is what it is doing now. And as parents become more alike the children naturally will become still more alike. Is that what society wants? If it is, it is on the right track—it has only to carry on in the same old way.

But if it wants to change, and if it is willing to readjust itself to new ideas of living as it is to new ideas of transportation and communication, the behaviorist (a new kind of psychologist—a hard-baked one who believes only in facts that anyone can observe) can suggest ways and means.

In fact the behaviorist sees interesting possibilities of change—change to the point where almost a new race can be nurtured—a race in which every individual might have, except for essentials, a different personality. Social intercourse might become interesting again. We might even learn once more to write letters—someone might have enough new stuff to write a few worth-while books or some interesting plays. We might even find talking points more interesting than the stock-market, boot-legging, fundamentalism and liberalism, politics, cosmetics and dress.

As it is now, parents do not avail themselves of their birth-right. They permit environment, unscrutinized and uncontrolled, to bring up their children. They don't exercise their right to shape that environment. We have all grown up, except



for the amenities and the three R's, very much like Topsy—especially in our emotional organization. And since our environment is rapidly becoming uniform, everybody is growing up almost like everybody else.

Radio, ocean travel, aeroplane and transcontinental telephones are rapidly breaking down all great differences in environment. The spread of English and American commerce and the migration of the American tourist who can't speak any foreign language are rapidly breaking down the last great environmental difference—that of language—by making the Continental people speak English.

These environmentally disruptive factors are having their effects. The new style in Paris today can be seen on the streets of New York tomorrow. The young girls in Houston, Texas, follow the same styles and wear the same clothes that girls of their age wear in New York. They bob their hair or let it grow long, and comb it in the same kind of way.

Today the girls on the farm use the same kinds of cold-cream and lip-rouge that the girls use in the great cities. Today we are all so much alike that the same group of advertisements that will pull well in America will pull well in England or Holland, if the product advertised comes within the habits of the foreign nation; and the best advertisement in the series in America will be the best one in England or in Holland.

Yet despite all of these similarities there are still plenty of potential George Washingtons, Lincolns, Napoleons and Shakespeares as there ever were. First a man must be trained

pset

All Our IDEAS About HUMAN NATURE



Photographs by
H. Armstrong Roberts

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technically—and there are mil-
lions of technically trained men;
next he must get the "break." It
is the sharp, sudden change in
the environment plus the very
definite situation he happens to
be placed in at the moment of the
environmental change that gives
a man his chance for sudden
eminence.

There were probably hundreds
of men in the army who could
have discharged the duties of
Commander-in-Chief of the Amer-
ican Expeditionary Forces just
as admirably as they were dis-
charged in the World War, but
only one man happened to be so
fortunately placed that he got
the break. Again there are probably several thousand fliers in
the United States who, given any kind of break on the weather
and a motor that will run for forty-five hours without stopping, can
fly from New York to Paris without mishap; but weather is
treacherous and motors are such frail affairs that lucky breaks
come to few.

I am not trying to rob any man of the honor and credit due
him for achievement. My point here is purely psychological.
All that I am arguing for is that this thing we call genius is not
the mysterious something that most people think it is.

I personally never have met a genius. I have met a lot of men
who by hard work have become proficient in their fields, and
as time went on, I have seen sudden changes place some of
them in positions where almost overnight they could shine as
geniuses. No; geniuses like other people are made—not born.

Yes, we are all made, all created—that is, our behavior is

created and by our parents (and
others). And just as the Chris-
tian God in the interesting story
of creation was supposed origi-
nally to have made man in His
own image, just so our parents
have been creating us (our be-
havior) in their composite image
from the beginning of time.

As a result, we become more
and more deadly dull to one
another. We know what every-
one is going to say the moment
he starts to say it. We already
have read about it in our paper
or magazine, or we have seen it
in the flesh or at the movies, or
heard about it over the radio.

To escape from the flatness and
staleness of one another's personality the world is experimenting
with sex. Only sex, with its highly developed technique and its
constant call for repetition, seems to offer perennial (though
evanescent) stimulating value to men and women.

The behaviorist, who is only an observer, is not grieving or
worrying about any of these things, nor is he trying to reform
anybody or anything. As an observer, he points out that the
world can't move much farther toward "sex freedom." In large
cities sex is now about as free as it can be. This has come about
in the past few years, really during and since the World War—not
in a libertine kind of way (as pictured by moralists) but as a kind
of drift due to boredom.

We have moved so far in this one direction I believe the pendu-
lum is due for a swing the other way. Which direction will it
take? Will we once again create the fiction of the "nice" girl,
the "pure" girl, the "virtuous" girl, and (Continued on page 108)

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be trained

By ROBERT HICHENS

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

The Story So Far:

IN ZURICH a whirlpool of intrigue centered about Pauline Iselle, and the cause of it was Doctor Artz; Artz, who with a clever operation restored youth to the old, or as some said, restored their power to work evil in the world.

Old Alphonse de Rothberg, music-lover, ex-roué, millionaire, was interested in Pauline, and backing her education for grand opera, because he thought Artz could restore his youth and he could add Pauline to his long list of victims. But Artz himself, who had married three young girls in rapid succession, was also interested in Pauline, perhaps in the same way, though he played a subtler game.

Marakoff, Pauline's teacher, the famous tenor who had lost his voice in the Russian Revolution, was interested in Pauline because of her talent, which he was determined to protect against both Artz and Rothberg. Marakoff's friend and pupil, Carl Fügler, the young baritone, was interested in Pauline because he fell in love with her, and intended to fight for her. Both he and Marakoff hated Artz.

Prince Khalil Ibrahim, of Egypt, was interested because he had met Pauline in London, and he was an ardent, susceptible Oriental. Contessa di San Miniato was interested because she was jealous of Pauline's natural youthfulness. She herself was having an evil, unnatural youth restored to her by Artz.

Finally, Naomi Vyvyan was interested because Pauline had originally been her protégée. But the kind-hearted, homely old maid had had her nature completely upset by Artz. Artz wanted to experiment on her with one of his operations—just as he wanted to experiment on Marakoff by trying to restore his voice. So he had seen to it that Miss Vyvyan fell insanely in love with young Fügler, and then became acutely jealous of Pauline. Now Miss Vyvyan was ready and anxious to have Artz restore her "youth" in the hope that it would bring her Carl's love.

But first Miss Vyvyan precipitated a dramatic scene by warning Rothberg of Carl's interest in Pauline. And the old man, in a rage, wanted to take the girl away from Zurich to Milan. At any rate, he told her plainly on just what terms he would continue paying her expenses. And Pauline, who wanted only to sing at all costs, felt that she would have to yield to him. So much she hinted to Carl one afternoon in his hut on the mountain.

CARL FÜGLER was greatly perturbed by the change in Pauline, shown so plainly to him during her visit to the Naturheil-Verein, and still more by her lack of plain speaking about it. The hints she had given him roused greater wrath and fear in him than perhaps any definite statement, however dreadful, could have done. Then he began wondering what, if anything, could be done in the matter.

A revelation of Pauline's character troubled him sorely, the revelation that there was in her a core of hardness—to him it



*"Sing to me!" said
Khalil Ibrahim. How
strangely burning his eyes
looked, thought Pauline.*

seemed like hardness—which he never before had suspected in her. She had said, "I can't give up my lessons with Mr. Marakoff. I can't leave here. I won't . . . I shall go on here whatever happens."

Could it mean that to carry out that decision she was, perhaps, ready to make a hideous sacrifice, or that eventually she might be brought, persuaded, induced to make it, the sacrifice of herself to her singing?

Carl sickened, felt abject at the thought. But that abjectness passed quickly. For he had a tremendously decisive character and a strong native confidence in his power of bringing about what he wished to bring about. That, at least, shouldn't be, should never be. He had no right—of course! But that didn't matter. He wouldn't allow it to matter.

Miss Vyvyan was ruled out as a helper in this great difficulty. Pauline had refused her.

Madame Müller? But she was indebted to Doctor Artz. There remained Marakoff; and of him Pauline had said that she would rather tell—whatever it was—to him, Carl, than tell it to Marakoff.

Nevertheless, in spite of that, Carl felt pushed to speak to Marakoff. He knew the big Russian's almost tender and protective care for Pauline. He made no pretense to be, or ever to have been, a saint. His life, indeed, as most people knew, had been extremely irregular. But Carl knew well that he had a very special sense of his duty not only to Pauline the girl, but to

Dr. ARTZ

A Novel of a
Modern Mephistopheles



"Of course—come! But what an air you have, Carl. It is something tremendous, then, that you have to say to me?"

"It is something serious, maestro."

Just then there was a knock at the door.

"It has to do with Mademoiselle Pauline?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" The Russian's slanting eyes became suddenly piercing. "Ah! Come tonight—at nine." Then, lifting his slightly hoarse but still carrying voice, he exclaimed, "*Herein!*"

Whereupon a young German bass opened the door and walked in energetically carrying a big roll of music.

Marakoff lived in an apartment on the third floor of a house in Gloria Strasse. That same night at nine Petsky showed Carl in to a cloud of smoke which contained Marakoff and Doctor Artz.

Carl was so astonished, so dismayed even, at the sight of Artz, that he stood still in the doorway and in spite of Marakoff's cordial, "Come into my Swiss palace, *mein lieber Carl!*" he didn't take a step forward.

"Maestro, I—I thought you were alone!" he almost stammered, for once losing his trenchantly decisive manner. "I will not disturb you. I will come back another time." With the last words he got back something of his usual assurance and fixed a pair of hard young eyes on the peacefully smoking Artz.

"Good evening, Herr Fügler."

"Good evening, Herr Doktor. *Auf Wiedersehen, maestro!*"

"I tell you to come in, Carl. I was expecting you."

"I am going, Herr Fügler," said Doctor Artz. "This pipe finished—I go."

He picked up his beer. It struck Carl that there was a sound of almost unctuous satisfaction in his guttural voice. Surely, too, his small black eyes gleamed with a complacency which Carl, in his enmity, thought of as "greasy."

"You shall have beer and a pipe," said Marakoff, pushing over a small Swiss armchair.

And with a hostile and suspicious glance at Doctor Artz, Carl sat down.

Doctor Artz did most of the talking. Carl had the impression that the subject of conversation between the two men had been

Pauline the lark, the singing bird. There was in it something almost mystical and highly imaginative.

Another thing pushed Carl towards Marakoff. It was this. He was afraid for Marakoff with Doctor Artz. If he could but rouse in Marakoff something of the hot anger and disgust he felt towards Doctor Artz, surely Marakoff never would become one of "the Artz crowd."

Finally he resolved, in spite of Pauline's remark about Marakoff, to unburden a part at least of his heart to his maestro under a strict pledge of secrecy.

After his lesson on the following day, before the next pupil came, he asked Marakoff whether he might come round to his flat sometime as he wanted to have a private talk—not about singing.

changed abruptly on his entrance. Artz now made it music. Had it been medicine a minute ago?

Artz' enthusiasm for music was genuine, rang true. Even Carl Fügler felt that, and he secretly agreed with much that Artz said about chamber-music being the best basis on which to found an absolutely pure taste, unclouded by the exaggerations of opera or the nerve-racking sensationalism of much modern orchestral music.

"It is difficult to be vulgar only with strings," he remarked.

"Some people can be vulgar with anything," said Carl savagely out of the smoke. "A penny whistle would serve them as well as a trombone."

"Then you do not agree with me?"

Yes, the smile on his face tonight was a greasy smile!

"I do not bother about agreeing with anybody. I think things out for myself."

"And you manage to agree with yourself always?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Do you never feel within you a man who asserts and another man who doubts the assertion?"

"Well, I am waiting."

"For instance, the one man may say, 'I am perfectly well.' Does not the other sometimes say, 'I wonder if I am perfectly well?'"

Carl was silent. He picked up his glass of beer with a nonchalant gesture and drank.

"Or the one may say, 'I feel as young as ever I did.' May not the other man say"—he glanced at Marakoff sprawling in the chair opposite to him, pale, ravaged, yet powerful—"say, 'Am I not beginning to feel—not old, to be sure, oh, no!—but to feel different?' Ah—ha!"

"I do not know anything about feeling old," Carl said contemptuously.

"No. That is all to come."

"And when it does come I shall face it like a man, not try to run away from it, or to get around it, like a lot of credulous fools do today."

"Is it credulous to believe in a scientific truth?"

"It is credulous to think that nature can be interfered with successfully."

And then Carl, by this time heated up, and reckless because of a dread creeping in him, not for himself but for another, burst forth into an eloquent diatribe on the dictates of nature and the puny protests of man. He gesticulated in the smoke. At last he stopped with a final, "Nature has to have her way, and the man who tries to interfere with her is a fool, a maniac, a—a—he is a blasphemer against the law!" His raised voice was almost a shout.

Doctor Artz turned to Marakoff. "What vitality!" was his comment, uttered in a tone of genuine admiration.

"*Mein lieber Carl!* But I was like that once. We Russians love to debate, to argue. Many a time when I was a student in Petersburg I have sat up all night talking. We used to shout just like that—we too."

Carl looked angrily disconcerted. "I mean every word of it," he said. "Every word!"

"Of course you do," said Doctor Artz. "And I will not attempt to refute it. What is the good of bringing a rapier against the bludgeon of youth? Ah, you are healthy!"

He got up and knocked out his pipe. He was looking at Marakoff.

"You are strong. The hot blood flows in *your* veins. You are

full of fight. You would enjoy knocking me down so that your body might be in action. And you talk, you talk, because the mental machine demands to work. Vitality! You are a mass of vitality, and without vitality life is not *life*. Well, you may rail as much as you please, but I tell you I can give vitality.

"I cannot make a man of sixty be twenty, or a woman of fifty be a girl, like, for instance, your friend Miss Iselle, who had tea with you yesterday in your hut in the Naturheil-Verein. But I can charge the human body with vitality, and make it keep pace with its companion. For have you not noticed, you who see so



C "It is for you to choose, Artz. If Rothberg have me as a patient. That I swear!" "Then

much with your steady, savage young eyes, that often the nature, mind, soul, temperament—call it as you choose, or think of all together making as it were one—are still full of fire when the body is losing, or has lost, all its spring?

"Now good night, friend Marakoff. I, too, have said some words, though not nearly so many as Herr Fügler. Good night also to you, Herr Fügler."

And then he opened the door and went out.

"So Mademoiselle l'Alouette has been with you in the Naturheil-Verein!" Marakoff said.

"Yes, I was going to tell you. But how did Artz know? One would think he kept a trained corps of spies."

"Have some more beer."

"Yes, please."

Marakoff shouted for Petsky. When the beer was brought Marakoff said:

"What is it about our Pauline? But perhaps I know."

"Impossible! Or"—he hesitated—"perhaps it—no, you do not know, surely."

"Tell me, and we shall see."

"Rothberg pays for her. But of course you know that."

"Rothberg! Ah—what about Rothberg?"

"You did not think it was Rothberg I had to speak about, then?"

"Perhaps not. Go on, Carl."

"I asked Pauline to come to tea at the Naturheil-Verein because she accepted an invitation to go to tea with Rothberg at the Baur-au-Lac. I had never asked her before. But I did not see why she should go to him and not come to me."

"Ah you were jealous of Rothberg!" Marakoff exclaimed.

"She was all clouded over. Something had happened. I knew it. And she acknowledged it."

"What had happened?"

"She did not tell me what happened. But it was something to do with Rothberg and it happened when she visited Rothberg."

"Go—on!" Marakoff's eyes seemed to menace even Carl, including him unconsciously in a world that deserved menace.

Carl told him of the conversation in the hut. Marakoff listened with profound attention.

"But the worst of it all is this," Carl said finally.

And then he spoke of Pauline's strange declaration, strange because so hard, so unyielding, and suggestive surely of abominable possibilities.

"What do you think of that, maestro? And her face was not a bit like the girl we thought we knew. There is, there must be, another Pauline whom we have never known. And—and I am afraid of her."

Marakoff again got up. His face had changed. It was now less obviously dramatic than sternly thoughtful.

"The lark——" he said. "I was not wrong at the beginning. When Artz told me, I was not wrong."

"Wrong? What about?"

"He told me that Rothberg was the lark's patron. And at once I guessed. But since Rothberg has been here I have not seen—he has been careful."

He moved as if to walk up and down in the small Swiss room, but was at once hampered by the Zurich furniture and gave it up with a gusty exclamation.

"Ah! Here there is no space! Why do I live like this, and even then can hardly pay? But I will teach her for nothing. Yes, I will teach her, till she is ready to sing Mozart properly, beautifully, as it should be sung, for nothing." He sat down again and leaned forward to Carl. "Carl, my boy," he said abruptly, "you love Pauline!" There was no question in his voice—only statement.

Carl looked tremendously startled, and, for once, his habitual self-assurance deserted him. He reddened up to the point of his auburn hair.

"I do not think—I have not—what do you mean, maestro? I have never——"

"Perhaps you did not know it. But I know it. So it is. But"—he laid a big hand on Carl's arm—"Pauline does not love you. She does not love anyone. Do you know what is peculiar in our lark? It is this, that, till now, she is nothing more than a singing bird. Put her in a cage, and if she can but sing and be heard singing she will be happy—like the canary. She does not really love anyone. Can a bird really love? Anyhow, not as you and I. We must not ask for that, we must not expect it. But though we must not expect love from a lark, we must not let what I call the larkness of her be destroyed by Rothberg, or by anyone. I told Artz that if she was a lark I would protect her voice."

"But——" Carl seemed already to have recovered his normal self-possession, and now spoke with his usual blazing eagerness. "Can not you see that it is Artz who is bringing about all this vileness? Rothberg has been his patient here, just as Miss Vyvyan has, and Countess San Miniato has. Rothberg put Pauline here and then came here himself to be made young by Artz."

"Can not you see it all? And now that horrible old beast—and Lord knows where it will end. Artz (Continued on page 155)



comes out of your clinique rejuvenated—you never shall your voice, Marakoff—you will never get it back!"

"Jealous!" Carl flamed. "Of an old wreck like that! But Artz is tinkering at him, your friend Doctor Artz. Artz is changing old Rothberg into a dangerous monster." Carl let loose the last words with ferocity.

"A dangerous monster! And to whom is this old monster dangerous?"

"To Pauline."

"You say that Rothberg—you dare to tell me that Rothberg has done harm to Pauline?" As if instinctively Marakoff got up out of his chair on the last words, like a man intending to do something tremendously definite. He towered over Carl and looked down on him with widely opened eyes that were now overwhelmingly expressive. "You say that Rothberg——"

"No—no! If it were so, what would be the use of my coming to you? What good would it be to do anything?"

"Then what is it?" Marakoff sank heavily into his chair with his eyes fixed on Carl.

"When Pauline came to the Naturheil-Verein I saw she was changed."

"Changed!"

Most Men ARE

EAST blew the November gale and fast flew the snow as Mr. William T. Biddle, 2nd, drove to the rescue of a damsel in distress. At the moment—it was a little after eight o'clock—no one would have suspected Bill Biddle of being on any such errand, least of all himself.

He knew of no damsels in distress; in fact, he did not even know just what neighborhood he might be in. He had quite lost his way and, with the wet clinging snow masking his headlights and impeding his windshield wiper, was driving more slowly and with much more caution than was his wont. In fact he was hardly making forty-five.

This was wise. The snow was not very deep but it made of motoring a game of malicious blind man's buff. All signs were obliterated; all roads looked alike. He knew he must have lost the state road somewhere, but where he did not know.

There was a sign of some sort just ahead. He stopped his car and stepped into the storm to shake the snow from it.

"Eagle's Eerie Inn—2 Mi.," was all the sign said.

Bill eyed it with disgust. "Probably a summer hotel—and closed," he grunted pessimistically.

And that was quite true. Eagle's Eerie Inn was a summer hotel and it was closed, as Constance Chisholm—known as Connie to her friends and also to Bill, who hardly could be called her friend—might have told him. But it was not deserted, for she had been literally and

most melodramatically carried into it some twenty minutes before by an unprepossessing stranger who, she supposed, was engaged in kidnaping her.

"This," she had thought then, "is going to be an awful blow to Pryce. Of course, he'll be very sweet about it but—well, kidnaping just isn't the thing a really nice girl would let herself be involved in."

Pryce was the man she had just got herself engaged to. The engagement had been announced formally only yesterday; the first printed word of it had appeared that morning on the first page of the Herald.

Bill Biddle with the paper propped up against the sugar bowl had seen it as he consumed coffee and bacon and head-lines.

It hadn't, of course, been the most important item. Much more dramatic and engrossing things had happened. Such, particularly, as that item to which the lead position and major type emphasis had been accorded. This read:

LUNATIC LIFER MURDERS GUARD
MAKES ESCAPE



C"You came in what is known as just the nick of time," said Connie. "What happened?"

That had been the nearest they ever had got to mentioning marriage. She was slim and alert, electric with the sorcery of sex and youth. She had admirable hair, with coppery tints in it, worn in the prevailing mode. There were only about sixty inches of her, but already various masculine contemporaries had assured her that an inch of her was worth a mile of any other girl.

Bill was not among these. He was free, white and twenty-nine—and determined to remain the first two.

"As long as I'm sound of mind and fleet of foot," was the way he put it.

This might mean something in somebody's life but it meant nothing in Bill's. Or at least so he then thought. He went on consuming coffee and head-lines. He tried another:

EXPECT RAIN OR
SNOW TONIGHT

Snow or rain was all the same to him. He took another sip of coffee. Then:

JUDGE'S DAUGHTER
TO MARRY WELL-
KNOWN BARRISTER

This *did* give Bill pause for a moment. He at least knew a judge's daughter. A judge's daughter who could and often did make Bill grit his teeth.

The irritating specimen of her sex he had in mind was Connie and she owed her position on the first page this morning to the fact that she was her father's daughter. But she did not look or act like a judge's daughter. All too scarlet of mouth, too pert of nose, too impulsive of mood. The sort of daughter that would be a thorn in the side of any judge. She was. The judge didn't approve of her at all.

Nor did Bill. No rising young stock-broker likes to be contradicted in matters of art, literature, love, life or marriage by a girl who has definite opinions of her own and airs them frankly. Especially when her manner suggests that he doesn't know what he's talking about—the chances being that he doesn't.

"Only people with an inferiority complex shout when they argue," she had told him once, altogether too sweetly.

"I," was the best Bill had been able to manage by way of retort, "would hate to be the man you marry."

"And now," she had murmured, still sweetly, "I am crushed to earth."

RE By Royal Brown

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So, with never the quiver of an eyelash, Bill let his eyes inform him that Miss Constance Chisholm, daughter of Judge Samuel Chisholm of the Superior Bench, was pledged to commit matrimony with Pryce Winthrop.

"Poor old Priceless," commented Bill. "He's an awful stuffed shirt—but he deserves a better fate."

And there ended his interest in the first page. Three unrelated head-lines which were presumably a bit of the cosmic whole but which did not fit into his life anywhere. Or so he believed then. The sort of stuff—especially the accented account of the lunatic lifer's escape—that one reads almost as one reads fiction.

Nevertheless, the snow, at least, had become something in his life now as he stood, lean, lithe and baffled, trying to plan his next move. And although he had yet to discover it, only two miles away was the judge's daughter and, as well, the escaped lunatic. A lunatic who already had committed one murder when, some months before, Judge Samuel Chisholm had committed him for life to an institution for the criminal insane.

That morning, at breakfast, the judge had read of the man's escape. He had offered no comment on it. He merely had compressed his lips. The state—through its alienists—had intervened to preserve the life of a murderer and potential murderer. He regretted it now as he had regretted it then.

"I believe," he had said, repeatedly if privately, "that the fact that a man is criminally and hopelessly insane is all the more reason why he should be executed, summarily, for the protection of society."

The murder of the guard merely gave point to his opinion. He was quite impersonal in that. The escaped lunatic would be captured, presumably, and returned to the institution; a further expense and continued menace to the community.

With that sardonic comment on what he considered foolish and costly sentiment on the part of society he, too, let his eyes drift elsewhere. To fall, presently, on the announcement of his daughter's engagement.

Of this he approved heartily. He knew that, as a lawyer, Pryce never would set the world on fire. But he also knew that people who metaphorically set the world on fire are often as unconventional and uncomfortable to get along with as if they literally were engaged in the performance of that spectacular effort. In brief, Pryce was conventional and conservative.



C "I got lost in the storm and was looking for a place to lay my head and a chap came at me with a red-hot poker," said Bill.

"Marriage and children will settle her," the judge had assured himself comfortably.

This was what marriage, in his generation, did to and for a woman.

Nevertheless, that was not at all Connie's idea. She knew it was no use to be perfectly frank with her father; the judge, poor dear, just couldn't stand the truth. Which, as she saw it, was that she had been out for five years, was now almost twenty-four—verging toward senility—and bored stiff.

Furthermore, being a judge's daughter cramped her style terribly.

"I'll never escape from father's jurisdiction until I get married," she had realized long ago.

And if that does not sound very romantic it was none the less characteristic. As Bill Biddle could have told anybody, Connie was not romantic. He had told her so back in the beginning.

Two years ago, that had been. She had merely wrinkled her impudent nose at him.

"You mean," she had amended, "that I don't roll my eyes and say, 'Aren't you wonderful!'"

"I don't mean anything of the sort," he had protested, beginning to show that heat that even their most casual contacts always engendered, on his side at least.

"Oh, yes, you do," she had maintained calmly. "And I'm sorry—but you aren't so very wonderful, you see. You're just a bit spoiled by other women. Most men are."

Imagine falling in love with a girl like that! Who turned the most casual comment into a winged shaft directed at a man's ego.

The trouble with Connie was that she had inherited her mother's nose and her father's brains. Her nose was a challenge to all mankind and her brains were the stone wall into which they bumped their noses, sooner or later—usually sooner—and retreated hastily.

Except Pryce. Pryce was a glutton for punishment. Even Connie didn't know how many times he had proposed. Or just why she had accepted him.

The day had been late October, with lingering color still in the foliage. A mellow, benignant, yet melancholy day, when even youth feels both old and unfulfilled, with a nebulous, restless urge toward something—anything.

Pryce had motored up to Lancaster where the Chisholms had their country place. They would stay there until mid-November. "Because it's the family custom—damn it," Connie would have explained.

They had been walking in the woods when, abruptly, Pryce had floundered into his fortieth—or perhaps fiftieth—proposal.

"Anybody who proposes to any girl on a day like this is apt to be accepted if he isn't careful," Connie had commented.

She had said much the same thing before, but not just that way.

"You—you mean—" Pryce had stuttered.

He would have taken her in his arms, a bit clumsily—he, of Pilgrim ancestry, had distinguished lawyers and statesmen among his forebears but no cavaliers—but she had eluded him. She hadn't known just what she meant.

"I think," she had warned him, "that a married woman should have an allowance of her own and friends of her own, just like a man. Perfect freedom both ways."

Pryce might have gagged at that if—well, if Connie hadn't looked so exquisitely desirable. He acquiesced hastily.

"And," Connie had added, "I'd want a car all my own."

This to him had seemed a minor detail. But to Connie it wasn't. The judge always had refused to let Connie have a car or even drive, because he had his position to consider. He did not want to pick up the paper some morning and see such a head-line as:

JUDGE'S DAUGHTER
KILLS PEDESTRIAN

Or even:

JUDGE'S DAUGHTER
SPEEDY SAYS COP

Either, from what he knew of Connie, seemed quite possible should Connie ever get at the wheel of a car. All of which, to Connie, seemed too silly for words. Besides, even if she should hit another car occasionally, what of it? Most people did. Why should she be deprived of a car just because she was a judge's daughter?

But she was.

"Edward and the limousine are at your disposal whenever you have any legitimate need of a car," had been the judge's ultimatum.

Edward was the family chauffeur. He was fifty and not to be hurried, even if Connie happened to be in a hurry. She usually was. Edward was another of those rare males who did not approve of her.

Tonight, when she emerged from the house, he had not even bothered to open the door of the car for her.

"He's mad because the car was ordered for six-thirty and it's a little bit later," Connie had diagnosed, shrewdly, she believed. "And if I spoke to Father, Father—darn him—would say he had a right to be annoyed."

The judge made a cult of punctuality. Connie did not. Time was nothing to her. It was, actually, almost seven and it was snowing as Connie, with her bright head bare and an evening cape over her shoulders, opened the limousine door for herself—and slammed it after her.

Edward had shifted into first and the car had moved down the drive, while Connie, on the rear seat, had snuggled into her cape and yawned. She was on her way to a dinner and dance in Bolton. Pryce would be there, probably.

Connie yawned again. And this was life—her life! Good gosh, didn't anything exciting ever happen?

IT STRUCK her then that the car was moving faster than usual. She glanced out the window, saw that they were approaching a familiar fork where the car, swinging right, would continue to Bolton—and boredom.

Only it didn't. It had swung left instead. Onto a country road on whose surfacing no town funds ever had been wasted.

Connie opened her lips but did not speak. The limousine, striking a vicious place in the road, had left earth and she felt herself catapulted upward.

"Gosh," Connie had thought incredulously, as the car and she returned to normal, "is he crazy?"

The heavy limousine was caroming along the road at close to sixty. Trees sprinkled with snow flashed by madly as if running for their lives.

"Edward!" she had commanded peremptorily.

The speed-drunk demon at the wheel had paid no attention to her. And then the car had skidded violently and she had believed the crash was at hand. But as she braced herself, it had swung completely around and, with one wheel off the road, stalled half across it.

"Well," Connie had begun, recovering her breath, "perhaps you can explain—"

She had stopped short there, her pretty mouth at its widest. The man at the wheel had turned. He had on Edward's cap and Edward's greatcoat. But—he wasn't Edward!

It was incredible. Even as she fought, wildly and ineffectually, while he bound her, while she tried to defeat his efforts to gag her, she couldn't credit it.

"This isn't me—this isn't happening to me," she had thought.

Things like this just didn't happen to people. At least not to oneself or anybody one knew. Yet she was certainly awake and—well, being kidnapped, she supposed.

She was neither frightened nor very much worried. There was, she hoped, no reason why she should be. She had been subjected to much discomfort and might suffer more before she was through, but afterwards what a gorgeous saga it would be!

The thought was in her mind now as she sat, slim, erect and determinedly cool-eyed in a chair her abductor had placed her upon. They were in the kitchen of what she already had guessed was a small summer hotel. The room, with its long sink on one side of her and a long serving-table behind, was stark and chill but its other occupant, still wearing Edward's cap and greatcoat, was stoking the large range.

As yet, all her impressions of him were sketchy. The most she could have said was that he did not look like a man she could wind around her little finger.

Now, with a fire started, her captor straightened up and turned toward her and she saw him, squarely, for the first time. He was not so very tall, but he was amazingly broad, with very long arms. Unshaven, of course—and not the sort of man Connie would have cared to meet anywhere.

Indeed Connie, for once in her life, would not have minded being chaperoned.

As his eyes met hers, he smiled. A curious smile, bland, yet crafty; a bit sly, yet assured. It matched, somehow, the expression of his China-blue eyes and—

CONNIE tautened, instinctively. He was moving toward her. "You can scream all you want to now," he said, as he took the gag from her mouth. "Nobody will hear you."

"I have no intention of screaming," Connie assured him coldly.

He seemed not to hear. One of his blunt-fingered hands thrust open her evening cape, exposing a slim white shoulder. "Soft!" he murmured gloatingly. "Soft and warm."

He was, however, entirely impersonal and inhuman in this appraisal of her. She realized that and at the same instant came to the truth. The man was mad—stark, staring mad. She felt faintness threaten her but fought it off.

"I must keep cool—I mustn't lose my nerve," she reminded herself desperately.

Somewhere she had heard or read that the only thing to do with insane people was to humor them. Or perhaps it had been to reason with them, as if they were children. She wasn't sure which, but:

"It's cold here," she said, with a steadiness that she rather admired herself. "Please put the cape back. It's not nice to feel cold, you know."

"I know," he agreed. "I'm always cold except when—"

He did not finish that, his twisted mental processes had obviously fastened on some other idea. He was regarding her with those China-blue eyes that, with their hard, childlike stare, were so terrifying.

"You look like the judge's daughter," he told her.

"But I am the judge's daughter," replied Connie, taken by surprise. And as she bit her lip, wondered if she should have admitted that.

"I know," he said. "But I mean like the judge's daughter in the story I read. About the man the judge called a rattlesnake when he sent him to jail. And the man said that when he got out he would strike like a rattlesnake. It made me think of your father. He did not say I was a rattlesnake, but he looked—"

"You mean," gasped Connie, startled by this new phase of her predicament, "that my father sent you to jail?"

The madman grinned at her. "No—to an insane asylum. He glanced around the kitchen and added, 'I used to work right here, peeling potatoes, washing dishes, anything. And I saw something in a magazine. It said if you cut it out and sent it in you'd be a hotel manager. I did and I told the proprietor so and he said I was crazy—'"

He paused there, reflectively, and for a second he looked almost innocuous.

"I don't think I was then," he added eerily. "But I heard him tell his wife that I ought to be put away and so—I put him away instead."



C. "Run—run for your life," Connie sobbed. "The—the dam has burst." Bill did not run.
In fact, he held her close—much closer than any man should hold another man's girl.

His voice grew soft, as if caressing the memory of that; his China-blue eyes all but achieved warmth.

"Tell me about it," urged Connie insidiously.

He gave her a glance, his face suddenly canny. "Trying to gain time?" he mocked. "We have time enough. I like to talk about it—it makes me feel warm—"

He broke off short, fumbled in the pockets of Edward's great-coat and, with an audible grunt of glee, drew forth cigarettes.

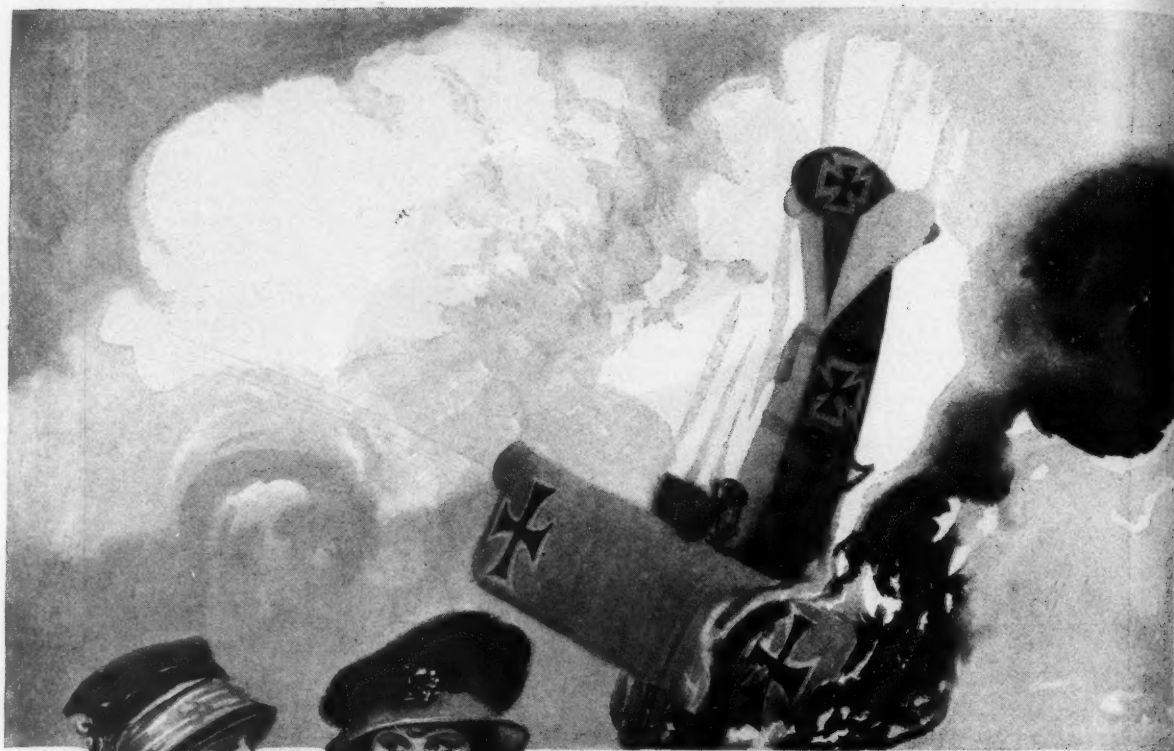
"You might," suggested Connie, "offer me one."

"How could you smoke it, all tied up that way?" he asked.

"You might untie me."

He grinned but shook his

(Continued on page 112)



Illustrations
by
G. Patrick Nelson

By Elliott *Delayed*

With that, he slammed the door of his locker and hastened out. "He'll probably get awfully tight tonight," Dave remarked as he filled up his glass with ice and soda.

"Why?" I asked him.

"Old man complex will feed him likker all evening."

"What do you mean—old man complex?" I demanded.

"Ever hear of Freud?"

"Yes, but what's that got to do with likker?"

"You can get a complex about anything, particularly about likker. A man ought never to turn down a drink if he really wants it. It'll make him take ten later that he doesn't want. For the same reason, it's the girl you didn't kiss when you wanted to that makes you kiss two others when you don't want to."

"You're advocating a doctrine that might easily be construed as highly immoral in blue-stocking districts. Aren't we taught to control our desires?"

"Certainly we are. And we should. But what's the best way to do it? That's the problem. Civilization's restraining hand has not improved the behavior of the individual. Savages do not steal private property, they are temperate and often highly moral. The iron hand of artificial restraint does not always promote the *summum bonum*, as our worthy Puritan ancestors would have us believe. Look what happened to Carl Whiting."

"Tell me about it," I urged him. And this is the epic he recited to me.

Carl and I were at college together. We were both honor men in the philosophy and psychology department, and used to spend long evenings arguing our destinies over a mug of beer. Carl was inclined to be an ardent disciple of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, while I was more inclined to follow respectfully behind Socrates and Havelock Ellis with a leaning towards Omar Khayyam.

There were only a few of us in the class, and Carl and I naturally did our arguing and work together. We'd help each other

BOB THOMAS pushed back his chair and started to put the cork in the bottle.

"I've got to be going," he announced to Dave Watts and myself. "If you want another drink of this, help yourselves before I put it away. I need one myself but I don't dare take it."

"Why don't you?" I asked him, pouring out another drink for Dave and myself.

"Can't," he told me. "Gotta go home and report for a family dinner. Gotta stay absolutely sober tonight. But I would like another shot of that. I sure need it to get through this evening of torture. Guess I'd better not, though."

"Better take it," Dave advised him. "You can never have another drink yesterday. You can always get more likker, but you can't turn back the clock. What's missed is missed and the years roll by waiting on no man's regrets."

"Oh, shut up, you old ghoul. If I'd listen to you I'd get plastered here right now and kiss the telephone girl on the way out. Well, virtue is at least its own reward. Get thee behind me, Satan! California, here I come! Good night."



F^{White Springs} Fuse



out on essays and generally keep our wits sharp by friendly argument.

When we came to ethics in senior year we had our own personal opinions to reconcile with new theories, and we used to argue more from a personal standpoint. I remember we used to bring in Darwin and Lamarck, and try to erect a logical moral edifice from an intellectual chaos. We were really quite serious in our efforts.

Carl was always telling me what he was going to do. He used to tell me that he was going to take life easy if possible—that money was too hard to make, and that the effort required to make it destroyed the capacity to enjoy it. He said he was going to marry a rich wife and earn his living being a good husband to her.

I always claimed that such an ambition was an immoral idea, if there ever was one. Carl said it was only the logical sequence following the doctrine of survival of the fittest. The highest order of birds built the best nests.

Women were all of one character, he contended, cast in the same mold. Schopenhauer said they were narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped and short-legged and that only the befogged masculine mind could call them fair. So he had decided that since they were not an object in themselves, but merely a necessary evil, he would demonstrate his intelligence by choosing a wife with as much of this world's exchangeable medium as possible. At least, he would derive some benefit from the transaction.

I argued that, on the contrary, when he fell in love with some bright-eyed, slim-waisted little girl, it wouldn't make any difference how much coin of the realm she had; if he couldn't get her any other way, he'd marry her. But he laughed at that. He said he had educated himself above such primitive emotions.

We were only twenty-one then—over-educated and under-experienced.

We had just about mapped out our courses through life when

C. "Isn't she a beauty—the one on the right?" I asked. "I like the one on the left best," said Carl.

war was declared, and that gave us an entirely new chain of sensory stimuli. We'd read about the trouble over in Europe, but had not investigated the matter. I had decided to take a post-graduate course in philosophy and become a professor, and Carl was aiming to start out as a reporter on his father's paper. His people had some money and lived comfortably just outside of Philadelphia.

"What'll we do now?" Carl asked me, as we stood looking at the bulletin-board that announced the actual declaration of war by Congress.

"As intelligent human beings, endowed with reasoning power and governed primarily by the instinct of self-preservation, we should wire our congressman and arrange a lucrative and safe position for ourselves in the quartermaster's corps."

"Right," said he; "you can go head of the class. But you overlook one thing. The man with superior brains can take long chances that his less gifted brothers dare not risk. Here is my opportunity. I shall not squander the time I spend in the livery of Mars. We cannot afford to join non-combatant forces. Popular sentiment will condemn everyone who does so just as heartily as it will condemn embusques."

"My family have never been able to live down the fact that my grandfather hired a substitute in the Civil War. The substitute was killed, and every Memorial Day grandmother used to find a funeral wreath on the doorstep with a card of sympathy from the local post of the G. A. R."

"I shall be a hero! And where do the modern heroes unfurl their banners now? Read the papers! In the aviation corps! With the ghost of Tennyson I shall join 'the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue.'"

"That's my idea too," I told him, "but not for the contemptible reason you mention. Do not mock me. We are Socrates with the hemlock. We shall express our disapproval of the boisterous clamor of *hoi polloi* by soaring high above it. For the puny mortals who fight for their lives below, we will show our disdain by disregarding altogether the first law of nature and tossing our mortal souls to the Almighty from the most convenient cloud. *Ave atque vale!*"

"Have it your own

way," Carl agreed. "I'm going in search of glory and you're grasping at immortality and we're both of us plebeianly demented. May we both reach El Dorado! Let's have a beer and call upon the dean and bid him a fond farewell."

So we did. In a couple of months we were in an aviation ground school engaged in the most unphilosophic, inglorious, ungodly kind of training and spending our idle hours cursing everything from the Kaiser to West Point table manners.

Carl went down to Philadelphia a number of times during the spring and I noticed a subtle change in him. He got himself a very snappy uniform, complete with boots and spurs, and was quite a dude in a military way. Finally he told me his secret after weeks of reticence. A girl, a mere narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, short-legged female of the species, had been attracted by his manly figure and erudite brain, and even now was hypnotized by his dashing uniform.

I smiled until I was told that she was an only child of aged parents who had inherited all the dirt on both sides of Broad Street from the City Hall to the Navy Yard. Their suburban estate was surpassed in size only by Fairmont Park, and no affairs were even mentioned socially unless graced by their presence.



It wasn't long before we were telling the girls the stories of our lives and a hundred other jokes.

That all seemed too good to be true, but Carl assured me that it was absolutely authentic. All he had to do the rest of his life was to sit in a big leather chair in the Union League Club and clip coupons. He said he had had his eye on this particular girl for some time, but had never been able to make the grade until he got into uniform and let it be known that he was about to die a hero's death as an aviator.

After that, the course of true love became a boulevard paved with good intentions, and he was now aboard the gravy train, with the old lady knitting him a helmet and the old man presenting him a pair of goggles. He didn't tell me what he got from the



before I leave the ground. My children are going to be multimillionaires. I must make sure that they are mine!"

I think that trying to be so careful was his main trouble. Anyway he worked hard at it. He talked the arms off all the instructors and he had more dual instruction than any other two cadets. If he'd stopped reading technical books and quit figuring out how to be careful he'd have been all right. But as it was, his life-line was a frayed cable every time he left the ground.

His instructor finally sent him up solo whether he wanted to go or not. He rehearsed his movements and practised taxiing on the ground for an hour before he took off. Carl had plenty of nerve, he was just trying to be intelligent and minimize his chances of losing those millions. The only thing he was afraid of was the law of averages.

He took off all right, and the first time he landed he wrecked the undercarriage and turned over on his back when he hit the stone wall coming into the airdrome. He was all right in the air when it came to plain garden-variety aviating, and he had plenty of time to get out his notes and figure. He

could even level off at the right moment for a landing, and his taxiing was just perfect.

But he was so full of figures that he

couldn't judge distances by eye to save his immortal elevators. When he'd cut off his motor, he wouldn't know what country he was going to land in. That required the intellectual

girl, but I gathered that it wasn't much. That's the kind of fellow he was!

Well, the war kept on going on in spite of the efforts of our best soothsayers, and we eventually sailed for England in the fall. The girl came up from Philadelphia to see Carl off, and I met her one afternoon out at Mineola. She wasn't hard to look at, and if she hadn't had a single shovelful of Philadelphia dirt, I'd still have picked her out of any crowd to go sleigh-riding.

She was a bit stiff and prim, but it didn't take much imagination to bridge the gulf separating those flat heels and whaleboned sideboards from Psyche gamboling in a muslin scarf on a classic beach. She had the old come-hither look in her eyes that all the armor-plate in the world can't hide, and a brigade of Savonarolas can't dim.

I didn't think Carl appreciated her, but that boy never did have any imagination. A little less Schopenhauer and a little more Havelock was what he needed. I figured out that the girl must have been awfully patriotic to yes him.

We got to England without seeing von Tirpitz, and eventually started to fly. Carl and I were at a primary training-school up in Stamford in December.

He was awfully nervous.

"After all the trouble I've taken to assure my future life, it would be very stupid to go and kill myself, wouldn't it?" he asked me.

"Yes," I told him, "and probably very painful as well. But you've had your dance, now pay the piper."

"Here is where my superior intellect gives me an advantage," he assured me. "I shall take no chance. I shall learn all that is possible about flying before I go solo. I'll figure out everything

abandon and mental relaxation that he couldn't muster. There's no formula you can follow at a hundred miles an hour. That's when a lot of men learned to pray.

If his altitude was just and proper, his lateral aspect was all wrong, and if he was in longitudinal position, there was either a tree in front of him, or he couldn't see the airdrome for the cirrus clouds. He needed a slide-rule to figure wind drift, and then would get it mixed up with the tachometer reading. The only way he could get in the airdrome was to come over the fence on the second bounce or get out and walk back.

One day I saw him coming in about a thousand feet too high. He made a beautiful landing—but in the second field the outer side of the hangars. If the field had been smooth instead of full of stumps, it would have been a negligible accident. As it was, a court of inquiry ordered his eyes examined.

The doctor reported that his eyes were fine and his mental age was above eight, so there was no reason why he shouldn't make a good pilot. The British system of training was one hundred percent effective. I said effective, not efficient. Every cadet eventually got his wings—on his chest or on his back.

His instructor said he was all right in the air and he was all right on the ground; it was only when he was trying to get from the former to the latter that his concepts got out of focus and his motor stimuli short-circuited. So the instructor ordered him up again.

His next crash was a masterpiece. It was the alpha and omega of crashes. He was too high and too close, but he was determined he was going to land in the middle of the field. So he pointed his nose straight at the middle of the field and held it there.

He didn't glide in, he came down (Continued on page 102)

Call the Doctor

GEORGE WHITNEY was distinguished for his extreme good looks, his success at the bar, and his avoidance of all attractive young women with rich papas.

There is a reason for everything. Mr. Whitney was pleasing to look upon, because he came of a long line of handsome and charming forebears and because he kept himself frantically fit. He was, at thirty-four, successful in his profession because he had an excellent mind, a psychological insight into the skulls of juries, worked hard and loved the law. He avoided pretty girls with hereditary money because he had observed that young professional men who married bank-accounts were, as likely as not, apt to sit back and wax fat upon their unearned incomes, and docilely trail their wives to Palm Beach or Europe, and thus not get very far in their professions.

In the rainy, blowy, sunny spring of 1928, George Whitney decided to betake himself to a mid-Western city. He was planning, once having reached there, to interview in person a shy, elusive financial giant whom, in behalf of a client, Mr. Whitney was suing for a sum so large that merely to mention it would be to call forth gasps of envy and jeers of unbelief. Mr. Whitney was rather famous for his powers of examination, both cross and amiable, and he had perfected a species of polished third degree which was nothing short of murderous. It had occurred to him that to hop on a train and politely take the defendant in the forthcoming case by surprise would be, if not a master-stroke, then something approximating same.

"But," said his partner, the shrewd, silver-tongued Jerry O'Hara, "if Cummings knows you are en route he will disappear instanter. Like as not he will disguise himself as a carbureter, or something, and crawl into one of his own motors—and then, where are you?"

"Crawling after him, disguised as a monkey-wrench," replied the younger man, undaunted. "Still, after all, how would he know I'm coming?"

"Oh, it's been rumored already, I dare say," said O'Hara, "and he has ways and means. Probably the conductors on all trains west are spies in his employ."

Whitney laughed and proceeded to his club. There he found one of his closest friends, Joyce, the stomach specialist, busily employed in ruining his own stomach with uncut rye. Whitney dropped down beside him and ordered a little precaution against the changeable weather. And, while partaking, confided his hypothetical difficulty to his companion.

"He's a wily old bird," Whitney concluded, "and it looks as if I'd have to concoct some scheme of sneaking up behind him in a Santa Claus make-up and suddenly ranting in his ear—'How about settling?'"

Joyce, a fat florid man, chuckled.

"As to that, it can be fixed," he announced largely, "for once upon a time—no, this is *not* a bedtime story, George!—I attended an official of the very railroad upon which, I take it, you will travel. He was grateful to me because I enabled him to rise from his couch of pain and eventually to discard that diet of milk and mush to which his ailment had condemned him. Therefore, in addition to my fee—which was very handsome—he presented

me with a life pass upon his road. Take it, my son, use it—flatter yourself and fool your opponent by traveling as *me*. But, for Pete's sake, don't give yourself away, for you are liable to arrest or something, and if there is anything despised by lawyers, it's arrest—when they are themselves the arrestees."

Doctor Joyce then solemnly produced the pass from a pocket. And Whitney took it.

"I don't see that it helps much," he pondered doubtfully. "And all this secrecy business is probably a lot of delicatessen. However, I'll bruit about that I'm going South for a rest-cure, and I'll go West instead. Horace Greeley was a great man."

"After all," commented Joyce, surveying him, "you do look rather like a doctor—a successful one with a bedside manner."

"I come by it naturally," replied Whitney, "as you well know, having sat in my father's classrooms and cursed his intelligence. He always wanted me to follow in his buggy wheels. But I couldn't see being a general practitioner. Too much work. Those were the good old days before



the ravening horde of specialists descended upon us. So I chose the law instead. Now, I'm sorry—when I see what you fellows get away with."

After that crack and another precaution, he departed for his small, attractive dwelling and made his arrangements.

Some evenings later, Mr. Whitney, traveling upon Doctor Joyce's pass, was putting himself to bed in a lower berth. He congratulated himself as he did so that Jimmy Joyce was not given to travel—there were plenty of rebellious stomachs in

Illustrations by
W. E. Heitland

By Faith
Baldwin



C "I have to see some lawyers," said Sally. "I've just come into some money." Whitney felt a dull ache. "How much is it?" he asked severely.

New York to keep him busy—for the conductor, when gazing at the pass, had hailed its possessor as "doctor," and Whitney had grinned back gaily when he realized that all was well—Joyce was not known by sight upon this particular train at least.

He hoped, as he sleepily folded up his long legs, that the conductor didn't have chronic indigestion. What did you give for it? Bicarb., probably, and good advice. He then reflected idiotically that it was a good thing railroads didn't employ women conductors, porters and Pullman people. For had they done so, he would get very little rest, what with a lady conductor telling him she hadn't been the same since little Lily was born . . .

With which imbecile musing he dropped off to sleep, and was rudely awakened an hour or so later by a hand upon his shoulder.

"Doctor Joyce! Doctor Joyce!"

Whitney sat up in the berth, indignant. His frankly copper-colored hair, sleeked down to a professional flatness in the daytime, now stood on end and curled absurdly. He demanded: "Says which?"

Then he realized the worst. The conductor stood there, his urgent hand still heavy upon Whitney's person. Beside the conductor was a strange porter whose dusky countenance was a delicate mauve with fright.

"There's a very sick young woman in the next car," announced the official. "She is traveling alone and she needs immediate attention. I shall have to ask you to come with me, doctor."

Whitney, struggling into bath-robe and slippers, so far forgot himself as to ask: "What's the matter with her?"

HE HOPED that the conductor would say, "sore throat" or, "cinder in the eye," or "strained ankle," at which he might reply, "Excuse me, I'm a stomach specialist," and go back to sleep.

For that, he mused trustingly, was the way these doctoring boys worked things.

"How do I know?" answered the conductor irritably. "I'm not a mind-reader. All I know is, she's a mighty sick girl."

As Whitney landed in the aisle, the conductor reminded him severely:

"Your bag?"

"Bag?" Whitney looked about wildly. Then he said collectedly: "I haven't it with me. I'm traveling on pleasure."

With this lie on his lips, Whitney, cursing his friend Doctor Joyce, cursing girls who were so indiscreet as to fall ill on trains, cursing himself and his innocent client, followed his anxious leader. But as he cursed silently, and with a set expression, he looked very medical and professional indeed.

"Who did you say she was?" he asked as they crossed the chilly and swaying platform between the car Gladiola and the car Delphinium.

"I didn't say—I don't know," replied the worried conductor. "She's booked all the way through, and has only a suitcase. There's not a thing on it to identify her."

They arrived at the drawing-room door. The conductor knocked and entered, followed by his victim. A woman, sketchily

dressed, rose from the berthside. She was, the conductor explained, a kindly passenger who, on hearing curious sounds from the drawing-room, had summoned the porter.

Informal were the introductions. The strange woman vanished, it seemed, reluctantly. The conductor stood by in a deferential attitude while Whitney approached his patient.

Whitney took one look at the girl, tossing and turning and muttering in the berth, and was instantly aware of two things. The first was that she was by far the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and the second—a less pleasant bit of knowledge—that she was, by a long shot, the sickest.

HE LOOKED . . . looked again . . . at the satin-smooth cheeks brushed by the brilliant rouge of a high temperature, at the beautiful parched lips, at the wide-open brown eyes which were dull and glazed, and at the cropped, corn-colored curls. And while Whitney looked, the conductor spoke impatiently.

"Well?" asked the conductor.

Mr. Whitney came to. Apparently something was expected of him. He proceeded, under the conductor's chilly eyes, to do a number of things. He longed, as he performed these unaccustomed parlor tricks, for his sagacious father, now retired and living on a Vermont farm. He longed for Jimmy Joyce. He longed for flight. And while longing, he laid a finger on his patient's pulse and gazed earnestly at his wrist watch the while. He had some difficulty in locating the pulse in the first place, and when the deed was accomplished he found that he had never learned to count as fast as that.

Meantime, the girl was as delirious as any girl may be. The conductor asked hoarsely:

"What ails her?"

Whitney replied weightily: "I haven't made my diagnosis as yet. Would you mind going back to my berth and looking in my hand-bag? You'll find a flask there. Whisky."

When the door had closed behind the conductor, Whitney sat down upon the edge of the berth and fell deeply and irrevocably in love with a delirious girl in a peach-colored nightgown.

By the time the conductor had returned with the stimulant, Whitney felt it incumbent upon himself to ask:

"Is there another medical man aboard?"

"No," replied the conductor, and eyed him with suspicion.

"I would have liked," explained Whitney hastily, "a consultation."

He took the flask, made his preparations, slipped an arm under the girl's round white shoulder, and held the little cup to her lips. Some of the liquid trickled down her throat—

both inside and out—and Whitney, having mopped her off with a pocket-handkerchief, laid her back upon the pillows. He then remembered with a start of authentic fear and horror that sometimes if you gave whisky ignorantly, people died. Good whisky, too.

He had not, of course, the remotest idea what was wrong with this lovely and delicious girl who, as he sat beside her and watched her rapid breathing, appeared to grow less restless under the hand he kept upon her slim wrist.

He liked to keep it there. He wanted to take her in his arms and put her poor little head on his shoulder and rock her and say, "There—there—and——" Oh, well, what he wanted was all very unprofessional or, at least, so one is given to understand.

Presently she appeared to sleep. And Whitney rose. The conductor, who had been absent for a time, had now returned.

"She's better," announced Whitney and, remembering his specialty, diagnosed gravely: "Acute indigestion." And then, in case that didn't quite cover it, he added: "Or malaria."

The conductor looked intelligent but unconvinced, and in a short time Whitney was back in his own berth.

"I'll have the porter watch out for her," said the conductor, "and if there's any change, I'll call you, doctor."

Is that, thought Whitney, a threat or a promise? He didn't get to sleep directly. He was engaged in telling himself that it was all too absurd. He couldn't have fallen in love with an unknown girl, palpably out of her mind.

He was also
b u s y



Whitney had not the remotest idea what was wrong with this lovely girl.

worrying about her. What was the matter with her? Had he made her worse by his administration of the whisky? And—would he ever see her again?

He saw her again in about an hour. Once more he was awakened by a compelling hand.

"Doctor Joyce! Your patient is much worse! We cannot," said the conductor firmly, "take the responsibility. I've wired ahead for a city hospital ambulance to meet the train at—"

He named the next important stop. "And she'll have to be put off. And you'll have to go with her."

"But how," asked Whitney, horrified, "shall we get in touch with her people? They'll have to be notified."

"Perhaps," the conductor suggested grimly, "you'll discover who she is when she comes to her senses."

Whitney blushed. What a practical man!

"If she ever does," the conductor added gloomily.

As in a dream, Whitney proceeded to get into his clothes.

This was nonsense of an Alice-in-Wonderland type. Here was Whitney, thirty-four and a college graduate, being put off a train in the small hours with a perfectly strange, amazingly beautiful, terribly sick young woman. A young woman who, he was convinced, was the only young woman in the world for him!

However, when the time came—and the ambulance—it seemed perfectly natural that she should be

taken off and that he should accompany her. This was all nightmare—an enchanted one.

The train moved on, the conductor with it. The conductor was very much relieved. In his small way he was something of a Napoleon—a man of action. He was convinced that there was a definite lack in Doctor Joyce. Why hadn't he stayed with the girl? Didn't doctors always carry black bags? (The conductor had been brought up on the black-bag theory, and it had given him an inhibition or a block or something.)

However, the sick girl and the probably mentally incompetent physician were off the train, and the conductor was pleased at having passed that particular buck. He was a decorous man and he didn't like people to die suddenly in his Pullmans.

In the ambulance—and later at the hospital—Whitney ceased to be a graduate of a medical school, which was wise of him. On the other hand, it appeared beneath his dignity to tell the truth, which was that he had virtually lied. But he had to make some sort of explanation. He didn't know the girl's name—he didn't know anything. So he seized upon an account of her which might lead to the least complications.

"My sister," said he, and mentioned his legal name.

Whitney waited at the hospital while his former patient and present relative was put to bed and supplied with nurses and doctors. After an uneasy period of stalking about the room allotted to anxious well-wishers, he was informed that his sister was suffering from a virulent attack of influenza.

THIS relieved him. Influenza couldn't be very bad—everybody had it. The doctors inquired if his sister had seemed in good health when he had boarded the train with her. As Whitney knew nothing to the contrary, he said, "Oh, yes, indeed."

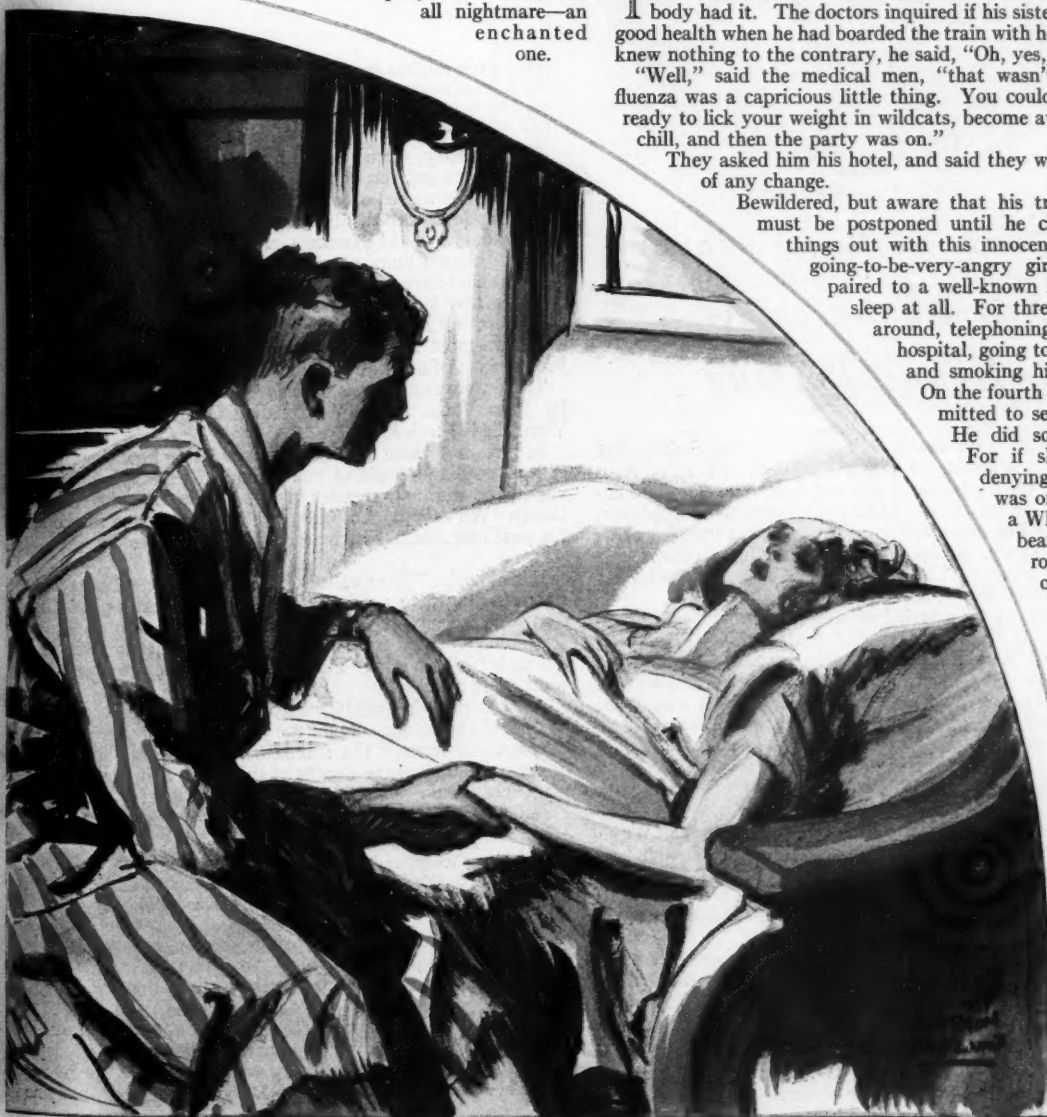
"Well," said the medical men, "that wasn't unusual. Influenza was a capricious little thing. You could get on a train ready to lick your weight in wildcats, become aware of a severe chill, and then the party was on."

They asked him his hotel, and said they would notify him of any change.

Bewildered, but aware that his trip further west must be postponed until he could straighten things out with this innocent and probably going-to-be-very-angry girl, Whitney repaired to a well-known inn and had no sleep at all. For three days he hung around, telephoning, calling at the hospital, going to terrible movies and smoking himself to death. On the fourth day he was permitted to see her.

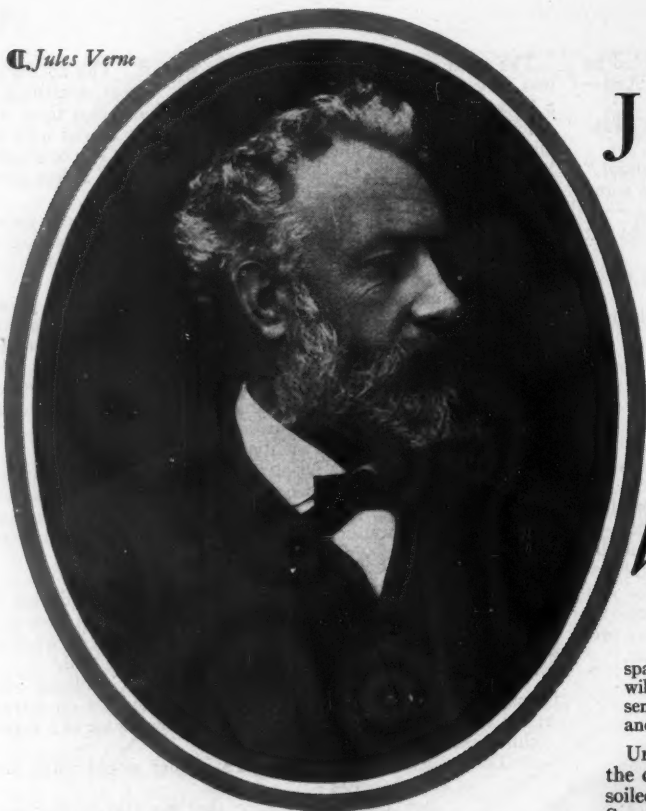
He did so and at once. For if she had started denying that she ever was or ever would be a Whitney, then the beans would begin rolling all over the corridor floors.

Luck was with him. She had slept a natural
(Continued on page 128)



but be diagnosed gravely: "Acute indigestion, or malaria." The conductor looked unconvinced.

C. Jules Verne



The Story of the Discovery
of the Manuscripts—
By Bruno Lessing

"WE" were once a serious editor. But finding that the editing of humor was more of a relief from the humdrum of life and dreary routine, and enjoying the confidence of an optimistic employer, "we" became a humorous editor. (The pronoun "we," according to Mark Twain, is the prerogative of kings, editors and people with tapeworms. Lindbergh is the only outsider who has ever been admitted to this select group.)

We look back to that period of serious editorship with considerable awe. It was a quarter of a century ago. As we try to visualize our relations and contacts with the writers and thinkers of those days, our conversations regarding articles and stories, the dickering over prices and, finally, the editing of manuscripts, we have an uneasy sense that we are thinking of some past incarnation.

Because that "we" of old sort of buffaloes "us" today.

Today we deal merrily with the "Bringing Up Father" cartoons of McManus, the "Happy Hooligan" of Oppen, the "Katzenjammer Kids" of Knerr, the "Tillie the Toiler" of Westover, the "Boob McNutt" of Goldberg, the "Spark Plug" of DeBeck, the "Toots and Casper" of Murphy and dozens of other popular creations of newspaper humor. Of course there are some air-pockets in all this merriment. If we told you half of our troubles, you'd be surprised.

But it is our editorial life. And it is far removed from the sphere of serious editing. Which happened twenty-five years ago. When no one even dreamed of the World War. And when you could have bought stock in the United States Steel Corporation for \$30 a share!

Well, the other day, came a letter to the "Editor of the Comic Supplement." It read:

My little boy got run over and is in the hospital. He is doing all right only he will always limp. It is very hard for him to lay still all day long and I am doing all I can to keep him entertained. He is crazy about the newspaper funnies. Could you possibly

An Article by
JULES VERNE
on Imagination
and
Two Poems
by Ella
Wheeler Wilcox

spare a few original drawings with the artists' names on them? I will be glad to pay for them if they do not cost too much, or I will send them back if you wish. I will tell him the artists sent them and he will be very happy.

Unfortunately, when the photographers and the engravers and the color man get through with a comic drawing, it is a pretty soiled and bedraggled object, hardly fit to exhibit in the original. So we dug down into the drawers of an old dust-covered desk and found a bunch of old drawings, nice and clean, to cheer the boy who will always limp. He now has them for keeps. Which is really neither here nor there.

Under this bunch of drawings lay a package of manuscript stained with that yellow tinge which time gives to paper and which we must have put into that drawer when McKinley was President. A fine tribute to our carelessness.

There were two articles by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and an article by Jules Verne. Mrs. Wilcox died October 30, 1919. Jules Verne died March 24, 1905.

In rereading these manuscripts, wondering how they had ever gone astray, the world of humor and of the day's affairs grew vague and dim and seemed to pass out of the proper order of things. We were back a quarter of a century ago in the life of the past and memory became crowded with vivid images.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox called on the telephone: "I sent you two articles today with a poem in each. Give them a good display. Can you come up for dinner on Sunday?"

And a cablegram from our Paris correspondent: "Am mailing article by Jules Verne. Please send him check promptly if you want more articles."

Jules Verne! Whose "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" fired the imagination of the youth of all civilized countries! Whose brain foresaw the submarine and the airplane! Whose dreams of sounding the depths of this earth and of exploring the planets of the universe may even yet come true!

And Ella Wheeler Wilcox who wrote:

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.

Two living, pulsing human beings, with high thoughts and too proud ambitions of genius. An invitation to dinner from the one; a suggestion for a check to the other. Twenty-five years ago!

And those mislaid manuscripts—could they not have been written today? Is the young generation which rules today too wise to learn anything from these writings?

Ghosts of the forgotten past! Do you remember that line in the "Silver King": "Oh, God! Put back Thy universe and give me yesterday?"

Well, here we were, for a while, in yesterday. Not only Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Jules Verne but a whole host of forgotten

Written Years Ago— Now Found in an Editor's Drawer

spirits crowded around. We were a serious editor again. We closed our desk for the night, tucked manuscript into drawers and went home. As we waited for a hansom cab, a motor-car without a top and with the entrance in the rear chugged by. And a group of laughing children cried, "Get a horse!"

Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Jules Verne have passed to the land where there are no dinners and where checks have no value. Each left behind a monument of fine achievement, of noble endeavor.

Some day or other we are all going to join them. Not the slightest sense in feeling sad about it. But it might give us all a little satisfaction if we left something behind that would gladden the soul of whoever happened to run across it. So why not try to do something, while the doing is good?

The Manuscript by Jules Verne

SOLUTION OF MIND
PROBLEMS BY THE
IMAGINATION

NO FORM of mental exercise is more entrancing than that of allowing one's mind to run upon the possible outcome of inventions which, while all unfinished and impracticable now, may in some years come within the domain of ordinary life.

The imagination is the greatest inventor in the world, for, unlike the scientist, it knows no bar to the completion and to the success of any plan it has conceived. I have been called—and I think wrongly called—the father of the submarine, the airship and the automobile. I did, it is true, many years ago, describe these things as actually existent, but my doing so was, you must understand, a tribute to the superiority of the imagination as a solver of mental problems, rather than



Ella Wheeler Wilcox and a final page showing her characteristic handwriting.

than as merely encouraging to day dreaming
down to their congregations, instead of
exploring of their congregations to their
own enlightenment.
It is of course useless to send
-take to some truth upon that
developed minds! But the man who
his audience, is sending up the Holy
the divine self, (Catherine) the Holy
ghost!" By continuing to preach
them to much minds craving a
religion of fear.
Let him lead them up to the only
true creed — the religion
of Love. Once they grasp it —
they will need nothing
higher — drives out darkness and
knowledge dawns and is peace.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox

any tribute to my own personal ingenuity or knowledge of science.

The first thing an inventor by imagination does, is to reflect upon what has been accomplished on the special lines which he intends to traverse.

The imagination then comes to his assistance, and the inventor upon paper reflects what his invention

must be able to accomplish in order to fulfil the purposes of his story.

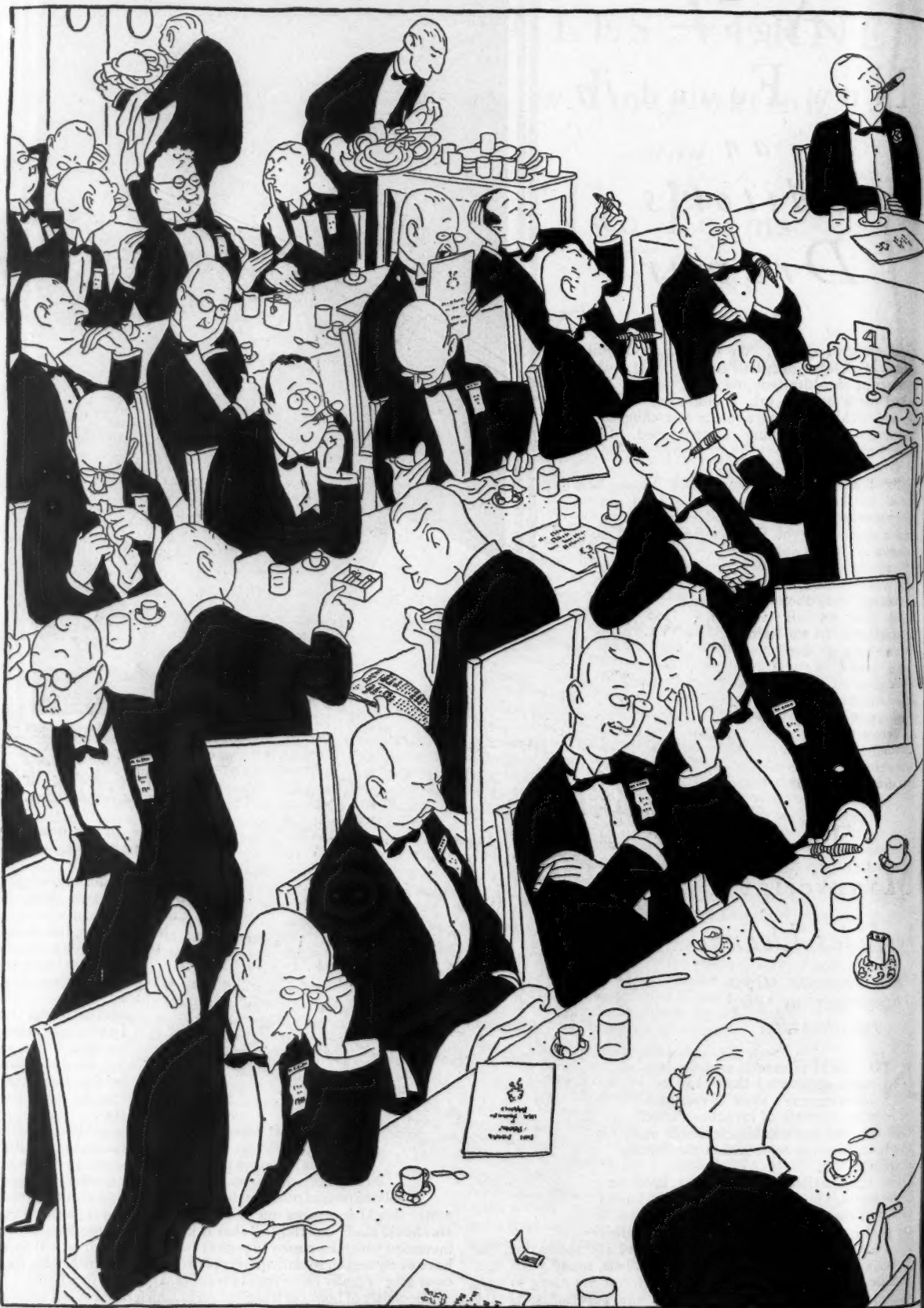
It is easy, as the whole world knows, for a novelist to create men of enormous wealth,

and it is not much more difficult to solve problems of locomotion, chemistry and physics by similar methods.

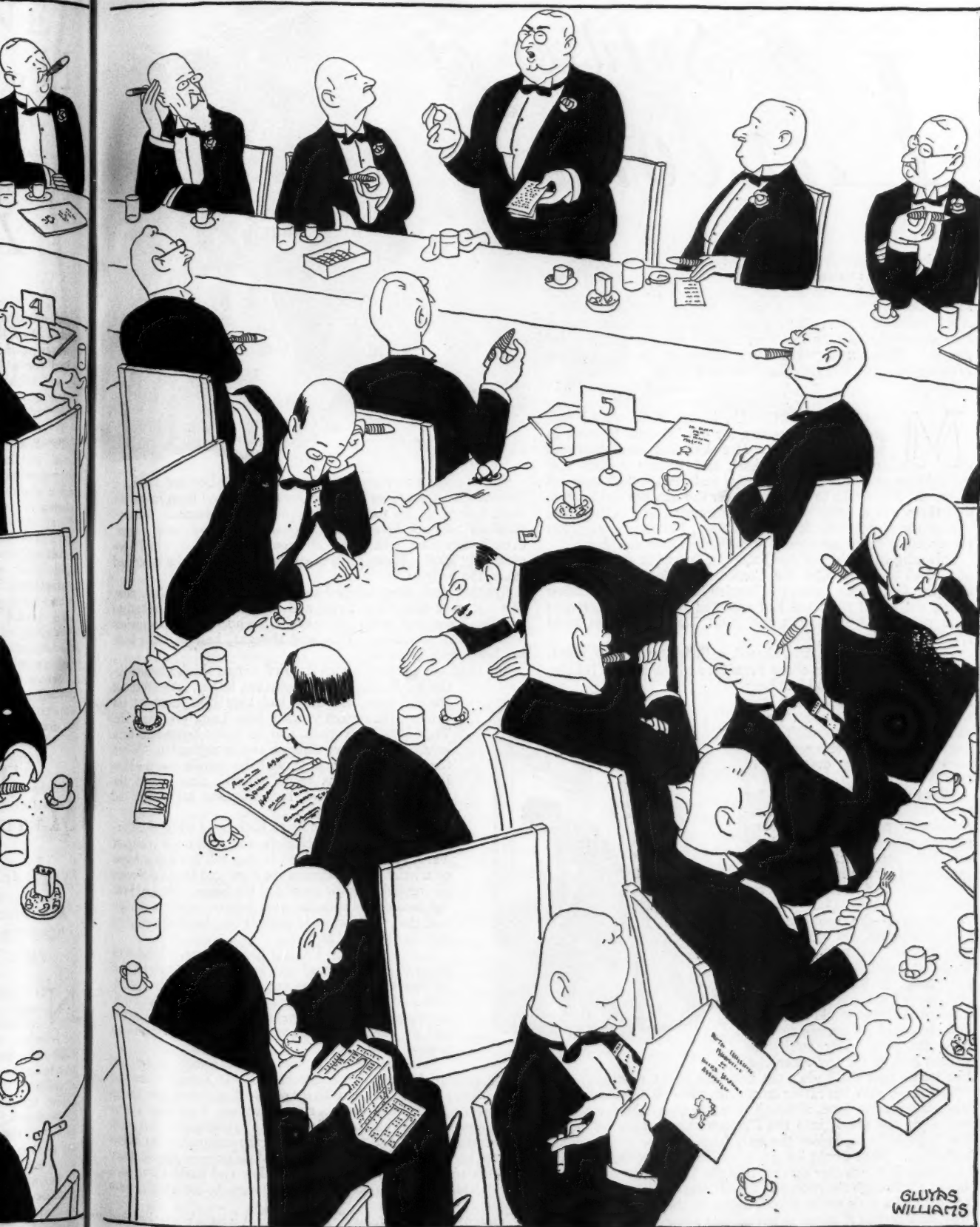
In solving mental problems by imagination, though, the careful writer should remember one thing, and that thing is plausibility. He should study carefully all that is known along the lines of the invention which he means to perfect in his story, and he will then have every reason to anticipate a plausible result which some day even may actually come true in real life, as well as in a novel.

The writer of books of imagination in which problems of science and mind problems generally find a (Continued on page 132)

The After-Dinner Speech



ech *By Guyas Williams*



By Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.

A Soldier of Lincoln's

Violence has been done to history in one incident described hereafter: Richmond was evacuated by the Confederate government and armed forces on Sunday, April the second, and the night of April second-third. The Federal troops entered the city Monday morning, April third. President Lincoln entered the city, informally as I have described, Tuesday morning, April fourth, 1865. For my purposes, it was necessary to bring him in on the day before—Monday, on which day the episode herein occurred.

THE AUTHOR

MISS LUCY VIRGINIA, in her wide carved bed, grew tired of waiting for old 'Mascus to come in and make the fire. Her sleep had been scant and troubled in the night, and uneasy dreams had shifted into sounds that were unusual and silences that were full of dread. She awoke to see the sun, for the weather had broken, and there was a patch of blue sky through the window. She missed the steady rumble of the cannon, Petersburg way, but there were other noises abroad in Richmond that morning.

Shivering in the sharp April air—for it was in a spring late and bleak and cold that the Confederacy died—she felt with slim pink feet for her mules and hurried into her clothes. Below stairs, she found what she had expected to find: the servants were gone. Old Damascus and Aunt Manie; and the maid Naomi, had all run off.

They had been, she remembered, a little strange last night, mumbling to themselves about Freedom and the Day of Jubilee; and young yellow Naomi had been saucy enough to ask what this word Emancipation meant. As far as she could see, they hadn't taken anything, but they were gone. And born in the family, every one of them.

Miss Lucy Virginia wrinkled her nose with disgust. But she was exceptionally practical for a young gentlewoman of her time, and she set about breakfast. She built a fire, burned her fingers and smudged her nose, and rummaged the pantry.

Corn-meal—she could manage corn-meal mush; and sassafras tea was within her powers. There wasn't any milk, but you did without things in Richmond in that last year of the war. Perhaps by dinner-time there would be an egg, and she could get somebody in to milk the cow. Her spirit was valiant enough for any enterprise, but for all that she hadn't the first idea about milking a cow.

The mush gave her rather an anxious time—it's so hard to tell when the stuff is done, although it tastes about the same, anyway—and she put it into the Dresden china which her father had brought back, before the war, from a cruise on the Mediterranean. That would be apt to sadden her mother; she had to change it to another service, and she fought dry sobs in her throat all through the process. Finally she had it set forth, with the tea and a little coarse brown sugar, on the smallest Georgian tray, and carried it all up to her mother's room.

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Her mother was very difficult, just then. For her father, a commander in the Confederate States Navy, had been killed the week before, at his naval battery across the James. Admiral Raphael Semmes himself had brought the news, and people, even in this time, when they all mourned somebody, had been extremely kind. There hadn't been a funeral, for the river had taken the body.

Another dark river seemed likely to take her mother, now. She lay more dead than alive, and Miss Lucy Virginia had to run the house and order the servants, who were quite useless without firm direction. This, she thought, had perhaps kept her heart from breaking.

She tried not to think about it; tried not to think about anything. He had been the dearest father. An officer of the old navy, his duty had kept him much at sea through the sixteen years of Miss Lucy Virginia's life. They lived in Norfolk, and his visits home had been lovely times to live through and to remember. When the war broke, he went with his native state—Miss Lucy Virginia was never entirely clear about the politics of the matter, but whatever her father did was right.

He brought the family to Richmond when the Confederates evacuated Norfolk and burnt the Gosport Yard, and they had lived in this tall red-brick house on a quiet street between the river and Capitol Square all through the war years and the Siege. He had been assigned duties with the river defense, and her mother said that there was one good thing about the war—it kept her husband at home.

Now Miss Lucy Virginia had a brave, pitiful little game which she played with herself: she imagined that he was off on a cruise and would presently return, with odd, beautiful things from the ends of the earth. It helped, until you thought of the sword and the cap and the gloves on the chest of drawers in her mother's room . . .

With gentle force, she made her mother eat and drink, and finished what was left herself. It seemed that you were always hungry, in these bitter days. She did simple things around the house with furious concentration. Presently everything was done that had to be done, and she went up to her room and straightened it, and wondered about the washing. Old Manie should be getting it up, for it was Monday—Miss Lucy Virginia took that thought to her window and looked out on a world which, unaccountably, did not seem to be reeling into pieces.

Yesterday was Sunday. Miss Lucy Virginia's mother had



Jr.

A Vignette of Civil War Days



Illustrations by The Author

made an effort to get up and go to church. "Because," she said, "your father would wish it. He would not want us to give in to private griefs, in this terrible time." But later she said, "I can't do it, child. It's weak of me, but I can't. I want you to go."

And Miss Lucy Virginia went, in rusty black, and sat with her cousins in the family pew at St. Paul's.

It was serene in the church, where the dim light fell in long shafts through the stained windows and rested with tenderness on the heads bowed there. The cannon of the siege were like the surf as you go towards Cape Henry, where they had picnicked on the Atlantic shore before the war; and now and again the windows rattled faintly to them; but gun-fire had come to be the underchord of life, and there was peace in this place.

The President was in his pew with a few of his gentlemen, but most of the congregation were women and most of them were in black; Richmond was stripped of men, who kept their Sabbath this day on the lines. When they stood for the reading of the lesson, Miss Lucy Virginia could see the straight, uncompromising back of Jefferson Davis, erect under the chancel.

Mr. Minnigerode read: "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him—" and in the pause that follows after, an adjutant, with mud on his boots, came swiftly up the aisle, holding his saber so that the housings would not jingle. He handed a note to the President, and there was no sound except the dry whisper of the paper as it unfolded. President Davis read, and took up his hat and passed down the aisle, his high, cold face entirely composed. The adjutant followed, and the aides; horses galloped in the street.

Going home, Miss Lucy Virginia had the contents of the note, for rumor blew it along. General Lee sent word that the enemy had broken the line at Petersburg; that General A. P. Hill was killed; that the army must withdraw from Richmond. So in a little space the sky fell.

Her mother said, when Lucy Virginia told her: "Yes. It is the end of everything. I do not think your father would have wished to survive his country—" She turned her handsome, ravaged face from the light.

That afternoon the dazed city saw troops pass through, going west; Ewell's infantry and guns from the north bank, the last gray soldiers Richmond ever was to see under arms. Their line of march took them past the corner of the block, and Miss Lucy Virginia watched them in a nightmare feeling of unreality. The girls of Richmond, even the very young ones, knew a lot about the army.

It made her throat ache to see how close together went the torn old regimental flags in the lean brigades, and how starved and thin were all the men, and the raw-boned horses that dragged

the clanking guns. You remembered the full ranks that paraded after the Seven Days' Battles, so long ago. The night that followed was terrible. There were explosions and the high crackle of rifles, and down towards the magazines and the military warehouses great fires blazed against the sky, and you heard the formless mutterings of riot. Yet it was quiet where they were, and she must have slept.

Now she leaned from her window and tried to fit things together, much hampered by a numbness in her brain. This time of morning, she would be on her way to her desk in the office of the quartermaster general. For when she was fifteen, a year ago, she had submitted to her father that she wrote a good hand and was quite old enough to take part in winning the war—there must be something she could do. Her education was correct and genteel, embracing French, music, expression and water-color painting, as befitted her age and station; and her mother went over this with force and point, and added that the war was doubtless responsible for the deplorable unrest and lack of balance on the part of all the young people—the child's crazy notion just showed you!

Her father laughed and said, Why not? It would surprise you, the people of the very highest connection who are doing things these days, and what they are doing. He would speak to General Cooper. And they gave Miss Lucy Virginia a clerkship at the office of the quartermaster general, left vacant by a pale young man who was drafted into a regiment depleted in the Wilderness fighting.

MISS LUCY VIRGINIA thereafter entered returns concerning shoes and shirts and coats for soldiers in one big book and transferred them into another big book. This was the first work she had done in her life, and she took pride in it. She embellished the fly-leaves of her ledgers with ornamental pen work, for which she had a pretty gift. She felt comfortably, if vaguely, that she was striking blows for the Cause.

Now it occurred to her that in the general upheaval attendant upon evacuation—they would be transferring the quartermaster general's department somewhere else—her books might be lost. She decided to run out and get them and keep them safely until better times.

Her mother appeared to sleep, and she took her bonnet and went quietly into the street; it wasn't far. A few doors away she met old Major Bartoe, who had left a leg at Sharpsburg and transferred into the quartermaster's branch. He saluted her with ceremony, inquired after her mother, and asked what she did. She told him, and he exploded.

"Merciful heavens, Miss Lucy Virginia, you astound me, you do indeed! The offices are burning! A mob of drunken

scalawags are terrorizing that section! Fu'the'mo', I am info'med that the whole damyankee army is entehing the city, right now!" The streets, he insisted, were no place for a lady. She must return home and stay there. He himself would wait upon her mother with his respects, as soon as he had attended to some imperative personal affairs at his own house, and offer them what comfort and protection a broken soldier, who still could make sharp practise with a revolver, might give.

But, Miss Lucy Virginia said, stricken by this fresh disaster, her books—

"Books, ma'am! Books!" Major Bartoe was shaken out of his urbanity. "Good Lo'd, gyrl—you talk of books, and Ilium is burning." Thereupon he quoted sonorous verse—Homer, Miss Lucy Virginia thought it must be—and she went home.

She made a round below to see that everything was locked and barred. She looked in on her mother, fidgeted in the empty hall and went back to her window.

Down the street, from the direction of Rocketts Landing on the James, came a small commotion. A herd of negroes trotted along, gaping and gesticulating at two white men. One of these men was very tall, with a stovepipe hat and heavy black garments that hung ridiculously from his bowed shoulders and flapped around his lean shanks. He carried his hat in his hand and looked this way and that with frank and pleasant curiosity. He had a gaunt lined face and a bristle of beard and unkempt coarse locks of black hair, and he appeared to be very happy indeed.

The other was a young officer, uneasy in step and manner. The voices of the negroes came up to Miss Lucy Virginia, and she hung out of the window and stared with all her eyes. Once you saw a picture of that man, you'd know him! It was Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Abraham Lincoln of the Yankee nation, walking here where General Lee and President Jefferson Davis were wont to go.

Miss Lucy Virginia, watching his ill-fitting coat pass around the corner toward the Executive Mansion, attended by a scared officer boy and a flock of field darkies, sniffed. He looked, she considered, a very common man—distinctly ordinary.

Afterwards a file of United States Marines—she remembered the uniform from the old days—came quickly up the street, looking for something; but they reminded her of the jokes her father loved to make about Marines. Then there was a great blaring of bands, and past the corner, the avenue filled with Yankee soldiers, regiment on regiment, and their striped flags. She could see, even from this distance, the good blue cloth and the sturdy shoes and the husky, well-fed look of the rascals, and she clenched her slender hands into fists and hated them.

She remembered the day they carried Stonewall Jackson along that street, and she remembered the slow, heart-breaking music and the generals following the flag-draped caisson, with crape on their swords. And General Lee on gray Traveler rode that way often, and so many others . . . She sank her chin on her forearm and wandered deep in black imagining, not hearing the salutes fired in the square, or the ordered cheering of the troops, or the loud bands . . .

DOWN below, at the street door, the knocker went; one firm knock and a string of impatient knocks. Miss Lucy Virginia leaned out and saw a Yankee soldier there, and her heart gave a great bound and came up against her throat. She could not have moved to save her life, and her knees loosened under her, so that she sagged against the window and her knuckles whitened where she gripped the sill.

The blue thousands that had marched past, up yonder, made less impression than this one fellow pounding at the door. Terrible things came to her, things told and things imagined in this war: Sherman who went through Georgia and left a desolation, Sheridan who passed down the Valley and left nothing. And the Dahlgren Raid, last winter, scotched at the very gates of Richmond . . .

Her mother had sheltered for a while some refugees from the country above Winchester—poor, trembling ladies with haunted eyes. When they talked of what had happened to them, Lucy Virginia's mother sent her from the room . . . All of this, now, was knocking at her door. And the man, stepping back to survey the front of this house which did not answer him, saw her white face, and showed his teeth in his beard and called up to her.

She fled away from her window then, and flung downstairs and into her mother's room, and stood with a hand fluttering at her throat.

"Mother! Oh, Mother! There's a Yankee soldier at the door." Her mother's voice was level and toneless. "Tell Manie to see what he wants, child."

"Mother, I didn't say anything about it this morning, for I didn't want to distress you, but Aunt Manie's gone. They've all gone—they're run away."

"Then you go, child. Ask him what he wants, and tell me."

Miss Lucy Virginia went, steadying herself against the furniture as she passed through the dark hall. Her heart beat so that it seemed the ruffian on the other side of the door would surely hear it. Maybe, when he saw how young she was, and scared, he would go away—but she had heard nothing to justify a belief that Yankees might be human. Then she remembered that she was the daughter of an officer of the Confederate States Navy and a gallant gentleman, and no dam-yank should see her scared.

She drew the bolt and opened the door a little way and looked out, wide-eyed, on a broad, hairy infantryman, far from clean, who took off his blue cap and rolled it in his hands.

"Little Missy," the fellow said, in a flat nasal way, "kin you—I'm furrin to these parts—kin you give me pen, ink and paper, to write to my mother with? I want to tell her that this war is done with and I ain't been killed. It'd be a power o' comfort to her, back East."

Miss Lucy Virginia swallowed hard, searching the rough, bearded face. It was sober and rural and not unfriendly, and it came to her that the soldier was asking for exactly what he wanted.

She said: "Please wait, soldier. I must ask my mother. My mother is—confined to her chamber. You just please wait." She shut the door and bolted it again, and told her mother that the Yankee soldier wanted pen, ink and paper, to write his mother that he was safe.

"Give him what he wants," directed her mother. "Give it to him on the step. He needn't come in the house."

Miss Lucy Virginia found pen and ink in a boxwood case with her father's name and "Lieut., USN," carved on it. She took a sheet of the whity-blue paper of the Confederacy, cut to fold and seal without an envelop. She put these on a small pie-crust table, light enough for her thin young arms, and thrust them through the door, shutting it when the soldier had them.

"That's fine, little Missy," she heard him say, "that's fine. I'll jest set it down here, so I kin squat to it—I ain't no ready writer, as the feller says."

"Any way you like, soldier," she told him. "When you've finished, knock, and I'll come and get the table." Then she fell into the big chair by the stairs and hated herself for the trembling of her legs. She could hear, in the quiet, the scratch of the pen. Presently the knocker went, and she received the table, and the Yankee displayed, with an honest grin, his letter, addressed in an angular hand to a place in the state of Maine.

"Well, little Missy, I got that chore done. Thankee kindly."

"Yes," she said. "I'm afraid I can't give you a stamp, though. All our stamps are Confederate stamps, and they wouldn't be good where that letter is going."

"No'm, I guess they wouldn't. But I kin get plenty stamps—never you fret about that. Thankee." He rolled his cap in his hands and looked at her uncertainly.

She shut the door, shot the bolt and leaned against the wall, panting.



Haste Makes Waste By Irvin S. Cobb (Continued from page 75)

to church twice on Sundays and not allowed to run around with other boys unless he did it on the sly; and so on and so forth.

Was it any wonder that now he was promising to turn into a regular young hellion? But even so was that any reason why he should be carted off to a reform school? Maybe if he'd been given a little affection in the first place he wouldn't be in the fix he was in now.

In a small way the case of the culprit became a town issue, and thereby Mr. Northcutt's general popularity was not immeasurably enhanced. But he held stanchly to his course. The ill-favor of the unthinking was part of the penalty a just man had to pay sometimes for being just—which reflection was soothing to him. Except in the court which today he had just quitted, he saw fit to vouchsafe no personal statement as to his position. In fact, he would have preferred not to vouchsafe it there. It was the circuit judge's attitude which forced him publicly to make it clear.

For a little while, indeed, the proceedings had taken on quite a controversial slant. His Honor had betrayed a softness of heart which Mr. Northcutt could but deplore.

Finally, though, the judge made surrender. He prefaced the act of capitulation by a short speech in which apparently he turned rather to the audience for support of his course.

"A very distasteful task has been put upon the Court," said Judge Leathers, in a troubled voice. "The Court is distressed that by compromise a middle course cannot be adopted here. I am loath to regard this fifteen-year-old boy as an incorrigible. His appearance does not bear out such a premise. It is true that he has declined to make acceptable answers to the questions propounded by the Court as well as by the Commonwealth attorney, in a joint effort to arrive at some conclusion as to his true state of mind. However, his reluctance to profess repentance for his alleged misdeeds need not necessarily be construed as showing a settled perversity.

"This is an embarrassing rôle for one so young as he is. A much older person, similarly placed, might possibly be excused for taking refuge in silence. I might add that, even assuming the worst of him, I infinitely would prefer to see him placed under some sort of reasonable restraint—on probation, let us say, and under penalty of punishment in the event of any further transgressions. I have so stated more than once during this hearing.

"On the other hand, we have the solemn and carefully considered allegations of this lad's uncle, who stands in the responsible relations to him of foster-parent and legal guardian. The Court would have no justification in assuming that Mr. Northcutt's attitude is not dictated by honorable intentions. And we have Mr. Northcutt's direct claim that he, as the person best qualified to fathom the workings of this boy's nature, is absolutely convinced that if suffered to go at liberty, his ward will inevitably become a prey to evil and vicious companionships with a prospect of becoming sooner or later a criminal. He declares further that all ordinary and rational methods of correction have failed, and he gives it as his deliberate opinion that in order to be reclaimed and made over into a useful and worthy member of society, the accused must be subjected during the formative periods of his youth to a more rigorous discipline of mind and body than is possible in a home.

"In view of these assumptions and these protestations, there is nothing for me to do except to accede to the desires of Mr. Northcutt." The old judge looked at the mute pouting boy. "Duncan Sloan," he said, "it is the judgment of this court that you be confined in the state reform school until you become of age, unless otherwise and for good cause sooner released."

"Mr. Sheriff," said Judge Leathers next, "it can serve no worthy purpose to keep this boy any longer in the county jail. He has been

there for the better part of a week already. I desire that he be removed thence immediately."

"If you please, your Honor, I can send him up the road this evening," stated the sheriff. "There's another boy goin' to Reform, too—that young Randall that was sentenced Tuesday of this week."

"Very well," said Judge Leathers, "let it be so ordered. Mr. Clerk, this court stands adjourned."

The sheriff's deputy, being a methodical and forethoughtful man, took no chances of losing his charges while en route up-state. In the drizzling autumnal twilight he herded them aboard a day coach, and the loafers at the station, pressing in toward the train with a common desire to miss no detail of the spectacle, saw the shine of the handcuffs that fastened the hunched-in, downcast, shambling pair by wrist to wrist.

AS FOR Mr. Northcutt, he that night prayed the prayer of the Pharisee. On his knees beside his bed at bedtime, as was his custom, he bowed his head and gave thanks to his God that he was not as other men. But it never occurred to him that he was even as the Pharisee. There at least was one distinguished character of olden times to whom he did not liken himself.

And as for the orphan, he became a proper young devil in a lively little hell-broth of a state-run hell. From one of his fellow inmates—this was an older and a more subtle-minded malefactor than he—he acquired the art of hating. He already had the rudiments, but now he was to take the full course. He became a postgraduate. He learned to hate various things and divers persons, but most of all he learned to hate with an unquenchable and a steadily growing hatred his uncle who had put him in this place.

From another teacher he, being an apt pupil, learned that the chief end in life, the great outstanding ambition you should have, was to get even with your enemies. He had a good teacher here. This instructor was one qualified to speak from experience. At seventeen he had stabbed a tyrannical stepfather; the stepfather had not died but the stepson hoped to finish the job when he got out.

But from the cleverest of all his mentors Duncan Sloan learned what for his present purposes was the most wise thing of all, which was that in a reform school acts of violent misconduct never paid any dividends. Outwardly and with seeming cheerfulness to obey the regulations; to curry the good will of the keepers; to profess with ruly lips a thorough penitence, no matter what rebellious thoughts ruled the brain; to be docile under restriction; to be uncomplaining and servile before taskmasters of whatsoever degree; to be a model of good demeanor—these were essentials for one who meant to fare best as a charge of a paternalistic commonwealth.

And so well did Duncan Sloan learn this lesson that he passed through the whole term of his imprisonment with never a single black mark against him. One upshot of this was that he finished out his term as the brag pupil of his class and the star performer of his workshop. And another upshot was that Mr. Cyrus Northcutt went to his lawyer and to the lawyer said that he wanted his will redrawn.

As the will stood now his estate would go, after a few trifling bequests had been paid, to the board of foreign missions of his church and to a theological seminary lately founded in the state back East where Mr. Northcutt had been born, to combat the new-risen heresy of modernism—equal portions to each. He recalled the terms of these benefactions to the lawyer's attention.

"This is what I'd like for you to do," continued Mr. Northcutt. "Leave the smaller legacies as they stand—they don't amount to much one way or the other. Cut down the share of the college from a half to a fourth.

Do the same thing with the fund for the missions—one-fourth instead of one-half."

"Quite so," said the lawyer. "That leaves approximately fifty percent of your estate intact. How do you wish this divided and for what purposes?"

"I'm coming to that now," said Mr. Northcutt. "I don't want that remaining fifty percent divided at all. On my death I want it to go, the whole lump sum, to my nephew, Duncan Sloan."

Coming from another, the announcement might have betokened a broad generosity. Coming from Mr. Northcutt it somehow only betokened a greedy and utterly selfish pride, as though in giving away the money he nevertheless meant to keep for himself something intangible but infinitely more precious.

"That astonishes you, hey? That astonishes you quite a good deal, hey? Well, it needn't. It's a thing that I've been contemplating doing for quite a spell of time, Waltour. Years ago when I was instrumental, all by myself, in sending that boy up yonder, some of the people in this town blamed me. They didn't exactly come right out and say it to my face—not that it would have made me change my mind once I'd made it up—but I knew. I could feel it; could guess what was going on and what was being said behind my back. But I had my own theories about the proper way to handle that case and they've been justified.

"Why, when I had that boy sent away he was headed straight for ruination in this life and everlasting perdition in the life to come. If he was going to be saved it would take strong medicine to save him. Well, I saw to it that he got the right medicine. And what's the result? Here's the result: He's been made over—re-generated, purified. Every three months all through these years and several times on his own accord—in fact, quite often—the warden has sent me a report on my nephew's conduct; frequently he's taken the trouble to write me a letter to come along with the report.

"WALTOUR, I'm proud to be able to tell you that in all the time that boys' been up there in that place there has never been a complaint against him. His record is perfect—absolutely perfect. He has learned a useful trade. He'll never be called on to follow it but he doesn't know that yet and the main point is that he's learned it. He has been a pattern and an example to the others there—I've got the word of the warden for it.

"I was as certain as I am of my own eternal salvation that that reform school could make a man of him if anything on earth could, and it has—it has, Waltour—a moral, God-fearing man he'll be. He went in filled with wicked impulses and potentialities for evil—I could see it. He's coming out purged and cleansed and reconstructed—he's coming out next week fitted to follow the paths of rectitude and right-living just as I've tried always in my dealings with my fellow-beings to follow along those same paths. And I want him to know that if I can inflict punishment when it is required, I also can hand out reward where it has been worthily earned.

"That boy is my nearest of kin. So I'm going to make him my chief heir—that'll be my way of proving to him that I repose every confidence in him as it also will be my way of showing the world my judgment was right. If I know the temper of this community it's going to go a long distance toward completely rehabilitating my nephew in the estimation of everybody when the word gets around that after I'm gone he'll be a rich man."

"You're right there, I guess," agreed Waltour.

"There's no guesswork about it. Now, then, you draw me up a new will to take the place of the one that's stored away in the bank. Send me the completed draft to look over—I don't know but what I might want to make some minor changes in it. Anyhow, I'll want to

read it over. I'll let him read it over, too. And if he has any suggestions to make about it I'll give them weight—yes, sir, I'll give them full weight and consideration. So hurry it along, Waltour, because he'll get out of that place next Tuesday and I've already sent the warden instructions to put him on the first train and send him along straight on to me."

On the first train it was; and straight home to his uncle's house, came the young Sloan. The uncle was waiting for his nephew in the same room where once punishment had been pronounced; was sitting at the same desk whereat he had sat on that day long past.

It was a sort of combination of sitting-room and office. It was where Mr. Northcutt was accustomed to take his ease and where also he balanced his accounts and transacted the more intimate affairs of his business. The big desk, a small old-fashioned iron safe, three straight-backed chairs, a swinging coal-oil lamp, a waste-paper basket, a heavy brass spittoon—these made up the principal items of its furnishings.

A woman was the sole witness of the meeting. This third party was a domestic in the employ of Mr. Northcutt. She belonged back in the kitchen but on this soft evening of the early spring curiosity to see the reunion brought her

away from her cook's stove and so it followed that when the youth entered she was standing behind an inner door peeping through a slitted opening and heard and saw all that happened.

Young Sloan gave no warning of his approach. It was as though he came by stealth. All of a sudden the knob of the front door turned and the door swung inward and on the threshold stood the returned one.

Mr. Northcutt got up from his chair. He stretched out his right hand. In his left one was a document-like flat packet enclosed in blue covers which, in the moment of rising, he had picked up from his desk.

"Nephew," said Mr. Northcutt, "all these years I've been waiting for you to come back. I've got something to show you." He took a forward step.

"Is that so?" answered young Sloan in a curiously flattened, calm voice. "Well, all these years I've been waiting to get back. And I've got something to show you. Here it is."

He extended his right hand. It held a small automatic pistol. He began shooting. He kept on shooting until the magazine was emptied. The last two shots were fired into Mr. Northcutt's back after Mr. Northcutt went down on his face. Striking, they lifted little flicks of dust out of his riddled coat

between the shoulders. From beneath the fallen man a broad bright smear spread.

The killer at first made no effort to get away. Being satisfied with his handiwork, he seemed content to abide by the consequences of it. He deposited his weapon on the table and sat down, quite composedly, to await the coming of officers of the law.

Presently, as he sat there alone with the body—the servant had fled away, screaming, as the shooting started—a whim of curiosity took possession of him. He bent over and drew from beneath one arm of the sprawled figure at his feet, that blue-covered paper and spread it out and with a quickening interest read it. Despite the lawyer's phraseology in which it was cloaked, its purport was plain enough. It was plain also that to make it a legal instrument it should have been signed and witnessed. It neither was signed nor witnessed, though. He had been too hasty for his own good—he realized that for himself without waiting to be told.

Then, all of a sudden, his composure fell away from him and his air of bravado with it, and he became desperate. Then he ran out of the open door but was caught an hour or so later, clammy and trembling and covered with a cold sweat, in a box-car in the railroad yards.

Delayed Fuse by Elliott White Springs (Continued from page 89)

in a vertical dive. He must have been doing a hundred and fifty miles an hour as he came over the fence, and he leveled off as if he was doing sixty. The airdrome was big as a Texas pasture, and he came shooting across like a comet, his wheels about two feet off the ground.

He saw the end of the airdrome rushing at him, and he decided that it was about time to get his tail down for a three-point landing. He went up about two hundred feet like a champagne cork in the ante-bicarbonate days.

This surprised him so much that he stalled, side-slipped and wiped off his undercarriage on a fence two hundred yards beyond the airdrome. He tried to give it the throttle, and would have got off the ground again if a fence post hadn't wrecked his tailplane, and he dug into the ground like a dog after a rabbit.

There was an American lieutenant up at Stamford then named Burton, chaperoning a squadron of mechanics. He had done a lot of flying at Mineola and Newport News, and had been an instructor for a while on Jennies. Contrary to our expectations and experiences, for American officers were poison-ivy to us, this Burton was a good lad and didn't rank a first lieutenancy in the nobility. He was even democratic enough to drink with us cadets.

He heard all about Carl's little impediment, and his conscience began to hurt him and his patriotism was aroused. Here was a fellow countryman in distress; he must render him aid and succor!

So he told Carl, between hot toddies, all about the proper remedy, and drew diagrams showing where the ground was situated and furnished him with foot-notes and glossary. He explained and demonstrated to Carl the correct method of judging altitude without the aid of an altimeter. He and Carl worked out the theory together.

According to the theory, the farther you got from a given object, the smaller it would appear in proportion to how big it really was when viewed from the immediate neighborhood. Thus, a big house from five thousand feet looked just the same size as a little house from one thousand feet and vice versa. Judging distances parallel to the ground is a natural function of the subconscious mind. Judging perpendicular distance or distance from an elevation can be made so.

By the same method, they argued, a pilot approaching a field should be able to tell exactly how high he was and how distant laterally, and from that figure out where he was going to hit the ground by adding or subtracting the wind velocity from his relative air speed.

Another good way was to watch the fields. From a thousand feet the furrows appeared close together, but as you lost altitude they spread out. If a pilot would keep his eye on the furrows he could tell when he was getting low enough to make a landing.

That was the beginning of the lecture, and from that Carl led him into the theory of representative perception, binocular vision and visual metemorphics. I could shut my eyes and almost think I was back at college listening to Kemp-Smith lecturing.

One thing led to another and Carl finally persuaded Burton to give him a few demonstrations. That was easy to arrange, and the next morning Burton came out to the airdrome and asked for a plane. He was told to help himself. They were all Jennies, 1915 model.

Burton put Carl in the front seat and took off. They were going up to twenty-five hundred feet, and Carl was to take over the controls and put the plane in a tight spiral and bring it down. Then, just at the right moment, he was to straighten out and glide in at just the right elevation with just the right amount of speed and land it gracefully in the middle of the airdrome.

They were going to practise this stunt until Carl could do it without any coaching from Burton. The idea sounded good, and we all watched with great interest.

They staggered off the ground and climbed to the proper altitude, and then we saw the plane go into a tight spiral as per schedule. It was a good tight spiral. If the motor had been on they would have hit their own backwash.

They were beyond the far end of the airdrome and over a big cultivated field, so we could imagine they were measuring the furrows and waiting for them to spread.

Down they came, spiraling merrily. And they kept right on spiraling. They'd have been spiraling yet if the ground hadn't stopped them. And it didn't stop them at first. But after they dug into it two or three feet it did. We jumped on the ambulance and rode down to the wreck.

Burton was leaning on a crumpled wing nursing a broken nose when we got there, and Carl was kicking up a terrible racket underneath the wreckage. We lifted the plane off his neck and found that he wasn't hurt much.

"What happened?" we all clamored. "Did your controls jam?"

"Look," said Burton feebly, pointing to the ground. "We thought this field was plowed. Look at it. It's been raked! No wonder the furrows wouldn't spread out!"

It was a couple of days before we stopped laughing.

But Carl had nerve and finally learned to land somewhere in the neighborhood of where he intended, but his methods were always a source of amazement and admiration to the British. They flew largely by ear. He had so much knowledge and loved to exploit his higher mathematics so much that the British made a bomber out of him, and they say he turned out to be the best they had.

We got split up when we got our commissions in March, and I went to the scout school and he went to the bombing school. Out at the front we were at different ends of the British line so I didn't see him but two or three times during the summer. But I heard all about the show he got decorated for in the fall.

It seems that he was such a rotten pilot they put him in the back seat and let him run the bombing end of the business without having to bother about the plane. One day after a bomb raid he was lagging behind over the target to get photographs of the damage done by the bombers and he was leapt on by five Fokkers.

He had a Lewis gun in the back seat and managed to hit one Fokker with a full deflection shot at an angle. He had to make allowance for the speed of the Fokker as well as his own speed and then add and subtract the angle of the Fokker's line of flight and the angle his trajectory made with his line of flight.

That sort of shooting requires trigonometry and clairvoyance and the total absence of a sense of humor. Trust him to get the right deflection if it could be done by differential calculus. And can you picture him, bouncing around in the gun ring, plotting a parabola, with five Fokker pilots shooting at him!

The other Fokkers managed to shoot the plane to bits while he was figuring inverse ratio and clearing a stoppage. One Fokker zoomed up underneath them and shot all the tail controls in two. They got away from the Fokkers by flopping down out of control.

The pilot was a resourceful beggar and got the nose up after dropping about ten thousand feet in a slow spin by using his motor, but he couldn't hold it level. So Carl got out of the gun ring and slid down the fuselage and balanced the plane by crawling up and down as the nose would rise or fall.

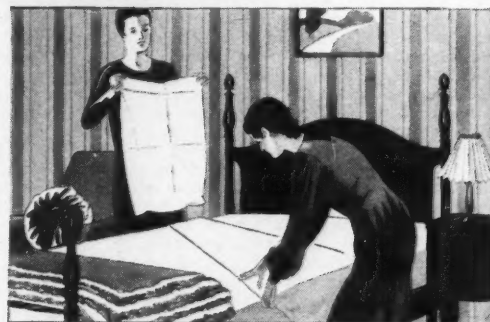
I heard that he worked the rudder with his feet, but I don't believe that. God had his hand on that rudder! I know a miracle when I see one.

Anyway, they got back and crashed on our side of the lines, and the British decorated him

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with the dishes**



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with the upstairs
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with your
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and his name appeared in all the papers from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand as the Galahad of the air.

I ran into him down at Chaumont in January. He'd been sent down there to write the history of the United States Air Service. When I got there he had just been fired after a colonel had read what he was writing and found that it wasn't what he wanted at all. I'll say it wasn't! The colonel wanted the war won on every page and Carl's history of the Air Service sounded like an article on the Navy by Billy Mitchell.

We both had orders to report to a base for passage home and we set out together with five hundred pounds of souvenirs and a clean shirt. All roads led to Paris so we arrived there late one afternoon with twenty-four hours to get on our way again. And any officer back from the front who lingered there more than twenty-four hours was as much out of luck as if he had failed to salute Pershing. Paris was a posted preserve and reserved for non-combatants.

We looked the town over and indulged ourselves very mildly in the joys of civilization.

Our train left the next afternoon at six. About noon we drifted to the Café de la Paix like everyone else and sat down by the sidewalk to sip a champagne cocktail and get news from home. A lot of people drifted by that we knew but we didn't see anybody we wanted to renew our acquaintance with and were about ready for luncheon, when something happened to take our minds off the race. Two French girls sat down at the next table to us and ordered a light *apéritif*.

Now I've seen girls and girls and girls and French girls. But these two were the greatest good for the greatest number. Their beauty was the kind that worked without any aid of the imagination, so even Carl could appreciate them.

Pretty, I'll say they were pretty—just ask me—ask me! They looked like they had stepped down out of a Kirchner print. First time I ever saw two pretty girls run together.

They weren't *cocolles*. They didn't look around and they were dressed quietly and in very good taste.

I stared at them and forgot all about Carl. Then I noticed that he was watching them too. No man with any part of a good eye could keep from watching them.

They kept looking at their watches and it was apparent that they were waiting for someone and were embarrassed at the delay. They didn't like the place.

One o'clock passed, and the waiter took another order. By one-fifteen, Carl and I had stiff necks. I called the waiter over.

"*Parlez-vous anglais?*" I asked him. That was about all the French I knew outside of the names of drinks.

"Sure," says he, "can I be of service to you?"

"Yes," I told him, "you can. Here's a five-franc note. Would you ask those two ladies at the next table if they would lunch with two American gentlemen? We will hail a taxi as soon as one comes by and if they care to join us, we will be honored. If they do not care for the invitation, we apologize and hope they will understand that we are but rendering the homage we feel for their charms."

I heard a long stream of French from the waiter and nothing from the girls.

"Guess we lose," I told Carl, "but it was sure worth one try."

"No," said Carl, "it wasn't. I am glad you did not succeed. Remember, we are on our way home and our train leaves at six. I've come through the war so far with a good record and I am not going to engage in any frivolity which might jeopardize my return. Besides, I am an engaged man, and if this thing should ever be rumored at home, I would lose the fruit of my labors. I'll take no chances."

I laughed.

"Don't laugh," he rebuked me. "I have no morals that I am endeavoring to foist upon you. I am merely an intelligent being, and I don't want to submit myself to the temptation of experiencing an emotion on a level with the lower animals and undisciplined soldiers."

"Morals, my eye!" I scoffed. "You'd better not try to foist any of your morals on me, you fortune-hunter. Isn't she a beauty—the one on the right?"

"I like the one on the left best," was his comeback to that.

We hailed a taxi and here came the girls. They got in and smiled and we got in after them and broke out in a broad grin.

"*Parlez-vous anglais?*" I tried.

"Non," said one. The other shook her head.

"These are good girls," I told Carl. "With the British and Americans in France for the last four years, if they don't speak English, we're either robbing the cradle or we've won the Grand National and discovered the long-lost vestals."

"*Parlez-vous français?*" one of them asked me.

And right then I made up my mind I was going to be a French scholar. She pointed at Carl who was frightened by his own iniquity and was sulking over in a corner of the taxi. He shook his head. That made it unanimous. We were the only four nice people in France.

We went to a little hole in the wall over in the Rue Caumartin where they had the best food in the world.

WE WERE sort of embarrassed by lack of conversation at first so devoted ourselves to getting outside a lot of cocktails and champagne. It looked as if we were going to have a very jolly little wake, but despite our lack of a medium of exchange we got along fairly well. Get me full of champagne and I can speak pretty good French with a heavy Latin accent.

Carl had picked up a few phrases from reading *La Vie Parisienne*, and it wasn't long before we were telling the girls the stories of our lives and a hundred other jokes.

They were much intrigued with our decorations, and we had to tell them in pantomime how we got them. They probably thought we got them in the submarine service, but it didn't make any difference.

I gathered that the girls were a dancing team waiting on an engagement at the Folies-Bergère. They had been waiting at the café to meet their booking-agent but he had evidently been detained. *Bonne chance!*

We suggested a motion-picture. The girls had a better idea. We would dance. Would we? Would we!

They wanted to learn the new American steps. Would we teach them? Would we! But where? There was no place to dance in Paris in the afternoon. Public dancing in Paris was forbidden then. You had to bootleg it in clubs at night.

They had a phonograph at their apartment. Would we like to come there? Would we!

We stopped somewhere and bought some champagne and then the girls took us to a big roomy apartment out beyond l'Étoile and Carl and I pinched each other to make sure this wasn't from the ether. I expected to wake up any minute to find a homely nurse making me comfortable by pulling the mattress out from under me.

We took up the rug and one of the girls put on an old record from "Miss Springtime." Did I dance? Oh, boy, ask me! Did I!

That girl didn't have any feet at all. She danced as if she was suspended from the clouds. I couldn't teach her anything about dancing—she was the one who invented it.

Our dancing got more and more involved. We had to stop and have some champagne.

Carl was in the same fix. He was over in a big chair with the girl sitting in his lap feeding him champagne.

I mentioned something to my little girl friend about catching a train, and she laughed right out loud when I pointed to the hour on my watch. I gathered from her conversation that I was not going to catch that train, or the next one, or the next one after that.

I quite agreed with her after I saw it was useless to argue.

But not so with Carl. That was not the sort of stuff he was made of. About five o'clock

there was a tremendous struggle over on his side of the room. He was trying to get up out of the chair to go catch the train. He finally emerged triumphant, but the girl cried like he was leaving her after sixty-seven years of felicity. That's what decorations and champagne do to women in war-time.

And Carl! His masculine mind was sure befogged. For the first time in his life he addressed me in slang.

"Ain't you ready to take off?" he stammered.

I laughed. My girl made a face at him. Then he glanced at his girl, who had her back to him and was crying. If she could have got her arms around his neck again, death could have stung him. But he got out of the door first.

She grabbed her hat and coat and went after him. Anyway she took him to the station, and he had a time keeping her from going with him. After that I missed every train the Frogs ran.

I sat in the front row at the opening of the show and threw roses at my girl until the ushers put me out and the next morning I walked into the office of the provost martial and reported my presence and asked to get my orders stamped. He took one look at the date on the orders and called for the guard. He told me I was under arrest. I laughed. I was still laughing when the guard took me down to Issoudun.

I finally got home. It didn't make any difference—but I did. I was glad I stayed long enough so I wouldn't ever have to go back, that was all.

It wasn't long before I began to hear some rumors about Carl. I ran into a man from Philadelphia and he told me a queer story. He said that Carl had come back about two months before in great splendor. His family and his girl met him at the dock, and all was rosy as per schedule. Then about two weeks later the engagement was broken off.

People who knew said he did it and suspected all sorts of wild things. Nobody knew anything definitely, but it was fairly certain that he was the one who got out of it because the girl was apparently heart-broken.

Then he put the finishing touches on the piece. Without any warning to anybody he married a stenographer in his father's office. That almost wrecked Philadelphia society.

I gave the young couple a decent time to get settled and then I exchanged wires with Carl and went down to spend an evening with him. And did I get an eyeful? Did I!

Carl wouldn't tell me anything about his back-firing romance, but after I was introduced to the blushing bride I didn't have to ask any questions. And I didn't have to strain my brain to figure it out. She was narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped and short-legged, but she was also a dead ringer for that girl in Paris! Enough like her to be a twin! Can you beat that? Can you! Beat it? You can't even tie it!

So harken unto my words of wisdom. Be as good as you can, but don't spoil the entire performance like the Spartan youth with the fox under his tunic, eating at his vitals. Remember that the days of thy youth are numbered, and old age is but full of regrets.

DAVE finished and poured himself a fresh drink.

"That's a good story, Dave," I acknowledged, "and you tell it well. But to finish the yarn properly, would you mind telling me what happened to the girl that Carl jilted? Did she ever get over it?"

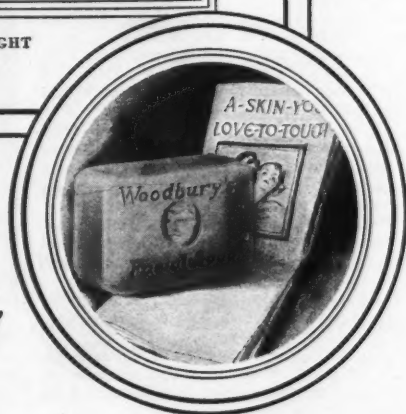
"Did she ever get over it?" he echoed. "Did she ever get over it? Did she! In a very short time she realized her mistake. In a very short time. In fact as soon as I saw what had caused the unfortunate termination of the affair, I called upon her to offer the benefit of my advice, and I soon convinced her how lucky was her escape."

"The next time you are in Philadelphia, stop in and have luncheon with me at the Union League, will you? Dear old place, Philadelphia. Such quaint streets—such quaint names! They call them after nuts—isn't that funny? Isn't it!"



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What About Your Child? by John B. Watson (Continued from page 77)

the brave but pure Sir Galahad who neither drinks nor smokes, who never takes advantage of a lady but succors those in distress and defends the right and takes up the burdens of the poor and weak?

Or will we continue in the direction of "freedom" and give up marriage completely for utter promiscuity, merely setting aside a certain number of women who will serve as breeders to keep the earth populated?

As a cure for the continued creation of our young in our own images the behaviorist suggests that we give up the home. This plan calls for the thorough training of those who are to bear children and the denial of that right to a woman not trained for it.

It would, I believe, call for the rotation of mothers and fathers to keep down strong parent-child fixations. Such a plan would give each child contact with many well-trained adults whose personalities differ as widely as possible. This contact is especially desirable during the very early plastic age (from birth to the fourth year).

PROBABLY the simplest plan is to have no such thing as parent-child relationship. But before such a plan can be put into operation society itself will have to change its ideas of human nature and learn how human beings can be trained to play their parts in and make the most of this new era of opportunity which suddenly has come upon us.

But isn't the behaviorist exaggerating the importance of this plastic age from birth to four? Can the human child be made or broken for all time at such an early age? Our conception of what a man is has changed greatly in the last few years. The old religious view (and still, alas, the view of the majority) is that God created man in His own image. No evolution for the holder of this view!

The fact that the divine workman made at the same time thieves and murderers, ne'er-do-wells and psychopaths does not disturb the fundamentalist. God made them for some inscrutable purpose of His own.

The religious parent usually shuts his eyes to the utterly hopeless state in which the Biblical view leaves him with respect to the upbringing of his children.

The biologists take another view. They hold that man had his beginning in the slime of some tropical shore; that man consequently is a creature of his biological ancestry—of his chromosomes. He is ninety percent born—environment is relatively of minor importance. Heredity is almost everything. The individual must turn out pretty much the same regardless of his training.

If he is born from bad stock, he will grow up to be a bad person. You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. The only way to improve human beings is to improve the stock by selective mating. This view leaves human beings unfortunate enough to be born already without much hope.

The behaviorists offer a third view, supported by some strong experimental evidence. The behaviorist says, "It wouldn't matter for my purposes whether God made the baby or whether his ancestral chromosomes made him. He is mine at birth and from that point on I make or unmake him. If he is healthy, if his reflexes are perfect at birth, if he has the use of fingers, toes, arms and eyes, I will shape him in any way I please."

The behaviorist doesn't care whether his ancestors were hung for horse stealing or burned at the stake as religious martyrs, whether his forebears came from the Mayflower or from Second Avenue. If the baby is all there at birth, he can become, depending upon his "slanting" or conditioning, a musician, poet, honest artisan or a dishonest thieving Jack of all trades.

Why did this belief in the utter mutability of behavior arouse so much antagonism when the behaviorist first advanced it? It was not

because of the evidence for or against it. No one examined that dispassionately.

Fundamentally, the reason that all classes fight it is because at heart nearly every individual, be he biologist or fundamentalist, is a mystic. It is difficult even for advanced thinkers to accept the view that man at birth is but an untrained ball of protoplasm and that the going concern he is to grow into is dependent almost wholly upon the kind of parents he has and the kind of environment he is to be nurtured in. Most people want to believe the human being is both an organic machine and a chip off the divine block.

And yet even if I were a religious man and ever prayed, I would pray to my deity to make the behaviorist's view true even if it were not true. And if I believed in fairies and had a wishing-ring, my first wish would be just this: May I have a free hand, guided by science at every step, to shape the destiny of my child. I ask for him no divine rights either from above or below. I ask no inheritance for him from his ancestors either near or remote.

It is this broad point of view that drove us into the nursery. What we found there has made us challenge a lot of moss-covered folklore about the make-up of human beings.

Suppose we take first the emotional nature of man. Is man born to love anything or anybody? Is love native to the human heart? Certainly literature teems with the theme that man is born to love.

And our fears! Folk-lore has it that we are born afraid of many things: strange and new situations, bright lights, snakes, and all earthy, clammy things like worms, fish and frogs. We are born afraid, too, they tell us, of furry animals, large and hairy animals.

And our angers, tempers and rages! The old wives' tale has it that good honest rage against the wrong is born within us. Even Hobbes, one of the earliest and best of the British philosophers, taught us that man's natural state is a state of war.

What does every-day observation reveal? Children and adults afraid of their shadows, cowering in the dark, running away from every aggressor, terrified at the sight of gun or revolver, afraid of death, afraid of life.

We see people so given over to temper and rage tantrums that they go about tearing up furniture, kicking dumb animals, shooting their hunting-dogs, beating up their families and offering to fight the universe. We see the love-sick and the forlorn; the child, crazy with love for father or mother, miserable when out of their sight and touch, deserted women who love and lose, mothers pouring out bitter tears over worthless sons. Everything seems to get charged with emotional currents.

Are we born with all this? Must we believe that these emotional ways of behaving are a part of our heredity? Or will experiments on the new-born show that loves and fears and rages have to be learned.

The results of our laboratory studies show that nothing will arouse fear in a child except loud noises and loss of support.

Take a new-born baby or an older baby whose history you know and strike a dish-pan behind his head. The baby stiffens, holds its breath, begins to cry and, if older, to crawl away. The same behavior is exhibited if the infant is lying quietly on a blanket and you suddenly pull it from under him.

Now try to scare him by flashing sunlight across his face while he lies in his crib in a dark room, make him feel fur or cotton-wool for the first time, bring in all kinds of furry and feathery animals and let him touch worms, frogs, fish and snakes—all are unavailing. Keep these things away from him for six months and then try him again. Still no fear. Only loss of support and loud sounds will call out that chaotic behavior we describe as fear.

But if loud noises and loss of support are the only fearsome objects in the world, how does it come about that thousands of things later in

life do call out fear? For a time an experimental approach which would yield an answer to this question baffled the behaviorist.

And then we thought of the conditioned reflex work begun in Russia by Pavlov and Bekhterev and continued in our own laboratory by Doctor K. S. Lashley and the writer.

Lashley showed that if you attach a simple apparatus to the human salivary gland you can measure the number of drops of saliva that regularly flow from it. Suppose the saliva is flowing normally from the mouth at the rate of two drops per minute. Now the way to make the gland secrete more rapidly is to apply a little acid—lemon-juice, vinegar, or two percent hydrochloric acid to the tongue. Acid solution is even at birth the natural, adequate or unconditioned stimulus to an increased flow of saliva.

Please note this now: I may show my subject a medicine dropper and a thousand other things and surround him with hundreds of tones and noises but they will have no effect upon the salivary gland. But if I fill the medicine dropper with acid and apply it to the tongue, the saliva begins to pour out at the rate of ten to twenty drops per minute.

After I have done this a few times, I have merely to let the subject see my hand carrying the medicine dropper toward the acid in order to make the saliva begin to pour out. In other words, the sight of the medicine dropper has borrowed the "kick" of the acid. We call this a visually conditioned glandular response.

So far as I know this was the first time the visceral or gut side of the human body was ever experimentally taught a habit. By this same method apparently you can make any object in the universe call out a salivary response—yet originally from birth only one thing (or at most a few) would. Association of ideas, you say? Nonsense. Even paramoecium or stentor (animals composed of a single cell) can be conditioned in a similar way.

Again it is well known that we have no voluntary or will control over the visceral portion of our body. You can't make your salivary gland flow faster or slower by willing, you can't make the digestive processes work or not work by willing or using ideas upon them. You can't make your heart beat faster or slower or cause your sweat glands to function at will.

This gut tissue of ours moves on in its own sweet rhythm. Until the behaviorist began his work, society did not know how to control it.

Now that we understand what is meant by conditioning, let's go back to the child and his fear. Let us take an eight-months-old baby who plays daily with his rabbit. I present him the rabbit in a basket as usual. But today, just as I uncover the rabbit and he touches it, my assistant strikes a dish-pan or a steel bar behind his head. Immediately he stiffens, lips pucker, crying begins, heart slows and then beats faster, respiration slows and then becomes more rapid, he falls over on his side and starts to crawl away.

Let him get quiet and again repeat the experiment. A few trials and the rabbit now has all the "kick" of the loud sound. Just show him the rabbit and the fear begins.

We have produced a conditioned emotional reaction. One simple experiment shows us how the environment builds in fears. *Our fears are not born in us.* Fears of every kind result as a part of home conditioning.

Surely the principle is clear. We don't have to inherit our fears. The vague chaotic reaction we make at birth to a loud sound and to loss of support is all we need to build on.

And love. It grows up in the same way. What makes the child smile, gurgle, coo? One very simple thing—one only. Stroking of the skin. Who first and most often strokes the skin of the infant? The mother. She bathes it, pats it, rocks and pets it.

Soon the sight of the mother's face, the

(page 77)

me an experi-
field an answer
viorist.
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Loveliness...

Renowned throughout all England

... VISCOUNTESS CURZON'S Sublime Anglo-Saxon Beauty

IKNEW she was one of the six most beautiful women in England! But when I met the Viscountess Curzon at tea in the blue-and-beige drawing room of her London house she cast a spell upon me.

A soft fire threw its gleam on silver tea-things; a low lamp cast turquoise shadows upon a deep couch. From the latter, there rose to greet me the most bewilderingly lovely creature I had ever beheld.

As we chatted, the firelight playing on the rose-leaf contours of her cheeks, dancing in the blue pools of her eyes, warming the pale gold of her close-cropped hair, I thought to myself, "Her tall, blonde Anglo-Saxon beauty, the proud, delicate moulding of her face would have turned Queen Guinevere green with envy!"

A silver English voice broke my reverie.

"What are you staring at?"—naturalness is one of Lady Curzon's most captivating traits.

"You! Rude, I know,—but you must be used to it! I was lost in your beauty!"

"Rubbish! A sensible American isn't going to break into verse over a creature

life is favorable to good color and a smooth fresh skin, you know. But this very fact has the effect of making us English women take all the more care of our complexions."

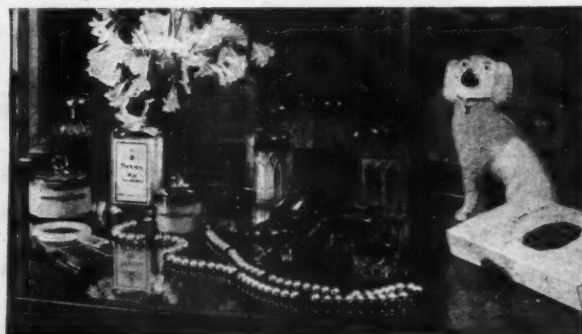
She snatched the word "How" gaily from me. "It's quite simple, my way," she said. "I just use a pure fine cleansing cream made by Pond's. And every now and then I tone up my skin with Pond's Freshener. Pond's Cleansing Tissues—they're ever so soft—remove and absorb the cleansing cream thoroughly."

Your skin, too, should know this way to loveliness that Lady Curzon finds so effective.



The beautiful VISCOUNTESS CURZON married her cousin and united two branches of a distinguished English house. Lady Curzon, who is destined to become one day the Countess of Howe, is a fascinating, witty and sparkling figure in the most brilliant gatherings of English society. Above, as she appeared representing England at the Empire Ball given at the Albert Hall

On Lady Curzon's dressing-table stand jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams and Freshener—guardians of the faultless complexion of one of England's six most beautiful women



When Lady Curzon presented her daughter at Court this year she was as dazzlingly young as the débutante who curtsied by her side

tive. Always, at night and after daytime exposure, cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. The new Tissues, soft, ample, fine, absorb both cream and dirt.

Then, refreshed and cleansed, your skin responds to the tonic touch of Pond's Skin Freshener, glows with new radiance!

A delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps your powder smooth and fresh for hours on end!

MAIL COUPON WITH 10c—A generous trial package of Pond's four delightful preparations awaits you.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. Dept. K
112 Hudson St., New York City

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1928. Pond's Extract Co.

Photographs by Hugh Cecil

old enough to have presented her daughter at court this year!"

"You haven't . . . she wasn't . . . You, with your twenty-year old complexion . . ."

I was incoherent in my disbelief.

"I have . . . She was . . . It only stays twenty because I take marvelous care of it"—and the upward cadence of rippling laughter crinkled that came-clear face into a beguilingly crooked smile.

Instantly she became serious. "English



It's the lather that does it!

YOUR shave is only as good as your lather. It's what goes on in the lather that determines whether you're going to get a swift, sweet, cool, smooth shave.

Mennen Shaving Cream with its exclusive principle of *dermutation* was developed on the proven theory that only when your beard has been properly softened can your razor do its best job.

Dermutation is that special action in Mennen lather which starts to work the minute you touch brush, cream and water to the face. It develops instantly in the rich, luxurious bank that rolls up under your brush. It softens completely the tough, fibrous hair shafts. No more need for messing or rubbing with your fingers. *Dermutation* relaxes and levels the tiny skin moulds at the base of the hairs so that the razor cuts the beard clean and close without nicking or scraping or scratching the skin. No soreness. No rawness. No free caustic to burn or parch or smart. And Mennen works equally well in cold or hard water. Five soothing emollients in Mennen lather tone up and freshen the skin, leaving it smooth and fit.

Also Made Menthol-iced

A dash of menthol gives a cool, bracing zip to the lather that's refreshing and reviving. Those who like it, can have it and *dermutation*, too—because we now make Mennen Shaving Cream two ways—with and without menthol. 50c either tube.

Mennen Talcum for Men

It's a man's face comfort—this Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tinted, doesn't show. Removes face shine and soothes the skin. 25c per tin. Also in stick form—50c.



sound of her voice or of her footsteps, the sight of her dress, her photograph, call out the love response. And now the preacher, the exhorter, the writer of poetic drivel, have something with which to stir us up—mother love.

The negro mammy in the South is just as much loved as the real mother until society steps in and draws distinctions. No mother adopting a nice healthy baby at birth need feel that she has lost anything by not having given birth to the child—she will love it as her own and will be just as beloved in return.

And our rages and temper tantrums are just as easily understood. What puts the newborn in a rage? Only one thing—restraining his movement. Hold his head in one position, his feet, legs, trunk in another. Don't hurt him. Just restrain his movements.

Soon a yell begins, his mouth opens wider and wider. He doesn't breathe and his face becomes blue. Do this often enough and soon the sight of the person who has handled him badly calls out rage.

Now you know why children often hate their nurses; you can understand why you "hate" some people you see for the first time. They look enough like someone who restrained you in your youth, to throw you back into your old infantile way of behaving.

Our conclusion then is: emotional behavior is built in from birth. The early emotional behavior is simple, just about on a par with the infant's aimless slashing about with arms and legs. The home, the street, the school, the town, begin to work upon these simple emotional beginnings. Soon everything gets "charged."

By the time you are two or three years of age your emotional patterns are well laid down. You are a shy baby, a baby afraid of its shadow, a baby given to tantrums and rages, a baby that whines and cries every time its mother leaves the room. Lucky are you if you escape this emotional nurture.

But surely the human being is born with a lot of instincts. They do not have to be taught, do they? Man is credited with a long list of instincts: climbing, imitation, emulation, rivalry, pugnacity, anger, resentment, sympathy, hunting, fear, appropriation, acquisitiveness, kleptomania, constructiveness, play, curiosity, sociability, shyness, cleanliness, modesty, shame, love, jealousy, parental love.

Suppose you actually watch a few hundred individuals from birth until they are a year or two old. Pretty soon you begin to ask yourself: When are these instincts going to appear? Finally you get discouraged about finding them. You begin to make special tests to see if any of them are even nascently present.

For example, let us take a simple one—the use of the right or left hand. Ninety-six percent of us are said to be born right-handed and about four percent left-handed.

We have made thousands of tests upon the early use of the hand. It is a well-known fact that the new-born youngster will grasp a pencil or small stick and hang onto it, and he will do this with either right or left hand.

Suppose we time the act first for the right hand and then for the left. We find that today he hangs on longer with the left hand but yesterday he did just the reverse. The greater use of right hand over left does not appear.

Next let us measure the length of the forearm, the width of the wrist and the width of the hand at the knuckles, to see if one hand possibly may be favored anatomically over the other. No such difference in size exists.

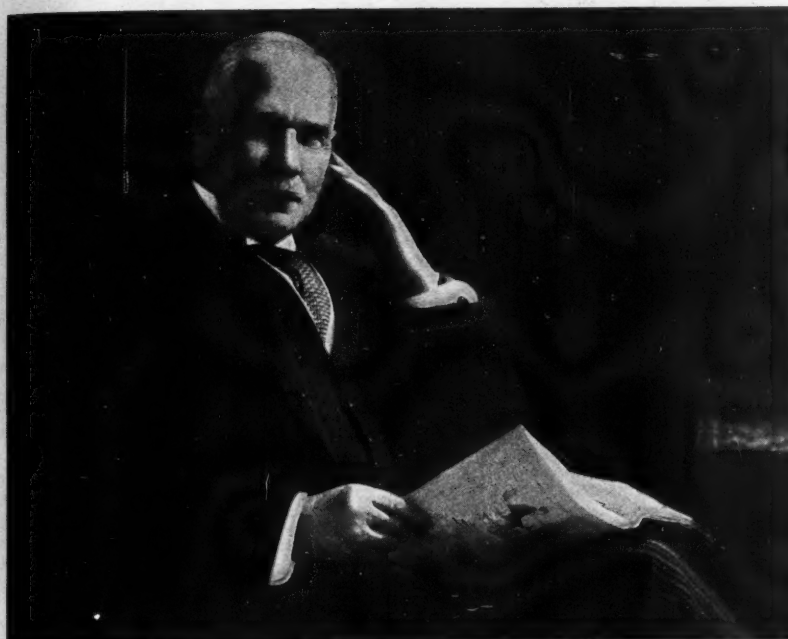
Again the child has to learn to reach. We begin in the laboratory to teach this to every child at about 125 days of age—at 150 days nearly every child is a pretty proficient reacher. At 150 days, hold a stick of candy in front of one of your subjects and see which hand is used. If you haven't slanted him, he will reach just as well with one hand as with the other.

It seems to be quite clear that handedness is something the child has to learn. He is conditioned in the use of his hands.

Let us take another asserted instinct, that

"Civilization's curse can be conquered," says England's Great Surgeon

SIR W. ARBUTHNOT LANE, Bart., C. B.



Famous Guy's Hospital, London

Three years ago SIR W. ARBUTHNOT LANE founded, with other prominent Britons, the now famous New Health Society, which is teaching millions how to lead healthier lives. Baronet, Companion of the Bath and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Sir Arbuthnot has won the following distinctions in his field: Fellow, Royal College of Surgeons; President, Fellowship of Medicine; Consulting Surgeon Guy's Hospital and Hospital for Sick Children; creator of modern methods of surgery copied throughout the world.

"CONSTIPATION is civilization's curse. A shortage of Vitamin B is responsible for this complaint. Fresh yeast is particularly rich in Vitamin B. It stimulates intestinal action and has a most important effect on constipation and its related digestive troubles. The shortage of Vitamin B in the usual diet is most readily made up by fresh yeast."

W. Arbuthnot Lane

WHEN Sir William Arbuthnot Lane speaks the world listens!

Long famous as a brilliant surgeon, Sir Arbuthnot is today recognized as one of the greatest exponents of preventive medicine, health education and dietetic reform that England has ever known. He has devoted his life to the study of the intestinal tract.

In a recent interview Sir Arbuthnot made

the characteristically forceful statement that constipation is "civilization's greatest curse." In his opinion constipation can be overcome through the important corrective food—fresh yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is as fresh as any garden vegetable. Unlike dangerous cathartic drugs, which "scour out" only the lower intestine, yeast keeps the entire digestive tract naturally clean, active—healthy.

In a recent survey covering every state in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed this remarkable food for health.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a cake before each meal or between meals. To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Sold wherever food is sold.



THROAT, stomach, intestines form one continuous tube. When the colon is clogged poisons spread quickly throughout the system. Colds, headaches, skin and stomach disorders develop. To be radiantly well and happy keep the entire intestinal tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

for HEALTH





GIVE YOUR LOVELY GOWNS A CHANCE!

REALLY, do you think it is fair for you to expect even the prettiest of garments to look well on you if you are hobbling along, flinching, suffering with foot aches?

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

is helping one and a half million women to the fullest enjoyment of their pretty clothes. It is giving them the full activity of youth; it is giving them smartness and charm.

You have active, vigorous feet when you wear the Paris-New York styled Arch Preserver Shoe, because this shoe has a special concealed arch bridge that prevents sagging, a flat inner sole that prevents pinching, and a metatarsal support that prevents distortion—patented features found in no other shoe.

Your feet are happy, and they carry you along buoyantly, eagerly—to the fullest enjoyment in work and the keenest delight in fun.

Every woman should read the interesting booklet, "Feet—the New Source of Youth and Smartness." Send for it and name of dealer who has the latest styles in Arch Preserver Shoes for you and your children.



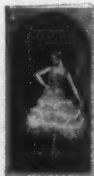
The Verona



Made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O., for men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

THE SELBY SHOE CO.
912 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send book No. O-12 "Feet—the New Source of Youth and Smartness."

Name
Address
City State



of cleanliness. In hundreds of observations of young children, I never have seen one who would avoid the stickiest mess I could concoct in the laboratory.

Nor is there the slightest tendency toward cleanliness of person. After the baby has wet or soiled himself a few times the skin becomes irritated. He cries then because he is hurt, not because his instinct of cleanliness has been insulted. Cleanliness and neatness, like politeness, have to be built in.

The baby even has to learn to crawl. No two infants ever learn to crawl exactly alike. Slowly, too, they have to learn to stand, walk, climb, swim and hunt. Their vocational bents and aptitudes are equally a part of their nurture.

But how about artists, musicians, philosophers and scientists? Is there nothing in the heritage of special abilities, temperament, character, mental ability? Doesn't the father hand down his special gifts? So far as we can judge, this kind of inheritance is a plain fairy-tale. The early slanting given in the home will account for all the facts as we see them.

Instincts, then, according to our findings, in the sense of complicated behavior patterns ready to function at birth, just do not exist in the human being.

Let us think of the infant then as being born without prejudice so far as concerns the behavior patterns he will later put on. He has

two arms, two legs, ten fingers, ten toes and flexible vocal cords. Under the influence of stimuli (under our control almost completely so far as the outside is concerned) he squirms with his fingers, arms, toes and trunk.

We can take these squirmings and tie them together by the method of conditioning in any way that society demands. We can make him eat with his fork or his knife, play on the piano or turn up his nose at it, paint with the artist's brush or with the whitewash brush.

We can nurture him with or without fear—to be sulky and temper-ridden or cheerful and sunny, to steal other people's property or give it a holy respect. We can teach him to be an orator without knowing how to think—or a thinker without knowing how to orate. If all of these things are not under the control of society, then the behaviorist has made an awful havoc of his life's work.

The behaviorist's view then gives us a chance to clean house. Under the instructions of religion, philosophy and unsound biology have chained all of our family skeletons to the shoulders of our new-born children. Wouldn't it be a relief to find that the behaviorist is right—that we can start over with each child and give him his chance, regardless of our own shortcomings or those of our ancestors?

Even if the behaviorist is only ninety-five percent right, isn't his theory by all odds the safest one under which to rear children?

Most Men Are by Royal Brown (Continued from page 83)

head. "You might get away," he told her shrewdly.

"How could I?"

He actually appeared to consider that, while the gale howled outside. Then he shook his head again, and offered her his cigarette.

"No, thanks," Connie told him. "People don't offer cigarettes they've had in their own mouths, you know."

"Then try this end," he commanded, and held the lighted tip toward her lips.

She could feel its glow sear her, was terribly afraid he might thrust it closer. But she forced her eyes to meet his.

"Don't be silly!" she said disdainfully. "You know I can't smoke that way. You're—you're not as crazy as all that."

This seemed to amuse him mightily.

"Sometimes I'm not crazy at all," he assured her proudly. "I can think and talk like anybody. You'd never know I was different from other people. I don't think the man on the truck knew I was crazy. Not at first, anyway. Perhaps afterwards."

"What truck?" prompted Connie.

Every minute helped, she hoped. When she failed to arrive at Bolton, Pryce or somebody would telephone and a search begin.

"The truck that gave me a lift—after I'd killed the guard and escaped. He was all right at first, but then he began to act funny and so I—"

"But how did you find my house—know where I lived?" asked Connie hastily. She just preferred to change the subject somehow.

"The truck driver told me," he explained calmly. "But I didn't drive right up—I knew better than that. Crazy people are awfully smart some ways, you know. I just left the truck and took the jack handle from behind the seat."

"The jack handle?" echoed Connie.

"Truck drivers carry them there—in case anybody tries to hold them up. They hit them over the head with it. Just as"—complacently—"I hit the truck driver and your chauffeur."

"Edward?" gasped Connie, horrified.

"He sat in the car waiting," he explained, "and I watched him. Then he got out to look at the headlight and I hit him."

"You—you didn't kill him!" she gasped.

"I think so," he assured her calmly. "I felt warm all over—the way I do when I kill people. And I dragged him into the bushes

and took his cap and coat and waited until you came and—"

He turned abruptly, and crossed the room. Her eyes followed him. What was he going to do now? Then her tenseness relaxed. He was trying the faucets over the sink but nothing came.

"Too bad," she managed. "I'd like a drink."

He grinned at her, over his shoulder. "Pump in the shed—I'll get you one."

He disappeared and Connie struggled desperately to free herself until she heard him returning. Then, swiftly, she composed herself to an attitude of serene calm. Yet:

"Couldn't get loose, could you?" he mocked. He held the glass of water not to her lips, but an inch away. "How much do you want it?" he asked maliciously.

"Not very much, thank you," retorted Connie.

He raised the glass above her head, let a few drops spill downward.

"That's what the Chinese do," he gloated. "They let drops fall on people's heads until they go crazy, like me. I read it in a book."

"Oh, that," Connie said scornfully, "would never drive anybody crazy. It—"

She caught her breath there, but only because he suddenly had emptied the glass of water over her head and this last indignity was too much. Her ankles were bound, but she kicked out at him with both feet as hard as she could.

The glass clattered to the floor as, infuriated, his fingers clutched her throat.

"Help—help!" she clamored, frantically—and was choked off.

Free use of her vocal cords would have availed her little anyway. Eagle's Erie Inn was isolated, and even Bill Biddle was still two miles away. He had reentered his car but was lighting a cigarette at the moment, still considering the sign-board and his next move.

"Oh, well," he decided, "it's only two miles and there may be a caretaker there. Or somebody near by who can lodge me for the night."

Lodging for the night was his only requirement from life at that instant. It had been his idea when he had left Boston to push through to a shooting-camp in New Hampshire.

He had made his mind up suddenly during the afternoon. He had felt restless, in need of a change. And at last he had yielded to

The Way to Remove Dingy Film from Lovely Teeth

Film forms on teeth and gives them that dull, "off-color" look. It fosters serious tooth and gum disorders

WHAT robs teeth of ivory brightness? What makes them more discolored one time than another? And why, when looking their worst, do teeth decay more rapidly, gums grow sore and sensitive?

These questions dental science answers in three words—"film on teeth." What film is, how it acts, are told below. To combat it successfully where ordinary brushing fails, a special film-removing dentifrice is used, called Pepsodent.

Look for FILM this way

Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating—that is film. An ever-forming, ever-present evil in your mouth.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and gray. Germs by the myriad breed in film, and germs with tartar—a hardened film deposit—are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film invites the acids of decay.

And it is remembered that before this special film-removing method the prevalence of dental troubles was alarmingly on the increase.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. The new-found agents in Pepsodent curdle and loosen film. Then brushing takes it off.

This is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth cleaning methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

Fights decay—firms gums

Other new-day agents in Pepsodent increase the alkalinity of saliva. They neutralize the acids which form from starch in foods and cause decay. Its use aids in firming gums.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully these requirements of the dental profession of



MOST PEOPLE'S TEETH are naturally lovely and white. What darkens and turns them "off color" is found to be film, a stubborn film that ordinary brushing will not remove successfully, says dental science.



Dentists know the secret of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

today. That's why in 58 nations its acceptance among dentists is universal.

Give Pepsodent 10 days

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film for a few days and see teeth lighten. Between your dentist and Pepsodent you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

Get it wherever dentifrices are sold, or write to nearest address below for a free 10-day tube.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E. 1. Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth



(Above) "Pinaud's Lilac keeps your skin in prime condition, makes it look fresh and clear," says C. E. Landsberry, a leading salesman of the Metropolitan Life

(Left) "No fear of infection when your skin's protected by Pinaud's Lilac," declares J. F. Farrell, who stands high on the Metropolitan Life's star sales list

Leading Salesmen of the Metropolitan Life find this skin bracer invaluable

A FAMOUS skin bracer, Pinaud's Lilac, not only gives the look of health, but actually makes a skin healthy, leading salesmen of great corporations declare.

Its tonic qualities, they say, have



Pinaud's Lilac imparts a wonderfully live, clean feeling to the skin; soothes nerves; tightens muscles, prevents after-shaving infections

"There's nothing that rids you of skin-fatigue like Pinaud's Lilac," says S. F. Travis, who has an enviable sales record at the Metropolitan Life

the same stimulating effect on the muscles of the face that exercise has on the whole body.

Like exercise, it sends the blood rushing to feed the surface of the skin. It braces sagging tissues, delays pouches and wrinkles, keeps the skin young.

And Pinaud's Lilac is antiseptic, too. It sterilizes after-shaving nicks; absolutely prevents blemishes and infections.

Buy Pinaud's Lilac at your drug or department store—today. Slap it all over your face after every shave. You will enjoy its fresh, outdoor odor of lilacs.

FREE: good-sized sample bottle of this famous skin bracer—write today to Pinaud, Incorporated, Dept. B-1, 220 East 21st St., New York.



Look for Pinaud's signature on every bottle

PINAUD'S LILAC

Copr. 1928, Pinaud, Inc. THE FAMOUS SKIN BRACER

the temptation to get away from Boston; in foregather in the open spaces where men were men and girls with all too scarlet mouths and impudent noses were absolutely nothing.

And here he was—triple asterisk the luck—lost in a blizzard.

The snow drove in at his wind-shield; it was like trying to drive through a feather bed. He still had no idea that any damsel was in distress anywhere; he felt he himself needed all the sympathy he had at his command.

This, however, would hardly have been Connie's idea of it. She had been granted a respite, the choking fingers had relaxed their hold.

"No—no," the madman was muttering, almost regretfully. "I mustn't do it that way. It makes me warm—but not warm enough."

He was not speaking to her, only to himself. "I could burn her," he went on, in the same tone. "Pour kerosene over her and burn her."

"Oh," Connie protested, steadying her voice as best she could, "you mustn't burn me—because you'd burn the house up too, you see."

It reached through to him, miraculously.

"I know," he assured her confidentially. "That's what I did to the proprietor. He went up into the haymow with a jug of hard cider—went up to get good and drunk—and I set fire to the hay. The barn burnt up and the horses and the cows. It made me warm—warm. And I'll burn you up and the hotel too."

"Now," interrupted Connie sharply, "you're talking simply crazy. Don't you see that if you burn the hotel up you'll have to go out into the snow? You'll shiver all over."

"The thing to do is to wait until morning," she went on desperately. "And you can tell me all about the things you've done—and how nice and warm they made you feel."

"And I can torture you," he exulted.

He turned and scanned the room, crossed to the range and picked up a poker inside it. He opened the fire-box and thrust the end of it in among the glowing coals.

"I'll get it red-hot and burn your eyes out," he leered at Connie, over his shoulder.

At that point, for the first time in her life, Connie fainted.

The madman paid no attention to her. He stood by the stove now, withdrawing the poker and examining its end from time to time. Minutes passed. Then, abruptly, his head went up. The searchlight of a car had swung across the kitchen windows; a second later the car stopped outside.

Bill had arrived. He noted another car standing outside, saw that a light burned in the office and stepped out to investigate further.

The office was deserted and chill as a tomb. "Probably only a caretaker here," thought Bill.

The register, he noted, still lay open on the desk. He crossed and glanced at it, glimpsed the last date of entry:

OCTOBER 12TH, 1927

This held his eyes only an instant. Then they lifted and—well, if anybody's blood can freeze, Bill's touched zero.

For there is a difference between touring No Man's Land during night sorties, where one expects things to happen, and glancing up into a mirror in a country hotel and seeing a man with a red-hot poker which he is about to bring down on your head.

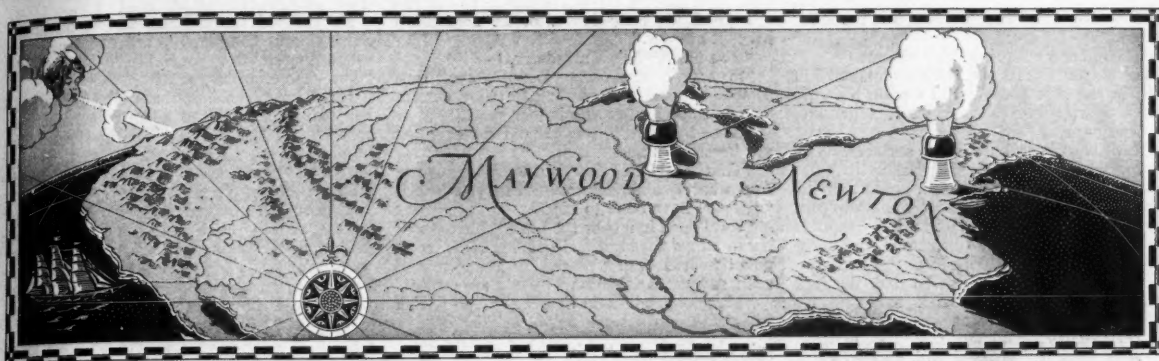
It came down, but not on Bill's head. He had demonstrated that a man with his blood frozen can jump six feet sideways if properly inspired.

"Say," he spluttered indignantly, "what do you think—"

He jumped again. The chap with the red-hot poker was apparently a man of few words. He preferred action to argument.

Accordingly Bill sprinted around the office table, swung a chair across his pursuer's path and saw the latter crash.

The chap, however, had not let go of the poker and he was getting to his feet.



In Maywood, Ill.

—Hard Water

In Newton, Mass.

—Soft Water

Gillette Blades shave smoothly, gently, surely—in 48 states!

YOU know how hard it is to lather with water in Maywood, near Chicago. How easy it is in the soft water of Newton, Massachusetts.

The Gillette Blade never gets the same shaving job twice, even on the same face. Water, weather, nerves, and sleep and soap all set up special shaving conditions for your next shave.

Perhaps you can control them all. Perhaps not. One thing you can count on—that when your face is ready, the Gillette Blade will slide along easily, cleanly, swiftly, and leave your face refreshed, natural, comfortable.

Gillette puts this dependable "face value" into every blade. Almost half of all Gillette people are skillful inspectors, paid double when they find a single blade that may not do the superb job. And even these people are paid to find mistakes in instruments adjusted to hone and strop to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

The job that a Gillette Blade must do is to make an easy, comfortable shave. Whether you hurry or loaf, lather or slap—whether the water is soft or hard, the Gillette Blade must do its part well for every Gillette user. That means eight men out of ten from Maine to San Diego.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



To be sure of a smooth, comfortable shave under any conditions, slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor.

Gillette



"This way out," thought Bill, and made for the door.

Once outside he sprinted for his car.

The starter did its bit, the clutch slipped in and the car shot ahead. Bill was on his way, ready to slip into second when something checked him.

"Good Lord—is he chasing somebody else around with that poker?" he gasped.

One foot went to the clutch pedal and the other to the brake. Bill didn't want to return to this most inhospitable inn but—well, it had been a woman who screamed and there was only one thing for him to do.

From the rear of the seat he took the jack handle—Bill knew that trick too—and returned. This time he was wary. He opened the door gingerly and ducked. Just in time. "Well, take it," grunted Bill, and let drive with the jack handle.

The other man crumpled at his feet, completely out.

"I wonder if—if I've killed him," thought Bill unhappily.

Then, his head clearing, he remembered that a woman had screamed. He gripped the poker firmly. He was jumpy, the whole thing was eerie.

"Who—who screamed?" he croaked, in a voice that even he did not recognize.

There was no answer for a moment. Then, "I—I did," answered a voice that Connie herself did not recognize.

"Where are you?" Bill asked, more normally.

"In—in the kitchen," answered Connie.

The kitchen, surmised Bill brilliantly, must be beyond the dining-room and the dining-room was entered, he supposed, through the swinging doors. It was. Also it was dark but the kitchen was lighted. He reached the threshold, proceeding warily.

On the threshold he ceased stepping.

"Good Lord!" he gasped incredulously.

"What are you doing here?"

"Oh, don't stand there staring like an idiot!" she snapped. "Come in and untie me."

He managed to resume locomotion and, after some preliminary fumbling—which she seemed to hold against him, too—to free her. To do so, of course, he had to relinquish his only weapon of offense and defense, and by the time he had finished he had forgotten it.

CONNIE did not even bother to thank him. "Bloolie!" she announced, as she stretched arms and legs. "My feet both feel dead. As for my arms—" She broke off, slipped one hand into the pocket of her coat. From there she produced an enameled compact and snapped it open. "And how my nose shines!" she murmured as, holding the little mirror before her, she proceeded to remedy the defect.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you and all that," she said, very sweetly. "You came in what is known as just the nick of time. What happened, anyway?"

"Happened?" echoed Bill. "I got lost in the storm and was looking for a place to lay my head and a chap came at me with a red-hot poker."

Connie shivered. He noticed that and she saw that he did. And promptly stopped shivering. She wasn't going to admit that she had been scared, never would confess that she had fainted and was even prepared to deny she ever had screamed.

"It's cold here," she said instead, although as a matter of fact the kitchen was getting warm now. And added, airily, "That was the poker he was going to burn my eyes out with, of course."

"Burn your eyes out?" gasped Bill.

"As," added Connie, as one might discuss the weather, "a preliminary to pouring kerosene over me and burning me."

"What?" gasped Bill.

"He said it would make *him* feel nice and warm, you see," she explained.

"Why, he—he must be crazy!" exploded Bill.

"The lad is clever!" mocked Connie. "As a matter of fact I believe several alienists so

diagnosed his condition after he committed his first murder."

"You mean—he's a murderer, too?"

"Murder," explained Connie—she was, somehow, actually beginning to enjoy herself, "seems to be his favorite indoor sport."

"But—but how on earth did he ever get you here?" demanded Bill.

"That," said Connie, "is a long, long story. And what I'm more interested in just now is what you have done to him!"

"I walloped him over the head," Bill assured her in a tone that testified that his earlier compunction had been replaced by a sincere and even savage satisfaction. "He's out—cold!"

"Much obliged," said Connie. "And Father will thank you, I suppose."

"And, of course, Pryce will thank me," supplemented Bill.

He hadn't intended to say that. At least not in *that* tone—as if he felt bitter.

"And Pryce, too," acquiesced Connie, apparently not thinking anything.

There was silence for a moment. He looked at Connie; Connie whose pensive regard seemed focused on the compact—a rather sizable one, comprising a full feminine artillery—that she still held in her fingers.

Then, "I read of your engagement this morning," he ventured, a shade stiffly, "and as this is my first chance to wish you—"

"Good luck?" mocked Connie. "Rather odd surroundings for that. And besides, you know, it's Pryce you feel you should wish luck—knowing me as you do. I'll bet"—her lifted eyes challenged his—"that you told yourself he deserved a better fate!"

Bill hesitated. Then, "Well, if you must have it, I did," he assured her coolly. "You'll be a handful for any man, you know."

He managed a plausible, if somewhat crooked smile. But her eyes had gone beyond him. He turned swiftly.

"Good Lord!" he thought incongruously.

"That baby must have a tough head!"

The madman, in full possession of his physical powers again, was poised on the threshold. He had retrieved the poker and although it no longer glowed, to Bill it presented formidable and unpleasant possibilities. He was, obviously, about to wield it, would have sprung at Bill in another second had not something whizzed by Bill's nose toward his.

This was Connie's compact. It took the intruder solidly between the eyes.

After that things happened too fast for any thought. Bill snatched up the handle to the tire jack as the maniac let out a bellow of rage and hurled himself at Connie. All in a split second, but by that time Connie was on her feet, holding the chair in which she had sat in front of her, warding her assailant off.

Nevertheless, she was being forced rapidly back toward the glowing stove when Bill struck with every ounce that was in him.

"O-oh!" gasped Connie involuntarily, as the echo of that impact filled the kitchen and the madman sagged to the floor at her feet.

Bill merely grunted. "He's not dead," he announced pessimistically. "He'll probably live to commit more murders and still be solicitously preserved for posterity. But he's not going to get another chance to roam here foot-loose. Pass me those cords, please."

Connie's knees shook absurdly but she managed to obey, handing him the cords that had bound her.

"I," announced Bill presently—and grimly, "am not expert at this sort of thing, but I imagine that will hold him for a while."

He gave a final glance at the trussed madman, came to his feet and let his eyes meet hers.

Bill took a deep breath. "You're a peach!" he assured her impulsively. "If you hadn't thrown your compact at him, used the chair to keep him off—"

She tried to smile but her lip began to quiver. She set her teeth into it desperately—hoped he wouldn't notice. But he did.

"You poor kid," he murmured huskily—one might almost believe tenderly. "What you've gone through and—"

He stopped short. She was in his arms. Surprisingly, completely, breath-takingly.

"Run—run for your life," she sobbed.

"The—the dam has burst!"

He did not run. She was clinging to him, her tear-drenched face against his coat, her water-damp hair not far from his lips. But he didn't mind. Not at all. In fact, he held her close—much closer than any man should hold another man's girl.

"Please," he begged. "I—I can't bear to have you—to have you—" There he paused, not knowing just what he was trying to say anyway. And so, having no other immediate use for his lips, pressed them against the wet and shining masses of her hair.

THAT at least seemed to help her. She grew a bit more quiet. And, presently, raised her head and looked up at him.

"I'll bet—I'll bet you *do* love me a lot," she announced.

That should have taken him by surprise. Yet curiously it didn't.

"I'll bet I do!" he replied. "Then why," she asked, "didn't you tell me so—before?"

He was a second getting that. And then he remembered. She was engaged to another man. He would have released her then, swiftly, but Connie wasn't being released. She was quite shameless. So:

"Because," he told her, "I was a fool."

"You were," she agreed. "But then—most men are. I—I sometimes wonder, if any man is worth the bother a girl has to go to—to get him."

"You," he assured her, almost savagely, "never went to much of any bother to get me certainly."

"Oh, but I did!" she protested. "I even went and got myself engaged to Pryce."

"Engaged to Pryce?" he echoed blankly.

"You mean you—you planned to—"

"Don't be silly. A girl doesn't ever really plan anything like that and I didn't plan to get you that way. It wouldn't be fair to Pryce. But—but I guess I must have suspected it would make you feel awfully sorry. It did, didn't it?"

"It did," admitted Bill—and he knew now that he had wanted her all along, from the beginning. "But you never gave me the least bit of encouragement," he reminded her.

"What did you think I was going to do—slop into your arms?" she demanded indignantly. "You were already too darned excited, too sure of yourself."

"I suppose," confessed Bill, "I was—most men are." He paused, and then: "You *do* slop into my arms, just the same," he added, daringly.

"Perhaps—but I'll slop right out again if you don't hold me tight," she warned. "I am a handful, you said so, and—"

"And an armful, too," added Bill, holding her very tight. And yet just then, as he was about to kiss her—and not on her hair this time—he half released her again. "I—I can't bear the thought of Pryce having kissed you," he announced bitterly.

"Didn't you—ever kiss any other girl?" she asked.

"Ye-es," confessed Bill, reluctantly but honestly. "But that's—"

"Different, of course," she supplied. "You, like all men—" Then abruptly, deliciously she snuggled her cheek against his and changed her mind about saying what she had begun. "I—I didn't kiss Pryce," she confessed, instead. "I told him I sort of hated to be kissed." She lifted her face and looked at him, luminous-eyed. "But—but I think circumstances alter cases sometimes, don't you?"

And with her all too scarlet mouth so close to his, Bill decided circumstances sometimes did. He quite forgot Pryce, quite forgot that he was not going to get himself married as long as he was sane of mind and fleet of foot.

Three unrelated head-lines in his morning paper had, miraculously, now merged into the cosmic whole he held in his arms.

The Skeleton at the Feast by Louis Bromfield *(Continued from page 61)*

before, even though I'd always heard of her."

"She wanted us to join her party."

Ann looked up quickly. "Why didn't you? It would have been amusing."

"There are people in that party you ought not to know."

The girl laughed. "Great heavens, Tony! I'm not a child. I can look out for myself."

Tony looked suddenly gloomy. "You're not their sort."

"Don't pull the woman-on-a-pedestal stuff," she said with a laugh.

"Besides, I'm sorry I'm giving you such a boring evening."

She leaned across the table and, smiling, touched his hand. "You know that's not true," she said. "Don't be a spoiled boy."

AS DAISY left the restaurant she was talking and laughing boisterously. She was being the life of the party. But she was thinking: "Masterson—Ann Masterson—niece of the Syosset Masterson. Why, she must be John Masterson's daughter."

John Masterson was worth perhaps twenty millions, and the girl had no mother. And she was young and beautiful—young—young . . . If she married someone picked out by Daisy, then Daisy could borrow money. She would have someone, perhaps the Duke of Sebastiola himself, under obligations. In any case the girl was fresh and young and beautiful . . .

It might have been said that Ann Masterson was a cousin of Henry James' Daisy Miller. She was young, she was rich, she had come to Europe for the first time. Thus far the two were alike; but elsewhere there were differences. Ann was neither naive nor gullible. Her proud, fine carriage told the story: she was owed by no one, by no name, by no tradition. And the times had changed.

At the moment when Daisy Sackville stood by her table begging them to come to her party, she knew that it was all that tired, hungry world at Daisy's back who wanted them, because she and Tony were young, with all life before them.

When Tony refused, he was, without knowing it, avenging poor Daisy Miller.

And unlike Daisy, Ann had no scheming vulgar mother. Instead there was the desiccated, refined Miss Van Siden, who for thirty years had supported herself by acting as companion and chaperon for young girls traveling abroad. Miss Van Siden's grandfather had not been, like Ann Masterson's, a steel puddler who amassed a great fortune in the 'eighties; he had been a gentleman of old New York, living in a red brick house on Washington Square. Why, even Miss Van Siden could remember the visits paid him by the Duke of Middlebottom—grandfather of the same Lady Connie Cheviott who lived in the old house above the Apothecary—and by the Duke of Sebastiola's cousin.

Miss Van Siden was proud of her grandfather because he was all that was left her in which she might take pride. She had a great awe for those names which had crowned Daisy Sackville their queen.

When she heard Tony Markham speak of the sacred names as "these bums," it made her feel a little sick. It was almost as if he had insulted her own grandfather.

She did not like Tony; there was a sort of implacable hatred between them. And because she knew that he was in love with Ann Masterson, she did everything in her power to keep them apart.

The oddest thing of all was that Daisy Sackville had once known Miss Van Siden. There had been a time, fifteen years earlier, when Miss Van Siden accepted her with thin tightened lips, because Daisy stayed at the right country houses in England. But the two women were born to hate each other, and in the struggle Miss Van Siden was a poor match for such an unscrupulous, quick-tongued creature as Daisy.

So when Ann came in one afternoon from

the races at Auteuil where she had been with Tony, and said that Daisy Sackville was giving a dinner in her honor, Miss Van Siden pursed her thin Van Siden lips and said sharply, but with the sweet smile of a professional chaperon, "Oh, but you can't do that, my dear. You can't be seen in public restaurants with such a notorious woman as Daisy Sackville. Your father wouldn't think of it."

And Ann, who appeared for some reason flushed and angry, said, "It's not to be in a restaurant. It's to be in her own house, and she's invited only the most charming and respectable people. I'm not a child, Miss Van Siden."

"Is young Mr. Markham going with you?"

"No."

There was a silence, and presently Miss Van Siden said casually, "I thought Mr. Markham was coming back to tea."

"No, he's not coming. We quarreled."

Ann flung down her fur. "I'm tired of Tony's moral tone. He's always saying I mustn't do this or that. I mustn't become friendly with so-and-so. They're not the right sort for a nice young girl like you." She turned abruptly. "I'm not a child. And I didn't come over here to spend my time in the Louvre like a schoolgirl. I came to see Europe. Daisy Sackville is part of it. Everybody knows her. She's one of the sights of our times. She's very kind to me, poor old thing, and I can't slap her in the face for that. Besides, I feel sorry for her."

Miss Van Siden only answered, "Just the same, I don't trust Daisy Sackville. She's a creature to be afraid of."

But Ann only looked at her scornfully, and Miss Van Siden poured herself a cup of weak tea. It gave her an odd nervous feeling to find herself suddenly ranged side by side with the exuberant Tony, who had no respect for great names.

AND ON the other side of the wall poor Daisy Sackville had been spinning her web with a kind of desperation. The older, the more tired she grew, the more terrified she became of the future. Lately she had noticed that her "friends" laughed less heartily at her coarse sallies; they even began to show signs of boredom at her jokes about the strange house in which she lived and the unpleasant Apothecary who occupied the basement. It was as if they sensed her own weariness, her own boredom. And the damp, mysterious personality of the Apothecary seemed in a strange way to go about with her, imposing itself like a noxious fog over her gay "parties." He was ceasing any longer to be an eccentric joke; he was beginning slowly to rise up before them all—the grand dukes and demi-mondaines, the cheese merchants and marquises—with the same horrible reality which marked his presence in Daisy's house.

And all the while Daisy was being pressed not only by her desperate knowledge that she must go on feeding her world with vitality, but by the more definite, persistent desires of the Duke of Sebastiola. He was a tall, sallow young man of thirty-six, the last of his race, who lived precariously in the heart of Daisy's kingdom. He, like Miss Van Siden, lived upon the glory of the past, because the present was hopeless, and there existed no future.

In some restaurants he was able to eat without paying, because the proprietor realized his value as an object of art to be pointed out to tourists. He was quite without brain and wit, and his vitality had long ago reached a low ebb, from which it had never again risen to cover the barren rocks of adversity. He had two great assets—a glorious name and a thin, distinguished, cruel face.

The Duke had marked Ann Masterson on that first night at Ciro's. He, like Daisy, had a terror of the future. In a little while he would have turned the corner into middle age, with no money, no future.

So he had marked Ann Masterson the moment Daisy had crossed the garish "right room" at Ciro's to speak to her. He told Daisy that he must meet the girl, and later, when he and Daisy came cautiously to understand each other more clearly, he gave her to understand that if he married a girl—not perhaps Miss Masterson, but a girl like her with a large fortune—he would see to it—when he got control of the money—that Daisy didn't suffer in her old age from having arranged the affair.

So hope had dawned for Daisy; her terror of the Apothecary's terrible, piercing black eyes even waned a little; she began to have visions of an old age spent comfortably free from the terrible rush of gaiety. And being a shrewd woman with a long hard life behind her, she began to take account of the elements which opposed her. There was, first of all, Tony Markham. He did not like her, but Daisy knew that she must pretend ignorance of the fact. She must always be pleasant and candid and give the girl to understand that she, Daisy, was one of Tony's oldest and best friends.

So, at the races on that day when Tony and Ann quarreled, she crossed the paddock and spoke to Tony as if he had sat on her knee as a child. She flattered the girl, and said at last:

"I'm going to have a dinner soon, and you must come, my dear. Indeed, I think I'll give it in your honor. You must meet some of the most charming people here." She was careful not to mention any definite day so that Tony, standing there beside them frowning like a thunder-storm, could not claim some previous engagement. "I'll write you, my dear, and fix the day—very soon."

And Ann, who was a little irritated with Tony, replied, "I'd love to come. I must speak to Miss Van Siden about it."

At this Daisy's tired painted face beamed. "Not Miss Lavinia Van Siden! Not really! Why, we know each other well. I've known her always. We used to stay at the dear Duke of Middlebottom's every autumn—I mean the old Duke, dear Connie Cheviott's grandfather. I must see Lavinia. I'll write her a note telling her who I'm inviting—the flower of Europe."

And when Daisy had gone away again, lost in the crowd of trainers and manikins, millionaires and concierges that filled the paddock, the quarrel began in earnest.

Tony's dark face grew blacker than ever. "You're not really going to a party given by that old hag?"

But Ann's eyes took on that calm, clear, dangerous look. "Of course I'm going. Why shouldn't I? That's what I came to Europe for."

It grew worse and worse, and at last Tony said wildly, "If you prefer that set of bums to my company, maybe it's better that I retire from the field altogether."

And coldly Ann answered, "Perhaps it is. Certainly I don't want to marry a man who treats me like a half-witted child. Besides, if she's such a terrible woman, how do you come to know her so well?"

"I don't know her well—that's just her professional manner. Besides, with a man it's different. A man can look out for himself."

Tony should never have chosen that argument. Ann's proud nose tilted a little higher.

"That's what all men say. But it isn't different any more. If you don't know that, we'd better part now. Will you get me a taxicab?"

Daisy was too clever to risk a meeting with Miss Van Siden; she had said in the paddock, "I must see her," when she meant "I must not see her"; and then she had watched Tony and Ann from a distance, knowing in her shrewd way that she had caused them to quarrel.

She did know Miss Van Siden: she knew exactly the vulnerable spots of the snobbish old spinster. So on the morning after the races, with the eyes of the Apothecary haunting her

more dreadfully than usual, she wrote a note to Miss Van Siden.

It arrived at the Hôtel Crillon in the evening after dinner, when Ann sat reading in a corner while Miss Van Siden wrote one of her endless letters to some obscure cousin who lived up the Hudson. Ann had been weeping; even the careful powdering and applications of cold water made to deceive Miss Van Siden did not succeed in hiding the fact.

She had been weeping on account of the note—a note from Tony—that lay concealed in the pages of her book. It read simply:

I'm sorry if I was rude yesterday, but I've been thinking things over and have come to the conclusion that perhaps you're right. We'd better not see each other again. Of course you won't want to go with me to the theater, so I've sent the tickets in case you and Miss Van Siden want to use them. I hope you'll enjoy yourself at Daisy's party. I suppose I should have forbidden you to go and then made you obey me. But as you say, times have changed, and women in these days always know best. I hope you'll enjoy the rest of your stay in Paris. Certainly Daisy can show you things I couldn't.

Tony

SHE had wept because she had lost him, and knew suddenly that she had been foolish. She had wept too because she had humbled her high pride and sent a message to him at his hotel only to obtain the answer that he had gone away, they did not know where, perhaps to Deauville. And she wept too because Tony had done what she thought he would never do—take her at her word, and give her up.

And then as the tears dried she began to grow angry once more—angry at Tony because he had done what she didn't think he had the courage to do, and because her own vanity was wounded. Anger at Tony helped to heal these wounds.

And then, just at that moment, there was a knock on the door, and a boy arrived bringing Daisy's note. Ann watched Miss Van Siden read slowly once and then again; she watched her expression soften and a bright look come into her dull near-sighted eyes. Ann knew the look; it came into Miss Van Siden's eye at the mention of royalty.

Miss Van Siden turned in her gilt chair. "It's from Daisy Saville," she said, "asking you to dinner. Was it this dinner that Tony disapproved of?"

"Yes."

"Tony is foolish. He's a wild, nonsensical boy without respect." (And in the withered, envious heart, a flame of shameful delight leaped. Tony was being defeated. Perhaps, after all, Ann would lose him.)

"That's what I told him," said Ann.

"It's a very distinguished party," continued Miss Van Siden, turning the pages of Daisy's innocent mauve note. "I don't like Daisy. She's a notorious woman, but certainly the people she mentions are the very best—there's even the Grand Duke Augustus. I should think it quite safe." (New little plans of marrying Ann—the rich Ann Masterson—to some great title began to stir in Miss Van Siden's nineteenth-century brain.)

She began to read, peering closely at the mauve paper. "She says that she's asked Lady Connie Cheviott, the Duke of Middlebottom's granddaughter, and the Duke of Sebastiola—his cousin, dear, once visited my father, I remember him well—and the Princesse de Vigne and the Grand Duke and Mrs. Brodman. I don't know Mrs. Brodman—but she must be all right to be included in such a party. As Miss Saville says, they represent the flower of Europe."

With a flush of pride Miss Van Siden read out the last drops of Daisy's poison. "Of course," Daisy writes, "you know all these people well. There's no need of my telling you who they are."

It was that line which won the struggle for Daisy.

Miss Van Siden said, "Would you like to go?" "Yes," said Ann, and then in a wave of rage at Tony, at Miss Van Siden, at all the world, she added sharply, "I mean to."

Two days before Daisy's dinner-party the Apothecary disappeared. When Daisy came down at noon his damp, dirty little shop was closed and blind; all the shutters were still up and the pavement was unswept. There were no black, burning eyes to peer out accusingly as she went by the door.

Daisy's heart leaped at the sight. She felt that if only she could escape those eyes, she would again feel as tireless and gay as ever.

The next day the Apothecary's shop remained closed, and on the morning of the dinner Daisy asked the *femme de ménage*, who cleaned the stairs, what had become of him.

"He has probably gone off to the country. He has done it before," said the woman.

Perhaps, thought Daisy, he has gone for good, and then I shan't have to move out. For the eyes had worked on Daisy's worn nerves until at times she considered fleeing the picturesque old house altogether.

She had the wild, fierce superstitions of a born gambler and so she looked upon it as a good omen when the Apothecary quietly disappeared. While he had been there watching from his smelly little den, looking over her shoulder at this game which she played with life itself, everything had gone wrong: she had grown old and weary; she had lost money; she had come close to bankruptcy, and bankruptcy at fifty-five was not so simple an affair as it had been at thirty.

But all that was changed now. The Apothecary's evil eye had vanished. She had a gambler's intuition that it was gone forever. The Duke had promised her that her old age would be comfortable if he married Ann Masterson. The girl had quarreled with Tony and he had gone away. Daisy knew this, too, as she knew exactly the amount of Ann's fortune. Daisy knew that she was going to win at the turn of the next card; she had that odd clairvoyant sense of excitement which overcomes a gambler the second before a great coup.

Night came and presently half after nine, and the guests began to arrive, stumbling past the blind, shuttered windows of the Apothecary's shop, along the narrow, dimly lighted, malodorous hallway, to climb the old stairs, to enter the apartment of Daisy Saville, blazing with the light of scores of candles. One by one they arrived—first the tall, sallow, handsome man called the Duke of Sebastiola, who greeted Daisy with a dark knowing look; and then the Duke of Middlebottom's granddaughter, Lady Connie Cheviott, who was only twenty-seven, with short dyed red hair, a marvelous white skin, and the weary green eyes of a woman of sixty, bright with a bitter look of disillusionment and despair.

After her came one of the guests whom Daisy had neglected, shrewdly, to mention in her letter to Miss Van Siden—a tall, thin, transparent young man, born in that part of Chicago known as the Loop, who now had an immense success in Paris because he was the first and the best dancer of the Charleston and the Black Bottom. He was known merely as Mr. Harris.

And then the Princesse de Vigne, who bore one of the great names of France, and lent it to a great dressmaking establishment in return for gowns which cost her nothing. Where her money came from, no one knew. She was a big handsome woman, with black hair and a large, vicious, painted mouth. And after her, the "extraordinary" Mrs. Brodman, a heavy, sardonic Jewess, daughter of a Soho pawnbroker and wife of an "international banker," fabulously rich, and covered with the only real diamonds and emeralds in the room.

And then the Grand Duke, who once owned estates larger than all of Texas, and now lived by borrowing money in lots of fifty francs and by what an illegitimate daughter earned

by teaching dancing and making dolls. And Marina, a thin, piercing Polish woman of evil reputation—another left unmentioned by Daisy—who was a great singer, and Kadonski, a compatriot, the most fashionable of all those who interpreted Stravinsky and the moderns.

And last of all came Ann Masterson, lovely and fresh and radiant in a silver gown. As she came into the room there was a certain quick, indefinable heightening of interest, as if all those people recognized in her something more precious to them than any amount of gold, as if some strange new current of vitality touched them all. It was like the effect of a breeze stirring suddenly a field of ripened wheat.

Daisy came forward to greet the girl with the most benignant of smiles. The puffy little circles under her too-brilliant eyes appeared to vanish; there was a sudden youth in her whole manner, as if twenty years had slipped away from her too-plump shoulders. She was dressed in a gown of flamboyant red, liberally sprinkled with jewels which in a world where everything was artificial had no need to be real.

And then, one by one, Ann was presented to the other guests in the order of their rank. When the Duke of Sebastiola kissed her ringless white hand, he held it for a moment and looked at her out of his weary, beautiful eyes, with a look so warm, so admiring and so tender, that Ann flushed and even grew a little excited.

It was a manner very different from Tony's rough, half-proprietary way. She had known only one or two Latin men, and was too inexperienced to recognize a professional manner, but it may have been too that the weary Duke, cynical and worn, greeted her with a warmth that was more than professional. Standing there in the center of Daisy's garish room, she was like a tall lily, freshly brought in from the garden.

Daisy, watching her, thought with a strange unaccustomed burst of national pride, "Old Europe has produced nothing as perfect as this—such beauty, such charm, such perfect clothes, a figure so slim and perfect, such feet and ankles. Surely Bunny will be lucky if he marries her. Perhaps she can save him." For she saw at once that in the breast of the Duke of Sebastiola something more powerful than his need of money had been aroused.

The guests were seated about the table, properly, in the order of their rank so that the Grand Duke and the Princesse de Vigne were at the head and the singer and Mr. Harris, the Charleston dancer, at the foot.

Ann Masterson, bright-eyed and a little breathless, found herself seated between the Grand Duke and the Duke of Sebastiola. There was still enough of Daisy Miller in her to think, "If the girls at home could see me now—seated at the table with the most sophisticated people in Europe." For, unlike Daisy, she was not interested in nobility; she belonged to the new generation which is awed less by titles than by wickedness and sophistication.

Mrs. Brodman, watching her out of her soft brown Jewish eyes, said sentimentally, but with a certain touch of malice, "You look, my dear girl, like a lily planted between a pair of cactuses."

THE dinner began in a burst of hard bright gaiety and glitter, the conversation flowing, now in French, now in English, but mostly in English, for, in this after-war world, it was *chic* to be as Anglo-Saxon as possible, even to speak French with the merest trace of an accent. There was white wine and red, and finally champagne, quantities of it, all served by two men whom Daisy had in for the evening at forty francs apiece. (Forty francs—one dollar and a half. One could never do that in London or New York.)

The Grand Duke had turned to Ann. He looked ill and oddly like a skull, with his green-white skin and the purple shadows under his burning black eyes. He seemed to suffer from some disease which made him tremble. His hand shook when he lifted his champagne-glass. While he talked to her, Ann became

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To these
Spas and Springs
they come...

To drink the Saline Waters

...restoring their bodily functions to normal
and promptly bringing themselves to health

THE great spas and springs of Europe
... Vichy ... Carlsbad ... Wies-
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each year with distinguished people who
find relief in drinking the health-giving
saline waters—relief from a long list of
bodily disorders, aches and pains.

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recommend this "cure" in correcting,
naturally, surely the ailments which
result from an over-civilized life.

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intoxication) ... rheumatism ... faulty
digestion ... troubles of the liver and
kidneys ... poor complexions ... and
many other ills that arise from faulty
elimination yield to these saline waters.

The body is cleansed of poisons and
kept free from acidity. Rheumatic mus-
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troubles disappear. Complexions improve
—women look years younger. And the
reason is very simple—these waters are
charged with valuable salines that are the
natural enemies of acidity and intestinal
stoppage.

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enjoy the benefits of the Saline Treatment
in relieving many common ailments.

For Sal Hepatica, with its phosphates,
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tical equivalent of the waters of these
famous Health Springs. Like them, Sal
Hepatica helps defeat many of the most
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It cleans the intestines promptly,
clears the blood stream of poisons and
neutralizes acidity. Sal Hepatica pro-
motes eliminative processes and assists
the liver and kidneys to resume their nor-
mal functions, thus helping rheumatics,
sufferers from self-poisoning, bad com-
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You can take this Saline
Treatment at home, without
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a bottle of Sal Hepatica to-
day. Its uses are explained in
the next column.



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*How the Sal Hepatica Saline Treat-
ment helps to relieve these common ills*

CONSTIPATION—To clear away stoppage take
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of water half an hour before breakfast or any
meal. It acts promptly, gently, thoroughly.

AUTO-INTOXICATION—To banish that
"tired feeling," headaches, and depression take
1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of
water before breakfast. Repeat daily until
elimination becomes regular and good spirits
return. Favor light foods; drink plenty of water.

RHEUMATISM—As an eliminant take 1 or 2
teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water
half to one hour before each meal and at
night just before retiring. This assists the body
to keep free of the toxins of waste and acidity;
and so helps to relieve twinges and pains. Eat
sparingly of meats. Drink water between meals.

BAD COMPLEXION—To keep the blood
stream clear of the impurities that so often
cause blemishes and skin eruptions take a tea-
spoonful of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of
water upon arising—for a week, or as long as
necessary to clear the complexion.

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intestinal congestion with 2 to 4 tea-
spoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of
water. Repeat each morning on arising
to keep the system free of poisons until
the cold clears up.

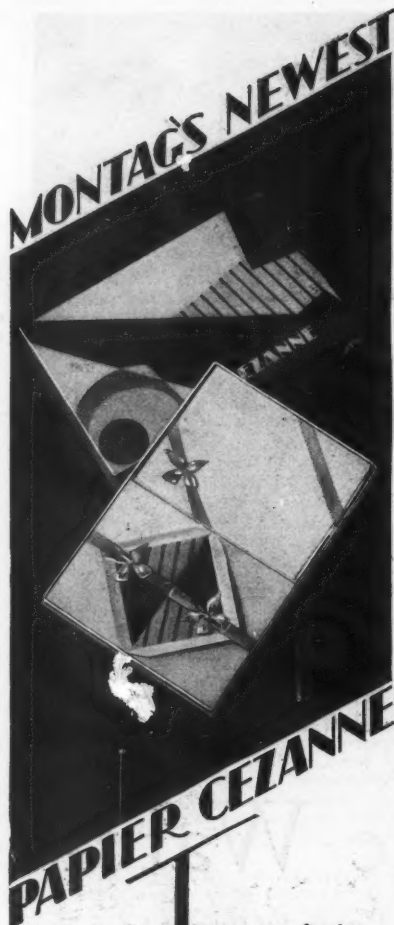
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aware of a certain uneasiness stealing over her, an emotion born perhaps of the sense of melancholy and the sinister which seemed to envelop him like a cloud.

"Mademoiselle," he said, raising his glass, "I drink to you as the only young person here. The rest of us are all a thousand years old—even Daisy, for all the noise she is making."

Daisy, shaking her false diamonds, doing her best to be "the life of the party," was telling a thin pale man called the Marquis de Gotha, who had arrived late, a questionable story.

Ann looked at the Grand Duke under her long lashes. "I'm not really young," she said; "girls in these days know everything. They are quite capable of looking out for themselves."

"Youth, my dear girl, has nothing to do with knowledge and experience. One is young and one is not. It really has nothing to do with age. You are young," he added, with a melancholy persistence. "You are at the beginning. The rest of us are at the end. Daisy thinks she can save us, but she can't. It's too late. She herself is lost."

He went on talking with a sort of feverish intensity, even turning to the subject of repentance and death, and she, in her excitement over this strange spectacle beneath the sparkling prisms of Daisy's great lusters, did not understand him. Distracted, she listened and she decided that he was a little mad.

At her end of the table Daisy still talked and laughed loudly in her game against time and fate. She saw that the girl was impressed, that she had even been touched by the handsome melancholy eyes of the Duke of Sebastiola. Near her the Princesse de Vigne, who according to scandal had poisoned her husband, was talking earnestly and in a low voice to the mummy-like Marquis de Gotha. Sometimes in a brief stillness Mrs. Brodman's rich Oriental voice was heard recounting the tale of her pursuit of some priceless tapestry or picture.

But the curious lassitudes settled more and more deeply over the party. They were becoming engulfed in a strange enchantment that seemed to flow over them like a tremendous vapor. And then suddenly it seemed to grow tangible, at first vaguely, and then more and more clearly. It was an enchantment which one could smell.

The Duke of Sebastiola, who had been paying his court to Ann Masterson, spoke of it first.

"Do you notice a strange smell?" he asked.

"No—nothing," replied Ann.

"It's sickening—I can't eat. Perhaps it's the drains."

Delicately he sniffed the air of the closed room and then Ann too became aware slowly of a faint ghostly odor, vaguely sweet and nauseating, like nothing she had ever smelled before. On her other side the hand of the Grand Duke was shaking violently.

Across the table there was a vicious look of malice in the eyes of Lady Connie. She had a cold air of remaining aloof from the rest of the party, as if she sat on the top of a glacier surveying all the others with a weary malice. In her flat, lifeless, well-bred English voice—a voice gray with weariness—she said: "No, I do mean it. There are people whom I would gladly poison, if I thought I shouldn't be discovered."

Mrs. Brodman, a little shocked, sighed.

"Not really, Connie, not really." "Yes, people who bore me." And she gave the Duke of Sebastiola a sudden piercing look with her green eyes, a look which meant nothing to Ann, but much to all the others, who knew how dear Connie looked at cast-off lovers. "There ought to be no bores in the world."

It was the melancholy Grand Duke who answered her. He shook so violently that Ann was touched by a faint cold sense of terror.

"You don't know what you're saying, Connie. You're trying to be funny, but you're only childish."

"Oh, I don't mean any harm," the Duke's granddaughter continued. "I should put them out of the way quite gently—quite without

pain—oh, quite. I shouldn't be brutal or violent."

One by one the others slipped into the conversation, all save Ann, who had stopped eating and discovered with terror that the champagne had gone to her head.

A hand had touched her own gently and with a faint pressure. It was the damp, rather chilly, aristocratic hand of the Duke of Sebastiola. The contact filled her with a sudden hysterical terror. She drew her hand away quickly. She wanted to scream; and she thought, "What has happened to my nerves? Have I drunk too much champagne?"

That curious sickly sweet smell was making her ill.

She heard the others, distantly and in a confused fashion, discussing with a cynical indifference methods of putting out of the way people who annoyed them.

But Ann remained aloof and silent, a little confused, and blushing because she could not enter into such talk. If she spoke, whatever she said would be young and silly. But there were two others who likewise said nothing—Princesse de Vigne, who had fallen silent abruptly, and the gloomy Grand Duke who only trembled and looked more and more ill. Before the eyes of the one there kept returning the picture of a shabby hotel room in a small dirty town in Spain, with a thin, swarthy man dying between gray sheets—slowly, of poison—with a quack doctor who talked of indigestion. The Prince de Vigne, the last of his famous house . . . he had been dead a long while now.

And before the gloomy yellow eyes of the Grand Duke there appeared a river frozen solid, with a man, beaten, bloody and unconscious, lying on the ice, while two men chopped a hole to thrust him through into the black water beneath—a man whom the world thought a sorcerer.

Daisy was saying, "I should like to poison the Apothecary."

"Oh," said Lady Connie, "but he's gone. I have a feeling that he'll never come back."

The candles burned lower among the orchids. The *entremets* were brought on, but no one tasted them—not even the hearty Daisy. No one spoke of the offensive smell. They said that the rest of the dinner had been too good, that they dared not eat sweets on account of their figures. It was as if all the talk of poisoning had made them afraid to eat.

They even seemed suspicious of each other. Ann, confused and wishing she had never come, became aware slowly that they were watching each other in a strained hostile fashion. The Grand Duke had taken a little phial from his pocket and was pouring green drops into a glass of water.

Princesse de Vigne laughed, making a sound like bits of metal striking each other. "Jimmy," she said, "is taking drops to remove himself and save us the trouble." She reached across with a long thin arm, covered to the elbow with bracelets of false diamonds, and touched the Grand Duke's hand. "You needn't," she said; "you're not a bore."

He drew away as if the touch of the hand burned him, and said in a low savage voice, "They are drops I take for my heart. I don't find the conversation funny. It's banal and stupid."

There was a sudden uncomfortable silence, and Ann startled, became aware once more of the odor. It seemed to come and go in waves.

And Daisy knew with terror that her party had collapsed, that she did not know how to amuse them any longer. Even the American girl had turned her back a little upon the Duke of Sebastiola. Even the hope of that scheme seemed to be failing. And it was impossible to say what had happened, what had gone wrong, what it was that had put their nerves on edge, and set them to hating each other, herself most of all. With an air of desperation she rose and ordered the table cleared away, so that Mr. Harris—whose eyes were brighter than those of the others with the light of cocaine—might dance a Charleston.

Among those present was the lifelong enemy of your gums!



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

is quite as likely to bother a duchess as a dairy maid — to attack a social leader as suddenly as it does her cook.

And perhaps with even greater reason. For soft, fibreless foods and creamy sauces, which have broken down the resistance of our gums, are incessantly present at parties, teas and dinners — and in our own homes, too.

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And Ipana has a salutary and stimulating effect upon the gum walls, which is fully as important as the massage itself. Because of its content of ziratol,

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Seating herself at the piano she began to pound out, with a false pumped-up vigor, the wild, barbaric rhythms of "Yes, Sir, that's my Baby!" and the guests settled themselves uneasily in the shadows to watch and listen.

Mr. Harris rose and began to dance before the Flower of Europe and the sound of "Yes, Sir, that's my Baby!" filled the ancient house.

Ann found herself still between the Grand Duke and the Duke of Sebastiola. The one had reasons to pay court to her and the other, it seemed, clung to her pitifully because she was young.

The Duke of Sebastiola was whispering in her ear, "Connie shouldn't have made all that talk about poison. Jimmy was one of those who plotted the death of Stavrogin. He's going slowly mad with remorse because he thinks now that Stavrogin was a saint."

Mr. Harris finished his mad dance, and fell white and exhausted into a chair. Daisy's loud music came to an end, leaving the room hollow and silent. There was no applause, not even a polite murmur of approbation. There was only that faint sickly smell.

It had taken possession of them all. "I'm afraid," whispered Ann. "I want to go home."

"Afraid?" asked the Duke of Sebastiola. "Afraid of what?"

"I don't know. I don't know."

"It's that cursed smell of drains."

Ann closed her eyes, leaning back on the sofa, filled with a strange belief that if she opened them she would see some horrible thing. She never knew how long she sat there, but suddenly she heard a woman's voice crying, "I've been robbed!"

Opening her eyes a little way she saw Mrs. Brodman standing in the middle of the room, her face all white and contorted. "I've been robbed!" she cried again, looking from one face to another. "The big emerald I wore on my wrist—"

She had changed in an instant from Mrs. Brodman, hostess to the titled world of Europe, into Rebecca Brodman, Jewess, who had been robbed of a great jewel. It was not the stone that mattered: she could replace it a hundred times without noticing it. It was that she had been robbed, tricked and robbed by her ancient enemies, the Gentiles, the *goys* who fawned upon her for her wealth.

The smell rose once more in a sickening wave and the Princess de Vigne began to weep hysterically in short nervous sobs.

The irrepressible Daisy sprang forward. "It's only been lost, Mrs. Brodman. It's only been lost. Are you sure you had it with you when you came in?"

And Mrs. Brodman answered in a cold, hard voice, "I fastened the clasp just before dinner. It is in this room. I am not a fool."

"But surely," said Daisy, "surely no one in this room would steal."

In the strain of the moment all the tact, the experience of Daisy, appeared to lose itself in her terror; she had said the one thing she should never have said, and in the silence that followed the words seemed to hang in the air, taking on the horrid color of irony. In all the room there were only two persons who were above suspicion—Mrs. Brodman herself and the golden-haired American girl who was thousands of years younger than any of them.

The Grand Duke sighed in a bitter tragic way, and the Marquis de Gotha tried to grin, showing a double row of unpleasant pointed teeth. The bracelets on his wrists set up a faint tinkling sound. The Duke of Sebastiola kept silent, his sallow face turned the color of ashes. And the Princess de Vigne continued to weep.

And then abruptly, with a gesture in which there was the echo of a majesty come down from the time of William the Norman, the Duke's granddaughter rose, and flinging her shabby sable scarf about her shoulders, said in her death-bed voice, "I am leaving this filthy party. I can't stay any longer." The old metallic voice continued, "If anyone tries to

stop me, I shall speak out, for I saw the theft."

It was Daisy, desperate and flustered, all red and ugly, who answered her. "You're being nasty, Connie—because you're jealous of a man who has left you. You're being a dirty jealous cat. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

For one terrible second the air crackled with the intensity of the hatred, so long pent up, between the two women. Into the green eyes of the Duke's granddaughter came a cold glitter. They were like the eyes of a snake.

"What use is shame to me," she asked in the same passionless voice, "or to you either, Daisy, or to any of us? Why speak of shame in a room filled with people like us?" She laughed and moved toward the door. On the threshold she said, "Your day is finished, Daisy. You might as well give up and go to an old ladies' home. And if you ever give another dinner, see to it that the drains are in order. The smell is horrible."

The door closed. The Duke's granddaughter had escaped from the dreadful smell.

Daisy, all glittering in her false diamonds, said, "Mrs. Brodman, I will make myself responsible."

The pawnbroker's daughter turned quickly. "You make yourself responsible!" she said with a laugh. "You! Can you pay for an emerald that cost nine thousand pounds? You, who can't pay for the food we've eaten! No, I shall call in the police!"

"The police! In my house!"

"No—you wouldn't like that, would you? Though I've no doubt they've been here before."

"With a dinner of such people—a dinner of such people?" The old consoling phrase came suddenly to Daisy's carmine lips. "The flower of Europe?"

For a moment Mrs. Brodman stood in silence, her lips twisted into a mirthless satanic grin. "Such distinguished people mightn't like the police either—such people who put up with me, a Jewess, because I'm rich, and sneer at me when they've left my table. No, I want my emerald—nothing else."

In a dim corner of the room Ann Masterson had begun to weep in terror, stifling her sobs in her handkerchief. Suddenly Mrs. Brodman noticed her.

"Let her go," she commanded. "She ought never to have come here in the first place. If anyone else leaves the room I'll have the police on him. If I get my emerald back—I'll do nothing." No one stirred. And after a moment's silence she added, "None of you wants to see the police, do you? Well, what I propose is fair enough."

Meanwhile Daisy, summoning all her bedraggled dignity, crossed the room, and placing her arm about Ann Masterson, led her toward the door. The Duke of Sebastiola rose to follow her, but half-way Mrs. Brodman blocked his path.

"You heard what I said, Bunny."

"But, Mrs. Brodman, the girl can't go home alone."

"She's much safer alone. You heard what I said."

Without a word he turned and went back to the sofa.

Mrs. Brodman was concerned only with Daisy.

She said, "Daisy, you're not to cross the doorstep—not so much as to put one foot over it."

And Daisy turned obediently as a little child, but she managed to whisper to Ann Masterson, "I wouldn't speak of this to Miss Van Siden—or anyone. There has been a mistake. No one in this room would do such a thing."

She was fighting to the very end.

There was only a dim gaslight at the far end of the hall when Ann, still sobbing and shaking with fright, felt her way cautiously along the damp mildewed walls, down the curve of the rickety old stairs. As she advanced the queer odor grew more and more overwhelming, until

MEN TURN AND LOOK WHEN



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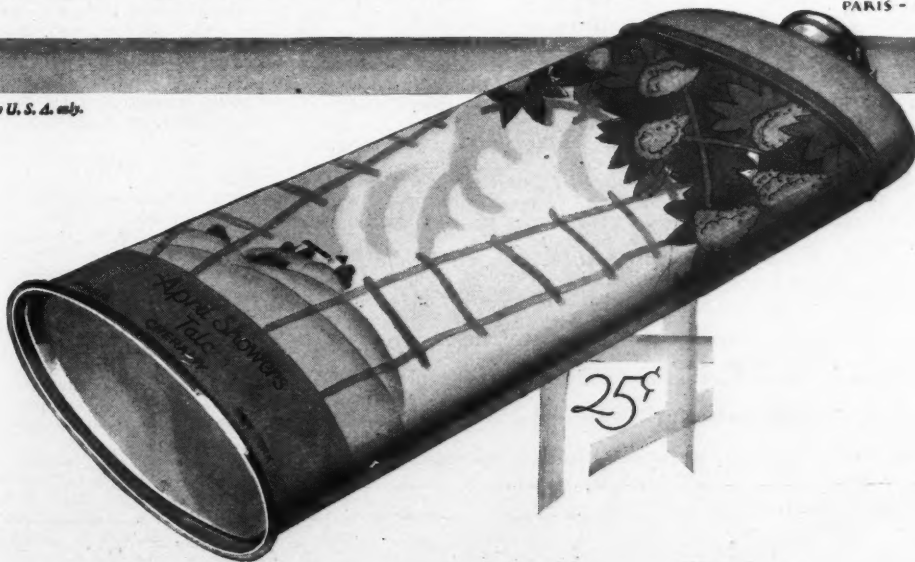
It is this perfume—the perfume of April Showers, so vague and so elusive, but yet so distinctly characteristic, *that causes men to turn and look!* Extract—in flaçons that range in price from \$1 to \$16. In bath specialties, face powder and in a talcum of an exquisite softness at 25c and 50c the container.



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she could not breathe, save with her perfumed handkerchief pressed against her face.

In the lower hall she made her way carefully, step by step, towards the thin rim of light that filtered in about the door from the street outside. Abruptly her silver slipper—the one she had protected a little while before from the pressure of the Duke of Sebastiola's foot—struck something in the darkness which gave out a faint metallic ring, and losing her balance she fell abruptly forward on her knees into the midst of a jagged tangle of tin which set up a terrifying clatter. A door opened at her side and the hall was flooded by dim light.

Crouched there on her knees, she saw with quick horror that she had fallen into a funeral wreath made of tin and painted to imitate flowers. The odor was suffocating now. It sickened her.

Above her in the dim light a voice said, "Tiens, Mademoiselle! You have not hurt yourself?" It was an *agent de police* standing in the lighted doorway of the Apothecary's shop.

"He has come," she thought with sudden terror, "to arrest them all."

The policeman helped her to her feet, brushing the dust from her cloak of sable and crimson velvet; and as she stood there, she saw past him into the Apothecary's shop—that tiny, squalid, celebrated little room which lay just beneath Daisy's apartment. Inside, half revealed by the light of four candles, lay on the counter the body of a man. The face was gray above the tangled black beard, and the eyes were closed. Near by sat three old women, shabbily dressed in yards of crape, watching—watching—waiting—waiting—oddly like those others in the room overhead.

The policeman was saying, "It is the Apothecary, Mademoiselle. He died two days ago. They only found him this morning."

She knew then what it was—the queer, faint, terrifying smell that had crept in upon Daisy's guests, enveloping them, setting all their nerves on edge, filling them with a vague suspicion and terror. It was the odor of death.

Faint and terrified, she pushed open the door into the street. Once outside she stood for a moment breathing in the cool sweet air, and presently she found herself crying out, "Tony, Tony, why did you go away?"

And then a miracle happened. Opening her eyes she saw him standing at the curb paying a taxi chauffeur. He was unmistakable. She knew the broad shoulders, the slight swagger, the suspicion of mirth that was always in his voice. She had no pride now; she only wanted to speak to him, and without a thought she ran across the pavement and fell into his arms.

"It's all right," he said, kissing her. "It's all right. I knew there was something wrong. I've just come from Deauville. Something told me that I ought to come—the queerest feeling. I can't explain it, but I knew. I had to come."

In the taxicab, when her terror had flowed away a little, she said, "Perhaps it was the Apothecary."

And then she had to explain to him who the Apothecary was, and how she had seen the Duke of Sebastiola steal an emerald worth nine thousand pounds.

A little before dawn the flower of Europe left Daisy's apartment, feeling their way one by one through the dark hallway, past the little pile of funeral wreaths. The joke about the Apothecary had come to an end. The candles burned until the gray light of the morning stole in through the shutters to reveal him, lying in the midst of all his strange philters and concoctions, watched over by three old women in black who had suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

Above stairs, Daisy Sackville saw the same gray light come in at her windows. She was finished now, ruined and at the end of everything. For the Apothecary had never gone away at all. He had been waiting there all the while.

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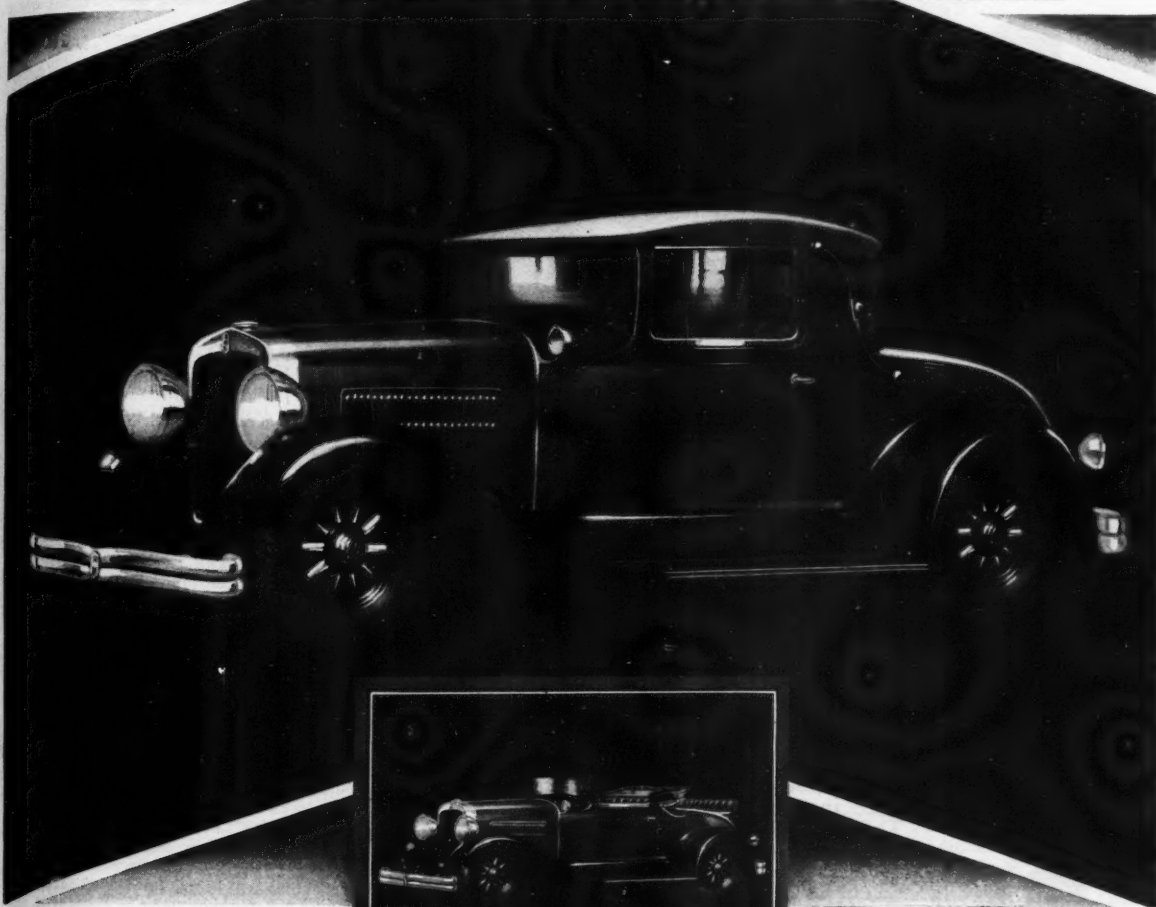
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PEOPLE who already have driven the new Twin-Ignition-motored Nash "400" have instantly realized its superiority in performance to cars with older types of motors.

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DIET BOOK

Health Extension Bureau
224 Good Health Building Battle Creek, Michigan

Call the Doctor

(Continued from page 93)

sleep. She had had a drop in temperature And she had come to long enough to ask where she was and why.

Whitney walked into the room, and stood at the bed. The nurse departed.

"I'm glad you're better," said Whitney.

"So am I," said the girl. "But who are you, exactly—another doctor?"

"Heaven forbid!" uttered Whitney earnestly.

"Then why—" But she was very tired, so she gave that up and started again. She asked, rather gravely: "Do you know who I am?"

"No," replied Whitney, and sat down.

"Neither do I—very clearly," the girl admitted.

"Perhaps I'm cuckoo, or something.

Once, I got on a train. But now, here I am. Someone looked in on me a little while ago and called me by a perfectly strange name. I'd just as soon answer to it as to any other, the way I feel."

"They think you're my sister!" said Whitney.

Into the girl's brown eyes came a flicker of interest. "I'm not, am I?"

Whitney began to feel worried. This was more Alice-in-Wonderlandish than ever. He stammered: "Why, no. That is . . . I'm sorry . . . I—told them—"

"Oh," said the girl, and managed a white smile. "Oh, that's all right, then. Now," she demanded, "tell me all about it."

And Whitney, with extra color rising under his fair skin, told.

"And so," he concluded, "when they put us off I couldn't throw a bluff here that I was a doctor, could I? And equally, I couldn't come in here with you and say, 'I'm a perfect stranger to this girl. I just had an impulse to get off the train with her.' Now, could I?"

"You could," replied the girl, "but it wouldn't have been advisable." Then she added: "I'll stay here and get well. That's that. And if you don't mind I'll remain Miss Whitney. It would be so complicating if I changed now, wouldn't it?"

"Of course. And I'm glad you're not sore at me or anything. I might have killed you, you know. And now," he asked, "could I know your name—just between us two?"

"It's Sally," she said, and smiled again.

"That's a corking name," floundered the imbecile. "I've always wanted a sister named Sally. But—as to the rest of it?"

"Oh, does that matter?" asked the patient.

"Please think of me as—Sally. It will make things easier for you. You won't get confused in your mind."

But he already was confused. Then the nurse came in and remarked that Miss Whitney had talked long enough.

Whitney departed. Who and what was she? Didn't she have a family? Wouldn't someone besides himself be worried to death? What a triple-distilled jackass he was to get himself into a mess like this! And wasn't she the most adorable, et cetera . . .

He stayed on in that city. He came to the hospital every day, and Miss Whitney's room was bulging and brimming with flowers and fruit and books and such. And the word ran around the institution that such devotion was very unusual, and wasn't it a pity that so good-looking a man had a sister-fixation or whatever you call it.

Sally got better. Then she was convalescent. And Whitney spent long hours by her bed and told her all about himself and received no confidences in exchange. When ten days had passed from the time of their arrival, he picked up a newspaper in his hotel and read that the daughter of an important Manhattan millionaire was missing. She had, said the paper, left her home to visit a friend in the West. She had left on such and such a day, upon such and such a train. She was wearing these clothes and this hat. And she was a blonde, with brown eyes.

"I might have known it!" said Whitney. He was in despair. He was completely crazy

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"What," a great many car owners are asking, "does 'high compression' mean to me?" Here is a simple explanation:

Each cylinder of your engine may be likened to a muzzle-loading gun. The cylinder is the gun; the piston is the bullet; and the mixture of gasoline and air is the powder charge.

The tighter you pack the powder charge in the gun before firing, the greater the force to the bullet. Similarly, the tighter you squeeze—or compress—gas vapor and air in the combustion chamber before ignition, the greater the force of the piston's stroke. In other words, the higher the compression the greater the power.

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gines was limited by the compression limits of gasoline. For gasoline is not a perfect fuel. It explodes too soon ("knocks") and loses power when squeezed beyond a certain point.

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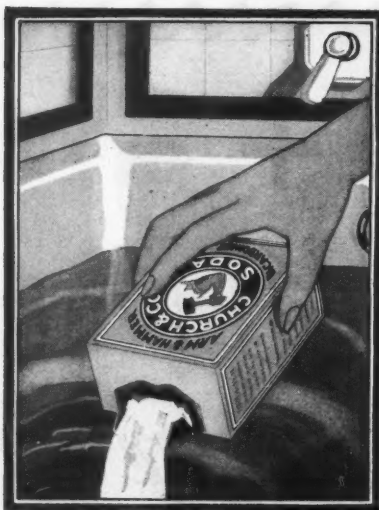
Within the last year, car manufacturers have been able to produce new models of higher compression and greater power. *But the most immediate benefits of Ethyl Gasoline are found among the millions of owners of cars of ordinary compression, because with its use in such cars carbon becomes an asset.*

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Have the ingredients for this rest-bringing bath always at hand. Keep a package of Baking Soda in the bathroom. Buy it from your grocer. To be sure of the highest quality insist on either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. Both are the same and have been made by the same company for over 80 years.

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about his first and last influenza patient. But not so crazy, he told himself, as to ask her to marry him . . . for . . .

Well, if he would have been insane to ask a girl with no surname to take his own, he would be madder than ever to invite Hortense Yates to share his bed and board. For the name of Yates went into every home which had a really good kitchen cabinet.

So that was that. And if George Whitney espoused the daughter of the kitchen-cabinet maker another good man would be lost to the law. For, again, and this he knew very well, Sally could have pretty much anything she asked of him, and if she required a husband to carry her sables and her Pekingese and trail her to tea-fights, he would do it. He couldn't hold out against her. Not he. Besides, she couldn't possibly love him. Not ever.

So he walked into the room where she was to be found sitting up in a big chair and a pink negligée, and he accused her sternly:

"You're Hortense Yates," he said.

She blushed. "How do you know?"

He waved the paper under her little nose, and she snatched it rudely and read it eagerly and said cryptically, "So far so good."

"Well?" demanded Whitney.

"Much better, thank you."

"Don't be silly! You're Hortense Yates, I tell you!"

"What of it?" asked his lost Sally. "You don't like me any the less for it, do you?"

"I don't like you at all!" responded Whitney, and departed.

He told himself that she could settle the hospital bills now. As to that, Old Man Yates could buy the hospital and throw it away if he wanted to. But there was the possible scandal to be considered.

So he settled the bill and sent a note from his hotel which informed "Miss Whitney" that he was going about his belated business, and that on his way home he would stop off and see how she was getting along. And he wished her a rapid recovery and was hers sincerely.

He was hers so very sincerely that it hurt him like a knife in his heart.

He went on and saw his man. He couldn't have seen him any earlier, as it happened, as Mr. Cummings had been away. But he saw him now, and was so thoroughly mad and disillusioned and agonized that he shouted the great financier down, and cowed him and intimidated him and got a settlement out of him which was the biggest thing that had ever come into his office, and then he started home and stopped off as per schedule—to inquire after his sister's health.

After all, if he went on getting settlements and making a whale of a lot of money . . . But no, it was against his principles.

Devil take it, he had to see her! He didn't. "But," said the wide-eyed nurse at the desk, "Miss Whitney left for New York yesterday. Oh, yes, quite recovered."

Whitney said hastily, "Oh, I see—her wire must have miscarried." And went back to New York.

The first evening he was at home he saw a stack of old newspapers. Glumly he looked through them. And one, dated the day he had revisited the hospital, when he had been too upset to read any paper, had head-lines:

HORTENSE YATES FOUND: RUNAWAY BRIDE

For one terrible moment Whitney thought that his rôle of medical adviser and devoted brother had been misunderstood by the romantic press. He read further.

According to the genial account, Miss Yates had eloped with a young man of good stock and no money—a young man who ran the gasoline station. This alliance of Pampered Wealth and Honest Workman was dear to the tender press-heart, and played up accordingly. Because of dread of family interference, Miss Yates had let it be known that she was going West to visit. She had not boarded the train. She had gone to the depot, left it secretly, and later picked up her waiting bridegroom-to-be and

whisked him over to Jersey. All was now forgiven.

So Miss Yates—now Mrs. Smith—was honeymooning somewhere, and her parents had gone South to recover.

"Now who in Hades," murmured Whitney, "is my Sally?"

He read on. The reporter mentioned casually that a cousin of Miss Yates, a Miss Sanderson, who was employed as a comparative shopper in a New York department store, had aided the lovers. Wearing Miss Yates' clothes, presenting Miss Yates' ticket, and being endowed by nature with Miss Yates' general build and coloring, this Miss Sanderson had taken her place on the train.

So Sally was—Sally. A comparative shopper. And Whitney's skies, which had been dark drab, became azure once more.

The next morning he marched down to the shop. And weaving an added way between counters of silken lingerie, he gained the upstairs office, emerging from the elevator with his heart thudding in his breast.

He made a request of a weary young woman, and Sally, demure in blue serge, came out of something enclosed in frosted glass and confronted him.

He said hurriedly: "I—you—what . . . Oh, to the devil with explanations. Come on out to luncheon!"

It being noon, she seized her hat and came.

Over a balcony table, Whitney said earnestly: "I went back to the hospital . . . Sally, how could you be so cruel?"

"You see, I had promised Hortense not to give her away until everything was all right. I intended to go on to Ruth's, the school friend she was to visit. Then—"

"I know the rest," interrupted Whitney, "but not why you ran off from me like that."

"I was going to tell you," Sally persisted, "as soon as I heard from Hortense. But—you went away—and I thought . . . Well, I couldn't leave a note at the hospital for my 'brother' in case he ever came back. So I left. I owe you money, Mr. Whitney."

She produced a blank check and suggested: "If you'd fill in the amount you paid—"

Whitney said a curious thing. He said, "Very well. I hope you can't afford it."

Sally laughed. "I can't. Not really. They pay me well," said Sally simply, "but I have to live, and going around with Hortense's crowd means oodles of clothes and things."

"Haven't you any people?" asked Whitney, his heart very tender.

"No; only the Yateses. And I'm not really related to them—not by blood."

"Look here," said he, and his dark eyes were grave and ardent. "I'm mad about you. I fell in love with you the first time I took your pulse. But—later—I thought you were Hortense Yates. You see, Sally, that would never do. I've always sworn I'd never marry a girl with money. I'm ambitious to get ahead. I am doing so. But I've always felt that a rich wife was a handicap."

Sally said, low: "I thought you—didn't like me—because you were fed up with my evasions—because I let you do everything for me—because I took your name—"

"But that's just what I want you to take—permanently—darling."

"Couldn't you have loved me enough to marry me—even if I had been Hortense?"

Whitney said, in an exultant whisper: "Oh, of course! You know that! But I would have put up a fight. Sally, Sally, how can I sit through this interminable meal, when I want to kiss you so much?"

But he had to wait until they were in the taxi which drove them back to the shop.

They were married at once, and very quietly. The Yateses were away. There was no one to be consulted on either side.

They had made no plans. After the ceremony in the minister's brownstone house they went back to Whitney's flat, and Whitney said:

"Dearest—we'll slip away somewhere . . . I rather like trains."

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Sally came over and perched herself on his knee. "Do you love me?"

He demonstrated.

She said, with a little sob of contentment: "And I you—so much—so much." And added: "I think—we might wait a day or two before we leave town. I have to see some lawyers."

"Lawyers! But you have one in the family, now."

"Yes, I know. And it makes everything a lot easier. You see," said Sally timidly, "I've just come into some money."

"Money?" parroted Whitney.

"Yes. Dearest, my mother had an eccentric brother—a bachelor. He was afraid of fortune-hunters. So I've had to work—really had to. And it's all been kept very quiet—the legacy, I mean. I wasn't to get it until I reached thirty, or married."

Whitney held her off a little. He looked at her long and deeply, and he said severely:

"Sally—how much money is it?"

She answered deprecatingly: "Oh, well, we can give it away, or something. And there's the inheritance tax, too. I was so amused when you had to go out to see Sam Cummings. He's my other uncle, you see."

Whitney felt ill. He felt a dull ache, a pang. But . . .

"Sally," he repeated again, "how much money is it?"

Sally made a careless gesture. "Oh," she said lightly, "something like . . . twenty-six million dollars."

Whitney was mute. Then he laughed. Then he kissed her. For what were twenty-six million dollars compared to the privilege of kissing Sally's darling red mouth? What were twenty-six million dollars compared to the sound of her voice when she said, "I love you?"

As to the ache and the resentment—well, she could heal that with the touch of her soft cheek. Love, the Physician . . .

"Call the doctor!" murmured Whitney devoutly. And kissed her again.

Found in an Editor's Drawer (Cont. from page 95)

solution, must, to be successful, be a voracious reader, and take copious and voluminous notes of all he reads and all that is likely to have a bearing upon the problems which he wants to solve. In this way he acquires such scientific facts as will prevent the ordinary reader from exclaiming against the wild impossibility of what the author advances.

In my own case, I may say that in each of the hundred volumes I have written there has been a definite scientific basis. It has been my object to wrap a scientific fact in an imaginary covering, which, while inducing minds of my youthful readers to exercise themselves with pleasure upon the adventures in the story, shall also lead them to ponder on the scientific kernel, and in this way perhaps bring about the ultimate invention of the apparently impossible marvel which my book describes.

In one story for instance, a story which was called "Topsy-Turvy" in French (I do not recollect the English title in the translation which was made), the novel was based upon the events that would ensue on the displacement of the earth's magnetic pole. Before writing my story, I had an exact calculation made as to the size and other details of the cannon whose shock should so displace the pole, and then purposely made the hero of my story commit an error in the calculations which I caused him to make. Had he not done so, I should have found it difficult to explain why France was not a lake and why New York was not a mountain, or perhaps a glacier.

I am inclined to think that in the future the world will not have many more novels in which mind problems will be solved by the imagination. It may be the natural feeling of an old man with a hundred books behind him, who feels that he has written out his subject, but I really feel as though the writers of the present day and of past time who have allowed their imaginations to play upon mind problems, have, to use a colloquialism, nearly filled the bill.

The writer of my own day, or I should perhaps say, of my own afternoon, who has done more in this way than any other man, is the young Englishman, Mr. H. G. Wells, in whose works I have taken great interest since they appeared in French translation. Nothing, for instance, can read more conclusively than the extraordinary time-machine in one of Mr. Wells' books. I do not think that such a machine as he describes will ever be a real fact, of course, and yet, as one reads the book, the author seems to have proved conclusively that such an apparatus is absolutely within the bounds of possibility. This is so because of the ingenious manner in which the author has availed himself of such known scientific data as exist, and herein lies the secret.

It does not do to dress up human beings in carnival attire, and call them Martians, or

Moon Men, and it is this mistake which Mr. Wells so wonderfully and so successfully avoids. He invents his Moon Men and his Martians, and he gives them attributes which actual science really may permit them.

But put in a few words, the solution of mind problems by the imagination consists of this: a wish that some invention may be achieved, and then the detailed description of its achievement as though it had actually taken place. The wish is father to the thought, says the old proverb.

The solution of all problems of the mind, undoubtedly may claim imagination for its mother.

The First Manuscript by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

BRIGHT like the comforting blaze in the hearth,
Sweet like the bloom on the young apple tree,
Fragrant with promise of fruit yet to be,
Are the home-keeping maidens of earth.

Better and greater than talent, is worth;
And where is the glory of brush or pen,
Like the glory of mothers and molders of men!
The home-keeping women of earth.

Crowned since the great solar system had birth,
They reign unsurpassed in their beautiful sphere;
Queens, who can look in God's face without fear—
The home-keeping women of earth.

An ideal marriage is one where the husband and wife are spiritual, mental and physical mates.

Each considers the other's highest welfare and best happiness, before considering self or selfish pleasures.

Each is ready to yield a point for the other's comfort. Each is charitable toward the other's weaknesses and faults.

The man remains the lover, the woman the sweetheart as years pass.

The man admires other women, because they represent the sex to which his wife, the superlative woman, belongs.

The woman likes all men because her husband is a man. Each trusts the other, and neither would insult that trust by suspicion or falsehood.

This is the ideal situation.

"The light isn't bright enough for a good snapshot"

THEY ALL INSISTED...



but how surprised they were when they looked at the results!

THERE had been a chorus of 'No, I don't let's stop here' . . . 'You can't get a picture now' . . . 'No camera will ever take a snapshot in *this* light' . . . everyone thought I was just wasting film, for they knew mine was not an expensive model.

"But when they looked at the prints there was a different sort of chorus. *Those snapshots had come out perfectly.* The skepticism turned to open admiration. 'How in the world did you do it?' I was asked. 'Did you use a special lens?'

"And then I told them about the wonderful Modern Kodaks. I explained how you could now get good snapshots earlier in the morning and later in the afternoon—how you could take snapshots of people indoors near sunlit windows, or outside in the shade—that you even got good results in the rain. It was easy to get enthusiastic."

You'll be enthusiastic, too, when you first try one of the Modern Kodaks. They contain many new improvements, of which the most important is the increased speed of the lens on models of moderate price. Now, with these models, snapshots are possible in light conditions where slower lenses would require time exposures.

Take the lens of the \$20 1A Pocket Kodak, for example. In 1925 you would have had to buy a \$40 camera to get a lens as fast.

Go to your Kodak dealer and let him show you the amazing convenience of the new Kodaks. Everything possible has been done to make it easier for you to get good pictures.

For instance, on many of the Modern Kodaks there is a new feature which

saves you the trouble of figuring out how to make the proper exposure. Permanently, below the lens, are specific instructions as to the correct shutter speed and lens opening. Thus the chances for error are greatly reduced and no time whatever is lost in arriving at the correct exposure for the existing light conditions.

Try one of these Modern Kodaks at once and when you do, be sure that you load it with Kodak Film—from the familiar yellow box. Kodak Film is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. *It gets the picture.* Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

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• KODAK •

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Here are a few difficulties which lie in the roadway to its attainment:

First, the physical nature of human beings, which in the majority of cases controls, instead of being controlled by the higher qualities.

The marriage which has a wholly physical basis soon becomes wretched slavery, or wretched boredom to one or both parties.

The musical composition which contains harmony only in its crescendo passages must soon cease to please the ear.

Lips which are honey in the kiss but wander in speech must many times prove unsatisfactory, since man is so constructed by nature that he consumes more time in converse than in kissing.

(Yet, alas for the lips that are marble in the kiss, while they drop pearls of wisdom in speech!)

The second obstacle to the ideal marriage is selfishness; the foolish determination to dominate and control another's life, instead of blending with it; of demanding by law or force or tears what would be given naturally if love alone held its sway.

The third obstacle is that material and brutal necessity—money: woman's sensitiveness, or her extravagance—man's lack of consideration, or his overestimate of money's worth—or the failure of both to grasp its real use in life to make the present hour happy, and the future hopeful.

The fourth is the time-worn idea of pessimists, that the commonplace situations of life are death to sentiment and passion.

Each newly married man and woman should begin life with the determination to create their own world of happiness irrespective of all the failures which may have preceded them.

The first quality to cultivate after the great emotion of love is self-control.

Add to this common sense, and you have the three cardinal virtues which insure happiness in marriage.

Love makes it possible to be lenient with another's weaknesses and faults; self-control teaches us to think of another's welfare before our own pleasure; practical good sense aids us in lifting up the commonplace to the realm of ideality.

Common sense teaches the husband to avoid any vulgar discussions of a financial nature with his wife, by having a distinct understanding with her in the beginning regarding his position; and it teaches the woman to be prudent and to keep in mind that her husband's best interests are her own.

Common sense tells both husband and wife that outside fascinations and sex attractions are fatal to happiness and self-respect; and it impresses upon the minds of both this fact: that home is the only heaven to be found this

side of the Silent River—and if we do not help to make it here we will not find it there.

The Second Manuscript by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

*THE times are not degenerate. Man's faith
Mounts higher than of old. No crumbling
creed*

*Can take from the immortal soul the need
Of that supreme Creator, God. The wrath
Of dead beliefs we cherished in our youth
Fades but to let us welcome new-born Truth.*

*Man may not worship at the ancient shrine
Prone on his face, in self-accusing scorn.
That night is past: he hails a fairer morn
And knows himself a something all divine.
No humble worm whose heritage is sin,
But, born of God, he feels the Christ within.*

*Not loud his prayers as in the olden time,
But deep his reverence for that mighty Force,
That occult working of the great All Source
Which makes the present era so sublime.
Religion now means something high and
broad,
And man stood never half so near to God.*

During my three years' connection with the Journal I have discussed many subjects and received thousands of letters commenting upon my remarks and filled with advice, protest, praise and censure.

I have been urged to write only of love, and told never to attempt to discuss that theme. I have been advised to adopt the labor questions for exclusive thought, and I have been informed that I was out of my element when I wrote of them.

I have been praised, blessed, reproved and chided for my religious utterances; orthodox people have been sorry for my unchristian state of mind—and have provided me with tracts and sermons—but the only abusive letters sent me have been from "Free Thinkers" and "Infidels" who objected to my persistent belief in a ruling Deity and a future life.

I mention this fact as a curious one, and make no comment save that it naturally suggests the idea that Infidelity does not lead to

courtesy or toleration—two cardinal virtues in life.

*THE wise men ask, "What language did
Christ speak?"
They cavil, argue, search, and nothing prove.
O Sages! leave your Sanscrit and your Greek,
Each heart contains the knowledge which you
seek,
Christ spoke the universal language—Love.*

Professor E. Benjamin Andrews, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, in an address to the students of the University of Chicago advanced the proposition that a lie is not a lie when it is a white lie.

"It is certainly justifiable," said Doctor Andrews, "to preach a creed a part of which you do not approve or to listen to a minister say things you do not like. When the motive is good—when all is done for the ultimate end—it is well, but when it is done hypocritically, for social position, or for money, it is not to be endured."

This is about as bad philosophy for young men's minds to be inoculated with, as any heathen religion could supply.

Nothing but harm can result from preaching anything we do not believe. Harm to ourselves, harm to others who listen. Unless we believe what we say, we might better remain silent. It is not always wise to say all we believe. We must use discretion and common sense in selecting our time and our audience. But ever to preach or teach by tongue or pen one word or phrase or sentiment we know in our hearts is not true, or that our hearts cannot echo, is debasing to the moral character, and an insult to intellectual qualities. It can only result in confusion and disaster—it can never bring good in its train no matter what the motive may be.

Preach nothing, teach nothing which does not come straight from the inner consciousness. Words are but empty sounds unless filled with the force of the heart's convictions. Keep silent, unless you can say what you mean and mean what you say. If you have not the courage of your convictions, have the courage to keep still, at least. There are many clergymen today preaching down to their congregations instead of lifting up their congregations to their own enlightenment.

It is of course useless to undertake to force truth upon half-developed minds; but the man who has outgrown the cruel creeds of his ancestors is sinning against his divine self (otherwise "the Holy Ghost"!) by continuing to preach them to crude minds craving a religion of fear.

Let him lead them up to the only true creed—the religion of Love. Once they grasp it they will want nothing else, for light drives out darkness and knowledge drives out ignorance.

The Song of the Bee by Peter B. Kyne (Continued from page 53)

and an advance of ten dollars a week each year for the four succeeding years.

"Going to make a real jockey out of you, Midge," he boomed. "That was a great ride you gave Don Marco yesterday. Want you to sign a five-year contract. However, as you are a minor and cannot legally sign a contract, my lawyer suggests that you come into court and petition the judge to have this gentleman here named as your guardian. As your guardian, legally appointed, he will be enabled to sign in your name this fine contract I am offering you. How about it, Midge?"

"I'll think it over," said Midge.

"You'll think it over here and now, my boy. I've made the offer. If you do not accept it, I shall withdraw it—and after that I'll not require your services any longer."

"You got them cheap enough at that," the boy flared at him. "You'd never thought of a contract if you hadn't seen a chance to sell me to Miss Henning for five thousand dollars. Well, I'm not going to ask for any guardian unless it's Miss Henning, and I ain't going to let

you stick her for no five thousand dollars on something you never had when you sold it to her. I'm going to work for Miss Henning. I'd 'a' gone to Hell for you, Mr. Banfield, but you—you don't care a hoot about me. You don't care for nothing but money. All right, maybe some day I'll cost you a lot more'n I'm worth."

He commenced to weep, darted out of the office, hired a car and went back to Tia Juana. Half an hour later he had transferred his few miserable possessions to an empty stall in the Sycamore Rancho's barn; when Marion came to the barn again he told her what had occurred between John T. Banfield and himself.

"I go on your pay-roll, Miss Marion," he pleaded, "and you pay me what you think is right and fair. We don't need no contract. If we had a contract you might—sell me; and I don't like to be sold away from folks I—like."

"We'll shake hands on it instead, Midge," she suggested, and thus the deal was closed.

Marion employed a trainer, Jim Merton, and a good man he was, yet, curiously enough, in the matter of Pilgrim's Pride she listened most

to the advice of Midge; for although young she knew he was old with the wisdom of his craft. He had worked with Pilgrim a week before she sent for him.

"What do you think of our entry Midge?" "I hate to tell you this, Miss Marion," Midge replied, "but that dog's a morning glory. He isn't worth the cost of shipping him. He has everything a champion should have except heart. I'm disappointed in him."

Marion was horrified. "A morning glory? Why, we've never had one on Sycamore Rancho."

"Well, you've got one now and he's a daisy. Morning after morning I've set him down over a half-mile in company. He's a lamb at the post, he breaks like a flash, he's faster than greased lightning and I think he can stand a long grind. Every morning he's the grandest prospect in the country. But when I skip the morning workout and work him in the late afternoon he's just two seconds behind his time. He just won't extend himself. I've tried everything, but the stop-watch tells

the tale. I never knew a morning-glory that brought home the bacon in the afternoon. And that's when races are run, Miss Marion."

It was a week before Marion admitted that Midge's verdict was unimpeachable.

Nobody has ever been able to discover the answer to the question: Why is a morning-glory? Racing men only know that they happen. To such curiously constituted horses the morning workout is sufficient evil for the day. Apparently, they prefer to give all they have in the cool of the dawn and to withhold it in the afternoon. Or perhaps they are horses just a bit faint-hearted, and when running in company they lack the spur of ambition and accept defeat too readily.

"A real race-horse," Midge explained, "is selfish and plucky. He just naturally can't bear to be beaten and he'll do everything to prevent it. But a morning-glory—well, he ain't got no pride, that's all. He does what he's told to do in the morning, but he won't do what he's asked to do in the afternoon. The Pilgrim's too easy-going—not enough nerves. Now, if I could only give him a good scare at the right time in a race, he'd be liable to run over his field. I can't lift him with whip or spur. And I can't talk him into it."

"Well, we'll not hop him up, Midge, if that's what you're leading up to, and we'll not have a cunning little electric battery up your sleeve so you can sting him."

"We might sting him mentally."

"Just what do you mean?"

"Please don't ask me now. I'll make some experiments and if they work out all right we'll both know it without talking about it."

For three weeks Marion heard nothing more about Pilgrim's Pride, then one day after luncheon Midge came over to the house.

"Don Marco's back, and so is Ballyhoo," he announced. "I'm going to put the Pilgrim over the course in competition with them this afternoon and I'd like, Miss Marion, if you'll clock me. The race is called for three-thirty."

"And has Pilgrim's Pride had his usual morning exercise, Midge?"

"Yes, miss. And if he does today what I think he's liable to do, he'll still be fit for the race of his life."

At three-thirty, therefore, Marion sat up in the little pagoda at the finish line on her own mile race-track, split-second stop-watch in hand. A hundred yards down the road Jim Merton drew down the starting-gate; Don Marco and Ballyhoo, with exercise boys up, and Pilgrim's Pride, piloted by Midge, pranced up to it, fidgeted, whirled, fidgeted, whirled again and were off to a perfect start. As the webbing was released the girl's thumb came down on the head of the stop-watch. Her glance never strayed from the three thoroughbreds racing down the track, Don Marco four open lengths out front, Ballyhoo second, Pilgrim's Pride a bad third. At the quarter the Pilgrim began closing in.

At the half-mile Ballyhoo had been passed and slowly, inexorably, Pilgrim's Pride was creeping up on Don Marco. They turned into the stretch with Don Marco coming strong along the rail, two lengths in advance of the Pilgrim, who carried wide at the turn. And then something happened. The Pilgrim commenced to make his run! With apparent ease he flashed by Don Marco, took the rail and came on in a thunder of flying hoofs, his head outstretched, his nostrils flung wide. He was giving all that was in him and giving it gladly.

Of course, at the mile, Don Marco was done and the boy sensibly pulled him up. Ballyhoo had long since pulled up and there was no longer any competition for the Pilgrim. Nevertheless he did not falter; indeed, as he passed in front of the pagoda he increased his stride with a sudden spurt, seeming to call upon new reserves of speed and stamina. As he flashed past the finish of the course Marion looked at her stop-watch and gasped.

Midge pulled the horse up and came jogging back to her. "I'll guess it," he called. "He stepped that mile and an eighth in forty-nine."

"Forty-eight and a fifth," she called back

to him. "Oh, Midge, that's a race-horse." "That's a dog," Midge contradicted; "but he can run when he wants to. The thing is to make him want to."

"How did you get it out of him, Midge?"

"That's a secret, Miss Marion. I think I've made him ashamed of himself. I been talking to him and telling him what a low-down disappointment he's been and I reckon he sort o' took a notion to reform. He wouldn't do it for nobody but me."

"If the Tia Juana track is as fast as this one and he has half decent luck he's worth a big bet, Midge."

"I think so, Miss Marion. I'm going to bet my little roll on him. If we win, I want you to sell him."

"Why? If he wins we should be able to annex a few more big stakes."

"And if I get spilled and hurt and somebody else has to ride him he won't be worth more than his hide. You sell him, Miss Marion, and let somebody else try to psychoanalyze him. My stuff is good, but I can't go on doing it forever. He'll get on to me and be a morning-glory again."

"Is this the first time he has really extended himself for you?"

"Yes, Miss Marion."

"But he showed very well as a two-year-old and in his workouts since then he has showed so much promise."

"Workouts are in the morning," Midge reminded her and jogged back to the barn.

THEY shipped Pilgrim's Pride to Tia Juana and Midge accompanied the traitor in the express-car. They arrived a week before the Handicap. Midge worked the horse regularly, permitting him short bursts of speed but never extending him for the benefit of the railbirds who lined the fences in the early morning, clocking the entries. Nevertheless, out of a field of twelve starters that remained on the list of entries the night before the race, Midge was pleased to notice that the various tipsters rated Pilgrim's Pride to their gullible clients all the way from sixth to last.

That night Midge called upon his employer at the latter's hotel. "Well, he's fit," he announced, "and Jim Merton has placed all the bets for your ranch help with the bookies in San Francisco. Betting anything on him?"

"I was waiting for your final report, Midge. Do you still advise it?"

"Barring racing luck, which is never very good, he has as fair a chance as the favorite. I'd spread that five thousand and you were going to pay John T. Banfield for that contract on me he never had; but I wouldn't bet it at the track, Miss Marion. He'll open ten to one for sure and five thousand would cut him to even money. Have Jim Merton place it for you in San Francisco and Los Angeles. You'll get closing odds then, and your bets will be safe enough. I've got a good position. Third from the rail. He's a sensible horse at the post and starts like a flash and I don't figure on getting pocketed. Have you seen the weights?"

"No, Midge."

"A hundred and ten—and that day at the Sycamore Rancho he carried a hundred and twenty. That's a little surprise I've been saving up for you, Miss Marion. I gave him top weight that day. I wouldn't kid myself and I wouldn't kid you. He'll run tomorrow, never fear."

Marion's heart was beating wildly as the bugle called the eighteen horses to the post the following afternoon. Pilgrim's Pride stalked sedately past the grand stand in No. 3 place and Midge waved at her as he rode past. Then they paraded back.

They were at the post a minute and a half; then there burst from the crowd a sound that was half roar, half sigh, and the horses were off to a beautiful start.

True to Midge's prediction, Pilgrim's Pride was off first, making the pace. He caught the rail presently and held it; when he was challenged he did not respond. At the half he was fourth, at the three-quarters fifth. Then he

started moving up until as the field came into the stretch he was challenging the leader.

Down the stretch they came, Moderator, the favorite, running easily and holding the head of Pilgrim's Pride at his tail. But Moderator could not shake him off, and through her glasses Marion saw that the favorite's jockey was using his bat while Midge was hand-riding the Pilgrim.

Closer and closer they came; then suddenly the Pilgrim commenced moving up. His blazed face was at the saddle-girth of Moderator now, at his quarter, on even terms . . . Moderator was falling back. Past the paddock the field swept, the Pilgrim an open length in front and gaining at every jump . . .

She closed her eyes. When she opened them again the results of the race were just going up on the board across the track. Pilgrim's Pride first, Moderator second, Oregonian third. John T. Banfield's entry had been nosed out by a whisker. He had run a great race, having come up from tenth place to challenge the leader in a magnificent burst of speed that would have carried him to victory had he made his run ten seconds earlier.

The girl looked at the timer's board. 1:48—flat! She wondered if it was a world's record. She was too excited to remember. Certainly close to it—close enough to make of Pilgrim's Pride a horse of very great value.

She saw Midge ride him into the circle reserved for winners, dismount, remove his tack and step into the weighing-room. When he came out again, almost immediately, she knew he had weighed out as he had weighed in—that the victory was secure. Then the governor of Baja California came into the circle, and lifted Midge back onto the Pilgrim's wet glistening back, while the governor's wife hung around the sleek neck the long wide floral stole of victory. Marion saw a dozen camera-men in action, then Midge slid off, Pilgrim's Pride was blanketed, and horse and rider jogged off to the paddock. Simultaneously Marion made her way to the paddock also.

After changing into his street clothes in the jockey room over the paddock, Midge came down to meet his mistress. He found John T. Banfield talking to her.

"Come here, Midge," the girl commanded. "You're a dear. I knew you'd do it. I knew you just had to beat Moderator, if only to prove to Mr. Banfield what a poor judge of apprentice jockeys he is. I bet the five thousand, too. We'll know in a minute what the closing odds were."

"At least ten to one," said John T. Banfield. "The bookies were laying eight to one; boosted him from four to one to incite the fancy. Midge, you ran a great race."

"If you'd had me up on Moderator I'd have won a fifty-thousand-dollar purse," Midge reminded his late patron. "It must be fifty thousand, with all the added money."

"Midge," said Marion Henning, "Mr. Banfield wants to buy Pilgrim's Pride!"

MIDGE's heart leaped. What a true-blue sport she was. Now that he had led her to a triumphant victory she was not going to make another move without consulting him.

"Well, anything's for sale at a price, Miss Marion. How much does Mr. Banfield offer?"

"Fifty thousand," Banfield replied.

"Chicken-feed," Midge murmured sorrowfully. "Guess we won't trade today. No need to be in a hurry. I got my eye on a couple more stakes I might just as well clean up for Miss Marion and then sell. Besides, Miss Marion," he added, turning to the girl, "there ain't no sense in grabbing at the first offer you get . . . There's other sports in this world. Give the boys a chance. They know the Pilgrim has won over the best horses in the country."

Deliberately he led Marion away. But John T. Banfield followed them.

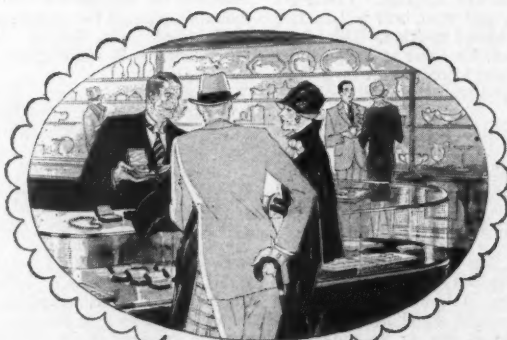
"A hundred thousand for the Pilgrim," he announced. "Take it or leave it."

"Sold!" said Midge quietly. "Got a check-book with you?"

"Certainly."



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"Write it. Here's your bill of sale for Pilgrim's Pride. I had it made out a week ago. It's the regular printed form, Mr. Banfield. I knew you'd want him if he won. Fill in the blank and Miss Marion will sign it."

"The young man's a quick trader," Banfield suggested blandly.

He filled in the check and the bill of sale and Marion signed it. As he lifted his hat and walked away, Midge glared after him. "And I wish him joy of the Pilgrim," he growled. "He can buy the Pilgrim but he can't buy me—and that goat would have finished in the ruck if I hadn't ridden him."

"Will you tell me now how you managed to induce him to perform, Midge?"

His little hand stole into hers. "A horse ain't got no brains, Miss Marion," he explained. "You can't really teach 'em very much, but you can give 'em a habit. I told you the Pilgrim had to be scared into running, didn't I? Well, it's the easiest thing in the world to scare a thoroughbred horse—and no matter how gentle he is you can never tell when something will scare him and you'd have been willing to bet a new hat it wouldn't and couldn't. Me, I just educated the Pilgrim to a certain form of fright."

"I got the batteries out of your car and put 'em in his manger. Then I tied him up to the manger and led two copper wires from each battery up to his neck, just where the mane quits growing. I tied one wire around his neck and I wet his neck with water first. Then I sat up on the edge of the stall and with the other wire on the end of a long stick I touched the wire around the Pilgrim's neck and made a contact. There was a buzz and a snapping of sparks and the old Pilgrim got a shock. Did he carry on? I want to tell you he did, Miss Marion. He tried to tear the barn down. And every time he'd get quiet I'd touch him up again."

"Well, I educated the Pilgrim for three days. At the end of that time I could throw him into convulsions by looking into his stall and saying, *Buz-z-z-z!*"

"Then I took him out, put a hundred and twenty pounds on him and ran him with Don Marco and Ballyhoo. I discovered that day he didn't need competition to give him ambition. He didn't do his real running until he found himself out in front—and then I said, *Buz-z-z-z!* and jabbed him on the neck with this. And you know what happened."

Midge held up his right hand, displaying on the middle finger a ring fashioned from a horseshoe-nail which had been nicked. Marion was familiar with such trinkets. There is a superstition among jockeys, swipes and trainers that a ring made from a horseshoe-nail will avert rheumatism, and most of them wear this simple charm.

"Are you rheumatic, Midge?"

"Not yet—but you never can tell. But this ring is lucky. Remember the first time I rode Don Marco? Well, that was the first winner I ever put over, so when they changed his plates I got one of the nails and made this ring. It's a soft nail. Look," and with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand he bent the end of the nail outward from the head. "Horseshoe-nails are pretty sharp—and I made this one a little sharper. I wore this ring in the race with the end pulled out. Nobody could see it when my hand was closed over the reins, and there ain't a judge in the world that would be suspicious of a horseshoe-nail ring on a jock. When I wanted to make my run with the Pilgrim, I sang the song of the bee to him—and jabbed him in the neck with the point of my ring."

"Midge, you're a wicked boy."

"Well, I'm more than nine years old and I been around race-horses all my life. Did you have your glasses on the Pilgrim?"

"Of course."

"As we come into the stretch did you see him throw up his tail and swing it in a circle?"

"Yes."

"That was when I stung him first. But I know something else about the Pilgrim. He'll throw up his tail and swing it when I give him

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the spur. I knew the judges would have their glasses on me and that they'd suspect a tiny little electric battery up my sleeve when they saw the Pilgrim throw up his tail and swing it and jump so. I knew they'd all be watching to see if I threw my little battery away before I came back to be weighed in, so, just before I came under the judges' stand, I spurred the dog—and he threw his tail up at them. They could see I wasn't doing anything to him except giving him the steel—and that's legitimate. And I was using the bat on him for fair. So they didn't ask any questions, although the secretary came down when I weighed in and ran his hands all over my body looking for the battery just the same."

"Midge," Marion announced sadly, "that wasn't sporty of you. You have, without my knowledge, placed me in the position of having perpetrated a swindle. I must see Mr. Banfield at once and explain the situation to him."

"Just as you like," the boy answered cheerfully. There was a cynical amused smile on his little old face as he watched her depart. When she returned he said:

"Well, boss, what luck?"

"He wouldn't believe me," she declared indignantly. "I explained the situation fully—and he just smiled at me as if I wasn't more than nine years old."

"Sure he did. He thinks somebody else has offered you more money for the Pilgrim and that now you're trying to kill the deal and get the horse back by giving out a lot of applesauce about how I trained him. What did he say?"

"He said he was obliged to me for the information, but that he knew a great race-horse when he saw one perform, and anyhow, his stop-watch confirmed his judgment. He said that if, in the future, he should discover I was right about the horse being a morning-glory he'd remember your magic and have him waked up. Then he grinned at me and walked off."

"Sure he would. He's nobody's fool. When he saw the Pilgrim's tail go up as we came into the stretch he was suspicious, but when he saw me go by the grand stand—when he saw the Pilgrim's tail protesting at the spur, he knew the Pilgrim was a great horse. You couldn't buy that horse from him for a twenty-five-thousand-dollar profit. Remember, Pilgrim's Pride is a stallion. Banfield thinks he'll win a few big stakes with him, retire him to the stud and get many times his money back out of him in colts and fillies."

"I don't like this sort of business, Midge. It isn't quite honest."

"Miss Marion, didn't you do your best to be honest? Angels can't do no more. And how do you know the Pilgrim won't continue to win rich stakes under the Questa Rey colors? How do you know he won't develop into a great sire? If Banfield remembers to tell his jocks to sing him the song of the bee and jab him—well, who knows? Banfield isn't the man who would refuse to try the system out."

"Well, we've sold a horse and Sycamore Rancho is out of debt with seventy-five thousand dollars in capital left. You don't know it, Midge, but you're rather rich for a sixteen-year-old boy. Ten percent of the purse and the bets is yours. Don't you think you might have me appointed your guardian so I can look after your fortune for you? We'll invest it in good bonds."

"We'll invest it in a good mare or two," he retorted. "Thanks awfully, Miss Marion. Whatever you say goes with me." He removed the horseshoe-nail ring and hurled it across the track into the grass of the infield. "It looks like I'd ought to be rid of the evidence."

"Tell me, Midge dear, how you happened to think of that stunt."

"Well, a bee and a morning-glory go well together, Miss Marion. That must have suggested the idea to my father. He told me about it, and while I was with John T. Banfield I tried it out on Moderator."

"Is Moderator a morning-glory, too?"

"He is. And now John T. Banfield has another in his stable. Miss Marion, that's what I'd call a bouquet!"

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* for brushing clothes

* for cleaning piano interiors

* for cleaning mattresses

* to clean door and window frames

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* to remove dust from lamp shades

* for aerating pillows

* to clean stair risers

* for cleaning draperies

* for dusting fireplaces

* for upholstered furniture

* for dusting auto interiors

* to dust out radiators



Makes your housecleaning easier . . . and your house cleaner

POSITIVE AGITATION

WHAT a delight it is, when housecleaning is over, to see *everything* beautifully clean!

What a satisfaction it is, to know that dust is banished from furnishings, and that even to the bottommost depths of the rugs, the whole house is spotless.

And how essential it is, in creating this cleanliness, to have the aid of a Hoover.

There's not a corner or a crevice into which the searching Dusting Tools of The Hoover can not go. There's not a bit of upholstery, a drapery or lamp, a mattress or pillow that won't be the cleaner for their use.

Every rug and carpet will be

fresher and lovelier for Hoover cleaning. For "Positive Agitation"—the exclusive cleaning principle of The Hoover removes more *dirt per minute*.

And it removes all types of dirt—the deeply-embedded, destructive grit against which other cleaning methods are ineffective as well as the surface dust and lint. In this dirt removal the rug nap is lifted and straightened and the rug colors brightened.

Now The Hoover offers a new helpfulness, in its motor-driven Floor Polishing Attachment. This new housekeeping-aid polishes quickly and brilliantly.

Why not have a demonstration

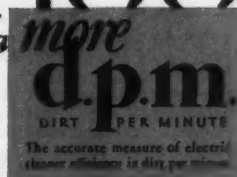
in your home of The Hoover, its Dusting Tools and Floor Polishing Attachment? It will enable you to see for yourself, what repeated tests have proved, that The Hoover removes more *dirt per minute*. Because d. p. m. represents the real gauge of electric cleaner efficiency, you should have this test, before buying *any* cleaner. Telephone your local Hoover Dealer.

Cash prices: Model 700 Hoover, \$75. Model 543, \$59.50. Dusting tools, \$12.50. Model 972, \$135.00; Dusting Tools, \$15.00. Floor polishing attachment adaptable to models built in the last five years, \$7.50. Easy payments if desired. Only \$6.25 down. Hoover dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.

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It BEATS... a *more* **d.p.m.** as it Cleans



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ECHOES of FRAGRANCE



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Lily Christine (Continued from page 71)

lawyer's letter from Ivor to me, Sonia! To me!" "The fellow!" snapped Ambatriadi in unspeakable disgust.

Lily Christine looked at him with a shaky, bewildered smile. "What is it now, Andy!" "The fellow! But I suppose it's no good abusing him."

Lily Christine turned her eyes from him. "It doesn't matter," she said.

"It doesn't matter!" the Greek echoed hoarsely. "The fellow tramples on her and she says it doesn't matter!"

She looked at Ambatriadi bitterly, as though she hated him. "Andy, please don't talk like that! Trample on me! Why should he, what is the point? What have I ever done to him?" "Yes, it's all unbelievable," Sonia Parwen said slowly, holding her hand.

Lily Christine looked from one to the other of them, very gravely, then back to Mrs. Parwen.

"And so he wants a divorce—is that it? Sonia?"

"I am afraid so, dear."

"Well—but what I can't understand is, why didn't he say so, why didn't he tell me—instead of slinking away!"

And not one of them could tell her that Summerest's letter was not that of a man asking for a divorce but of one intending to divorce his wife. Harvey could not help glancing at the door, as though he expected to see Summerest's back, clumsy, hesitating, ashamed.

"I don't blame you for not saying anything," she sighed at last. "It's all so mysterious."

Ambatriadi struck a match sharply. "Mrs. Abbey," he muttered.

Lily Christine smiled helplessly, as at a child's vagaries. "Oh, she hasn't got anything to do with it, Andy, that's certain."

"Is it?" Ambatriadi said hoarsely. "You'll see, Lily Christine."

Again she looked at him bitterly, angrily, as though he had no right to be probing into hidden beastly places. "Andy, of course she hasn't! How could she?"

"How? Suppose she liked him?"

They were like two children squabbling.

"Well, she doesn't—not like that."

He laughed hoarsely.

"She told you, I suppose?"

"Yes, she did. And I'd rather kill myself than go around thinking everybody is telling me lies. Why, she said he hadn't even said good-by to her before leaving!"

"Well, we'll see," Ambatriadi said, wearily.

"Better be going," Harvey said vaguely.

Ambatriadi kissed Lily Christine's hand with extraordinary gentleness. "Don't mind me, Lily Christine. I'll tell you a thing—I'm a most incompetent ass, but I mean well. Now Harvey and I will leave you alone to rest."

"But, Andy, before you go—what does he mean in that awful letter about 'proofs'? Proofs of what, Andy?"

"We will know more when Neville comes," Sonia Parwen said hastily. "Won't you wait for him, Mr. Harvey?"

But Harvey wanted to go; it was so difficult to stay there not knowing what to say to Lily Christine.

As they went she said, smiling: "I'm so glad you two like each other."

Outside it was raining, not much but just drearily dribbling on and on.

"I live at the Hyde Park Hotel," said Ambatriadi, striding along.

Harvey said that was his way, too. They strode on in silence.

Harvey was glad of the Greek's silence. He felt positive that Ambatriadi had something in his mind to tell him of Mrs. Abbey, and he did not want to hear it.

He could not get that letter out of his head. Summerest accusing his wife of adultery. That was what it came to. Summerest daring to accuse her of anything! It was impossible to imagine a sane person sitting down to write

a letter so silly and at the same time so wicked. Harvey could not understand it. The fellow was weak enough, but he was not the plotting, calculating sort. He could not understand it.

At the steps of the hotel entrance Ambatriadi said: "Coming in?"

It was half past seven. Muriel would be wondering where on earth he was. Well, he was wondering, too. Where on earth were any of them in this upside-down world?

He vaguely followed the Greek up the steps into the hotel, then up the broad stairway into the lobby.

"Just a moment," Ambatriadi said, "while I order some oysters for Lily Christine. She won't feel like eating in the state she is in, but she might swallow."

Harvey wondered, now why did he never think of such things? Little attentions, kindnesses. He supposed it came of being English.

Waiting, he wondered if Neville Parwen would bring back some sane news from Paris. But Parwen would be no match for Summerest's spidery oppression.

Ambatriadi came back, and they went up in the elevator. Harvey fancied it must be the top floor at which they got out. Then they walked quite a long way, and at the end of a passage Ambatriadi opened a door.

"Daisy!" he said, in his hoarse, smoky, foreign voice.

They were in a sitting-room, and there was a door ajar leading into a bedroom. Daisy! Harvey was surprised and displeased. He had not bargained for a woman, a Daisy. Did the fellow keep a girl up here?

But Daisy did not come in immediately. It was an unusually comfortable and homely sitting-room for a hotel, with heavy armchairs in chintz, and a cheerful fire burning.

A man-servant, very dark, "Mediterranean," looking rather as Harvey had once imagined "Ambatriadi the Greek" must look, came in with two cocktails on a tray.

"Martinis, very dry," Ambatriadi explained.

Harvey did not want one, but took it to save trouble. He put it down again quickly enough. It was almost neat gin.

Ambatriadi, sipping his, paced about restlessly. "You heard what she said, Harvey?" "What about?"

Certainly he was a most impatient man, forever startling one with abrupt gestures indicating that the world was an intolerably stupid place. But at the same time you felt the spirit of kindness so eager and so anxious in him that you did not resent his jerky ways.

"Mrs. Abbey," he said impatiently. "You heard what the poor girl said about her?"

Harvey said nothing. What he wanted to say was: "Oh, shut up about Mrs. Abbey!"

Ambatriadi gulped down his cocktail and slapped the glass down on a table.

"Lily Christine," he said very hoarsely, "said that Mrs. Abbey hadn't even seen the fellow to say good-by to before he left."

"Well?"

"Well! I'll tell you a thing, Harvey—it's a lie."

A wave of acute discomfort swept over Harvey. Drat the fellow!

Ambatriadi said: "I was playing bridge that evening at a house in Regent's Park—Cumberland Terrace—and as I walked out I saw Summerest pass in a taxi."

"What time?"

"Oh, about seven. Where would he have been going but to Mrs. Abbey's? She lives round there."

Yes, it must have been a little before seven when Summerest left the familiar bedroom. And again Harvey saw the fellow's back, clumsy, hesitating, ashamed. So he had gone to see Mrs. Abbey, had he . . .

"I really don't see why you make such a point of it," he said uncomfortably.

"He doesn't see!" And Ambatriadi interlocked his fingers nervously as though doing

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glistening white
EVEN THEN..

4 out of 5
are Pyorrhea's victims



UNAWARE of the fact that all is not well even when teeth are gleaming white, 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay the high penalty for self-neglect. They sacrifice health to Pyorrhea.

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Without the use of harsh abrasives, it restores teeth to their natural whiteness and protects

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Also, if used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keep them strong and healthy. Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

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Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

his best to restrain them from throttling Harvey. "What did he say in his confounded letter? That the 'proofs'—whatever the fellow means—had been given to him that evening just before he left for Paris. And who gave them to him—shoved them at him? Would he have got them for himself? Does Summerest strike you as a man who could employ inquiry agents? And he says he doesn't see!"

"And I don't see," Harvey said stubbornly. "All I can see is that you can have no possible justification for such an accusation against a woman like Mrs. Abbey. Mrs. Abbey is looked up to as a very good sort of woman, and here you come along out of the blue and—"

"Yes, yes!" Ambatriadi stopped him wearily. "Yes, I know. Of course. Rule Britannia. Queen Victoria. Florence Nightingale. Mrs. Abbey. Buy British Goods. Yes, yes!" He paced about, looking very weary and haggard. "Unfortunately," he said hoarsely, "Mrs. Abbey is only an imitation."

"It takes some believing," Harvey muttered. "Believe it or not, my friend," the Greek said indifferently.

But there was a profound melancholy in Ambatriadi's air that had more destructive effect on Harvey's defense of Mrs. Abbey than any amount of aggressive arguments.

"I've known Helen Abbey," Ambatriadi said, quite calmly, "for twenty years. Ever since she was a shop-girl with a Lancashire accent."

"I never knew she had been a shop-girl!"

"Very few people do."

"A wonderful career, say what you like. So she was in a shop! And then?"

"Then? Well, I happened to know a manager fellow and he gave her a job."

"Then I suppose," Harvey said doubtfully, "you know her well."

Ambatriadi, pacing about, turned down the corners of his mouth in what may have been a smile.

"No one on earth knows that woman well!"

"But do you mean to tell me that in all that time you have known no good of her?"

"Who said I hadn't, my friend? Do you think I am saying beastly things about her for fun? Do you think I enjoy saying beastly things about anyone?"

"No, I can't say I do," Harvey had to say.

"Well! All I am trying to do—as you are fond of Lily Christine—is to show you the sort of woman she is up against. I don't deny that Mrs. Abbey is a good woman—"

"Oh, don't you!"

"As the world understands good women. I don't deny she has done and does many kindnesses, that she is a pattern of virtue. All I say is that she is the craftiest woman I have ever known."

"Then what is your point about all this?" Harvey asked uncomfortably. "How do you mean that Lily Christine is 'up against' Mrs. Abbey?"

"It looks as if she will marry Summerest—doesn't it?"

"You mean, if Lily Christine divorces him?"

"I mean," the Greek snapped angrily, "if he divorces her."

"Well, I can't believe it," said Harvey flatly. And he did not. "People aren't so bad as you make out, Ambatriadi. Summerest is no more than a weak fool."

"Yes, yes! Of course the fellow isn't actively bad. But a fellow like that can be made bad, good or indifferent."

"Oh, rubbish! Men aren't put up to such things."

"What about that letter for a beginning?"

"Yes, that's not pretty, certainly. A streak of madness."

"Whenever one of you Englishmen does a thing that's unbelievably caddish the others call it a streak of madness."

"I'm afraid you are anti-English."

"I'm anticad—English, French or double-Dutch. I'll tell you a thing, Harvey—men do queer things for women like Mrs. Abbey."

"La femme fatale! Fiction stuff, Ambatriadi. I'm surprised at you."

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ATWATER KENT RADIO

1929 \$
ELECTRIC SET
GIVES YOU
THE THRILL OF
RADIO
AT ITS BEST

(without
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MODEL 40 A.C. Set. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Requires six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, \$77.
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WHAT a world—this new, ever-changing world of radio entertainment. And how easily the door swings back and lets you in. Snap a tiny switch, touch the FULL-VISION Dial—there you are!

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No batteries to think about when your radio is the Atwater Kent all-electric set. No wondering whether your radio is going to work tonight—it always works. No mistaking the voice of a famous singer—the tone is pure. No need of counting the cost of listening—it's only a fraction of a cent an hour for electric current. Nothing but pleasure, relaxation—the true enjoyment of modern radio.

SWING WIDE THE DOOR



Simple, compact, sturdy, beautiful—the highest development of all-electric radio that you can find today—the Atwater Kent all-electric set is so much better in every way that it leads by a wide margin.

So much better—and yet inexpensive, appealing to thrift as well as the senses of sight and hearing. More than you expect of radio—at less than you expect to pay . . . Consult an Atwater Kent dealer about a home demonstration. The satisfaction of more than 1,700,000 Atwater Kent owners must impress you.

A trial in your own home, with all the family gathered around to share the fun, will prove conclusively that here is the 1929 all-electric set.

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Write for illustrated booklet of
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"Radio's truest voice"
Atwater Kent Radio Speakers:
Models E, E-2, E-3, same quality, different in size, each \$20.



Soft Gums need more than nice flavor



This sterilized
powder puts
results ahead
of taste . . .

DESPITE faithful brushing with flavored pastes, gum troubles are steadily on the increase. Soft, easily-irritated gums need a dentifrice that concentrates on *results* instead of taste. Pyrozide Powder has been doing this for twenty-two years. Today, largely on dentists' prescriptions, more people than ever before are turning to it for gum protection.

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"If I'm not mistaken," the Greek said wearily, "you will be surprised at everything when Summerest begins divorcing his wife with a view to marrying Mrs. Abbey."

"But good Lord, man, don't you see what rubbish you are talking! They both know as well as we do that Lily Christine could never have been unfaithful to him, while he is known to have had dozens of mistresses."

"He knows, yes. But she doesn't. I'll tell you a thing about Mrs. Abbey, Harvey—she hates women like Lily Christine. She has no mercy on them. She thinks they ought to be stamped out as useless and—and bad. She is ready to believe the worst of them. Listen to me carefully, Harvey. I know what I am talking about. Mrs. Abbey has got hold of something about Lily Christine that *looks* bad. Obviously. But she would not make Summerest divorce her if she thought Lily Christine was innocent. In that sense Mrs. Abbey is a good woman. But her mind is built in such a way that she believes Lily Christine is guilty. And she will have no mercy. That's Mrs. Abbey's character—and you can take it or leave it. Maud!" The name was called hoarsely at the half-open door.

It gave Harvey a turn. "I say, Ambatriadi, do you keep a harem in your bedroom, or what?"

The question aroused the tall Greek from his absorption. Then his handsome ruined face broke into one of the pleasantest smiles Harvey had ever seen.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I do it quite unconsciously. Habit."

The "Mediterranean" valet came in with two "very dry" Martinis. Harvey refused his. "Every evening," Ambatriadi explained, looking rather shamed, "I have three dry Martinis before dressing for dinner. And for years now they have been known to all my friends—barmen mostly, I'm afraid—as Daisy, Maud and Robinson. Sorry to have startled you. You mean to say you are not taking Maud?"

"I'm afraid I must be going home. I'm late already."

"I thought of asking you to come to a play with me. We might do without dinner and have supper afterwards. What about going to see Mrs. Abbey's rubbish?"

Harvey suddenly fancied he would like to see Mrs. Abbey again in the light of Ambatriadi's "allegations." He left immediately to go home and change. Muriel, as a journalist's wife, was used to erratic movements. When, by half past eight, he was back again to pick up Ambatriadi, he heard, as he approached the door, the hoarse smoky voice calling for Robinson.

The play in which Mrs. Abbey was drawing crowded houses was one of those polite melodramas of misunderstanding that flatter people into thinking that, in spite of appearances, all is well with the world. In the ordinary way Harvey would have enjoyed the stupid situations and complications and falsities as making up an entertainment with which living people had only the remotest concern.

Harvey, looking at the radiantly beautiful woman on the stage, listening to the gracious kindly voice which raised the daft lines of the play and the ignoble smugness of the story to a plane of decency, found himself unable any longer to think seriously of Mrs. Abbey as a plotter against another woman's happiness. He lapsed into a state of vacancy about all that, unwilling to think of it one way or the other.

There she was, Mrs. Abbey, with her natural unspoiled kindness—and then there was the woman created by Ambatriadi's murky Mediterraneanism, the woman who was obsessing a man and getting him into guilty depths. No, it wouldn't do, the combination wouldn't work. The world was a funny place, certainly, but not as bad as that.

He was glad when at last the play was over. They managed to extricate themselves from the crowds around the entrance, being continually shoved aside by people waiting for motor-cars.

"Shall we go in and see her?" Ambatriadi asked suddenly, striding on.

He couldn't mean Mrs. Abbey! But he did. Well, why not?

Ambatriadi turned into a dark narrow passage, towards the end of which was a lighted doorway.

"We'll get a drink, anyway," he said. He chuckled hoarsely. "Mrs. Abbey has had two failures in her life—she couldn't stop Abbey and me drinking."

"Abbey drank like a fish too, did he?"

"Well, he was a friend of mine."

"Good fellow?"

"I'll tell you a thing—Abbey was the best fellow in the world."

Outside the stage door, the fireman was talking to a friend. Inside, they could not at once approach the stage doorkeeper's box because of a young lady who was in the way, talking to the man in the box. Her back was to them, and all Harvey could see of her was a tight black hat and a fur coat and long slender legs. The long slender legs seemed familiar, somehow.

The stage doorman in his box put down a telephone. "She's afraid she's engaged and can't see you," he said to the young lady.

"But I *must* see her, please—it's important!"

"Lily Christine!" Harvey said.

She started round, her eyes fluttering. She had no spectacles on, so she blinked and peered a little before taking them in.

"Well!" She laughed nervously. She was very white, bloodless, waxen white. She must have forgotten to touch her cheeks with rouge before coming out.

"Andy, Rupert! Here I am, you see."

And Harvey suddenly, in a flash, had quite a new picture of Lily Christine. There she was, a swift-moving, reckless, white-faced young woman, the very incarnation of youth, fearlessness and intent, charged with purpose.

A new lamp had been lighted. He knew he loved her now. He would die for her. Yes, he would. And he was filled with a trembling gladness.

"What are you doing out of bed?" Ambatriadi was asking hoarsely.

She took no notice of his question; she was intent, getting at what she wanted.

"Andy, I *must* see Mrs. Abbey, please. Now. Can you manage it?"

Ambatriadi said hoarsely: "Of course. Why not?"

Harvey thought: "Bless him! Wonderful man."

"Sorry, Mr. Ambatriadi," the stage doorman said. "Mrs. Abbey says she's engaged."

Lily Christine tapped on the bare boards with her foot. Her fine shoes were splashed with mud.

"You walked here?" Harvey asked, stupidly.

"Yes."

And he saw her walking, this new Lily Christine, swiftly with long strides, her head high, white and defiant, cutting through the crowds.

Ambatriadi said to the stage doorman: "Give me the telephone, George."

The stage doorman put the telephone on the ledge of his box and, absently chewing the end of a dirty yellow pencil, got through to Mrs. Abbey's dressing-room.

"Mr. Ambatriadi," he announced into the telephone, and gave the receiver to Ambatriadi.

"Helen? Yes, Andy. I want to see you—yes, now. What? I'll tell you a thing, Helen—I *must* see you. What? All right then, I'll come up straight away." He put the receiver down.

"All right, sir?" the stage doorman said.

"Yes. Come on, Lily Christine. Harvey, I'll be down in a minute."

"Take the lift, sir?" the stage doorman said.

Lily Christine strode into the elevator. They disappeared.

Harvey stood staring at nothing. Then, almost immediately, Ambatriadi was down again.

"Hello!" said Harvey, interrupted, displeased.

Ambatriadi chuckled hoarsely.

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A new roommate for the youth of America

School claims them—boys and girls, youth of America. Away they troop, tanned and rested, ready for their classes. Many of these youngsters know the Royal Portable—know it as the friendly, companionable little machine upon which they first learned the magic of changing "a b c's" to words—the thrill of building sentences on paper.

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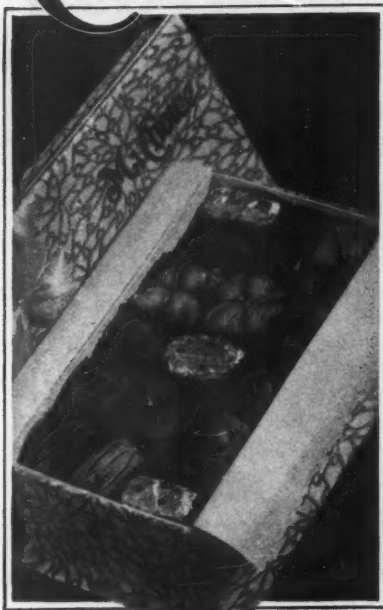
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"I knocked—and Lily Christine went in instead of me. Swung into the room—like a soldier of fortune."

"Did you see her?" Harvey asked.
"Helen Abbey? A glimpse. The devil, you should have seen her face! Then I shut the door on them."

"I suppose we had better wait, hadn't we?"
"Yes. Let's get out into the air. The atmosphere of stage door is poison to me. Good night, George."

"Good night, Mr. Ambatriadi," said the stage doorman, absently chewing the end of his pencil and glancing sideways at Harvey as though to say what a card the tall foreigner was.

They went a little way from the stage door, paced up and down the dark passage.

"She must have heard something," Harvey said.

He thought of her white intent face. The lithe swift-moving figure, unconscious of everything but a purpose. He had seen her soul this night. And her soul was without fear and without resignation.

Ambatriadi said: "Parwen must have got back and told her who is at the back of it all."

"Do you think it was wise to let her see her?"

"Wise! How do I know what's wise or foolish when she asks me to do anything?"

The romantic fool! Oh, the chuckle-headed romantic fool! A pair of them.

"Yes. All the same, I'm worried about her in there."

Ambatriadi laughed hoarsely. The Bacchus, prickly with angry jests. "Let's hope she gives Helen Abbey a black eye. After all, only butterflies see red."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Only butterflies see red, I'm telling you. In Europe, that is."

"Delirium tremens, Ambatriadi!"

"On the contrary, natural history. Bees can't distinguish red from blue. I'm telling you, butterflies are the only non-tropical insects that can see red."

"Oh, I see!"

"That's a bright boy. Lord, I'm thirsty!"

From ten yards away they saw Lily Christine come out of the stage door. She came swinging out, scattering the gallery-girls. They stared after her, pale, puffy, awed, giggling faces.

She looked so tall, coming at them with long swift strides. Right at them she came, white face, absorbed eyes, swinging down the passage, her fur coat as brave as a soldier's cloak. Of course she did not see them until she was almost on top of them.

They stared at her, waiting. But she scarcely noticed them, scarcely stopped.

"Oh, you waited! Well, I must go. Good night."

Cold, white, absorbed. And she walked on swiftly. They almost had to run after her.

"No, don't come with me."

"We'll put you into a taxi," Ambatriadi said hoarsely.

"No, I want to walk."

"She'll be run over," Ambatriadi whispered hoarsely. "Blind as a bat."

Then they were out of the narrow passage, on the crowded pavement. She striding ahead, they trailing after her. A fine useful couple.

Suddenly she turned, but still in flight, poised there. And her face was a cold white shadow, most beautiful, heroic white, touched by the wings of fighting angels.

"Rupert, I must see you tomorrow. Good night, Andy. Thank you, dear. No, please don't come with me. I want to be alone."

After Harvey and Ambatriadi had left Lily Christine's bedroom earlier that evening, she and Sonia Parwen had settled down to await Parwen's coming. His train should be in at Victoria at any moment now.

But suddenly Lily Christine felt she could not bear to lie still another moment; she must be up, do something.

"Lily Christine, you are not getting up! You mustn't, dear!"

No, she could not stay in bed another

moment. She must use her limbs, be active. She ran the bath furiously, and was suddenly very busy with many little things. Hempt, hearing the bath running, came chattering up stairs. But Lily Christine sent her away again; she wanted to manage by herself.

She was in the bath when she heard Nappie come in, and she called out through the door that she would be out in a moment. But she did not hurry. She lay in the bath, among slow wintry thoughts. Ah, the winter had set in, the winter of her life. She lay in the bath, her thoughts moving slowly in the wilderness, like brooding explorers.

Of course she had known all along the meaning of that skulking hateful letter. Oh, Ivor, Ivor, what funny places he got himself into!

She felt calm, strong, when she thought of Ivor. She was the grown-up one. Ivor, Ivor, fancy writing that hateful lying letter! What agony of mind he must be passing through, what suffering and despair and self-repulsion!

No, she must not turn against him because he had blundered into lying and cruelty. But when she thought of Mrs. Abbey a burning anger lighted her mind. For she knew Mrs. Abbey was at the back of this. And she thought of Mrs. Abbey with a steadily burning anger.

So she loved Ivor, did she, and wanted him. Well, she could have him, but not in this pilfering way. Let them marry, she and Ivor; but she must not destroy his soul in this way. No, she must not be allowed to. What she was doing was unspeakably sinful, and she must be told how sinful it was.

It was funny that she could not think at all clearly about herself, of what she would do, of her life without Ivor. What an empty life it would be, nothing to worry about! How strange it would be, and oh, how bad for Julia and Timothy to be brought up in a broken home!

She must be calm. So she thought of Mrs. Abbey and worked herself up to a cold anger. Mrs. Abbey was in for something anyhow, she didn't quite know what as yet.

Then, wrapped in a dressing-gown, she went into the bedroom.

"Well, Nappie dear?"

He was surprised that she was not "rattled," that she was quite natural. Dear Nappie, always trying to mask his friendly hurts, trying to hide away behind his quivering gentleness, so that sometimes when you wanted his sympathy most of all he seemed cold and almost inhuman.

"I don't quite know what to say, Lily Christine. I saw him, of course."

"Was he surprised to see you?"

"Surprised!" He laughed angrily. "He didn't show anything. I fancy he didn't notice me for quite a time."

"Yes, he gets like that. It's his way of hiding."

"He said he had written to you."

Lily Christine glanced at Sonia and smiled. Then she pointed to the letter on the bed.

"Such a kind helpful letter!" she said.

He picked it up. Impassive Nappie. She went to the mirror to comb her hair. She saw Nappie's reflection drop the letter as though it had soiled his fingers.

Sonia was still in the armchair by the fire. Lily Christine lighted a cigaret and sat on the arm. Sonia thoughtfully made the fire blaze up, and presently the glow got uncomfortably hot on Lily Christine's bare legs, but she did not notice for a long time.

"Well, Nappie! Did he happen to mention what all this nonsense is about?"

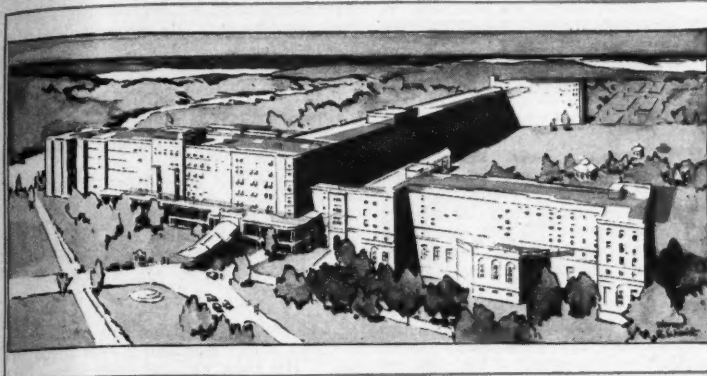
But she knew Nappie and she knew Ivor, so she knew that Nappie could really tell her nothing about Ivor. A diplomat and a sack of flour, that was what they were together. And how could a diplomat deal with a sack of flour?

"Do you know," he was saying helplessly, "it was as much as I could do to get a word out of him. And I'm positive he didn't hear more than a word or two of what I said."

Lily Christine sat staring into the fire.

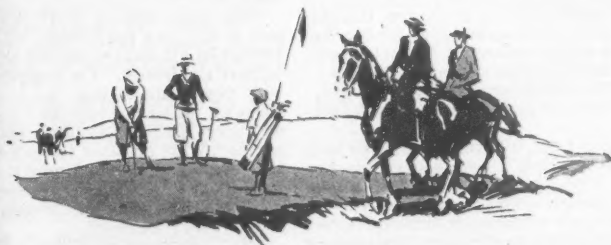
"Sack of flour," she said.

"What's that, dear?" Sonia asked.



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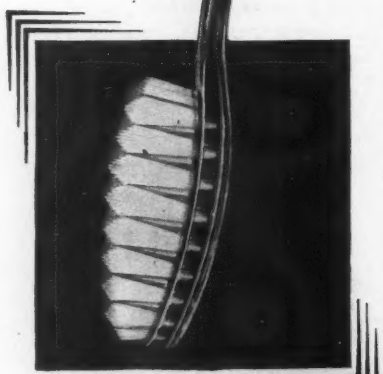
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Dr. West's new Toothbrush

"Yes, a sack of flour," Parwen said, as though relieved to hear it. "Exactly. No doing anything with him in that mood. Punch him all you like and you—"

Lily Christine, staring into the fire, smiled. Nappie punching Ivor.

"So you told him what you thought of him, did you, Nappie?"

"What was the good? I don't think he was listening. All the same, he seemed quite taken up with something just out of eyesight."

Yes, she could see him so clearly, blundering towards the unknown. The old cart-horse, trampling, blundering, trampling, blundering.

"But he must have told you something!"

Sonia said.

"I got him to lunch at a quiet place, Foyot's. By the way, the French have gone mad, the prices they are charging. Well, there we were, and I couldn't get a word out of him until we had finished—and then he suddenly spoke for about five minutes on end—"

"Not looking at you once, I'll bet," Lily Christine said. "The stern profile."

"Yes, there he sat—talking—yet as though I wasn't there. It's wonderful that you are so calm, dear. I can't tell you how relieved I am."

"Yes, I'm quite calm. What did he say exactly, Nappie?"

"Well," Parwen said doubtfully. He felt indescribably clumsy. "He seemed quite decided," he said helplessly. "In fact, he said once that his mind was quite made up."

"To divorce me?" Lily Christine said.

Parwen looked at her anxiously, yet with great relief. How wonderful she was, to be so calm!

"Yes, dear."

Lily Christine, staring at the fire, thoughtfully passed her hand up and down her bare leg. "But for a wife to be divorced," she said slowly, "doesn't she have to have done something—"

"Yes," he said uncomfortably.

To his surprise Lily Christine began chuckling.

"I wouldn't put it beyond Ivor," she said, "to ask me to have a lover just to help him out."

Sonia Parwen said: "Exactly why is he making this vile exhibition of himself, Nappie? If he wants to be free, why doesn't he go about it in the usual way and let Lily Christine divorce him?"

"He said the woman he wants to marry will have nothing to do with a man who has been divorced."

Mrs. Parwen asked Lily Christine: "Have you any idea who she is?"

Lily Christine, staring into the fire, did not answer. Mrs. Abbey could keep. Mrs. Abbey was her own private business.

"Well, Nappie?" she said.

He paced about restlessly, trying to think how best to put the beastly thing. "He has got hold of some cock-and-bull story. You know, Lily Christine, I really do think he must be mad."

"What is the story, dear?"

"It's so incredible!" he said helplessly. "And yet somehow all pieced together in a damnable way."

Lily Christine smiled into the fire. "Has he had detectives after me, Nappie?"

"Heaven only knows what he has had after you, the whole thing is so incredible! He looks lost, blotted out—and at the same time he sits there saying vile things with his confounded profile. Quite calmly, mind you. And for all the notice he took of anything I said I mightn't have been there!"

"What is his cock-and-bull story?" Lily Christine asked patiently.

Parwen took a desperate turn about the room. "It's difficult to tell you, it's so abominable and—idiotic. And at the same time it all somehow—fits in—"

"Fits in?" Sonia said, disgusted.

"Yes, somehow. I mean, witnesses and all. It's about Harvey."

Lily Christine turned from the fire then, stricken.

"Nappie!"

He simply could not meet her eyes, stricken, hurt, incredulous. "He wouldn't listen to a word I said," he said helplessly.

"Oh!" she whispered, staring at him. "Poor Rupert! Nappie, it's not true! It can't be!"

"I'm afraid it is, Lily Christine. It was simply no good talking to him. A sack of flour. He just went on about you and poor Harvey and his proofs. Proofs!"

Lily Christine's blood came rushing to her face in a red tempest of anger. "I never heard of anything so mean!" she cried. "Dragging that poor harmless man into our wretched messes! And his nice wife and children. Nappie, I can't believe it. Oh, what's happened to Ivor!"

"I tell you, dear, I believe he has gone mad."

"This plotting and lying and heartlessness. Dragging a nice man and a dear friend into this!" Her voice was high with scorn. "It's about that night I spent there, I suppose? It can't be anything else."

At his helpless nod her angry scorn found vent in a kind of laugh.

"We must put a stop to it at once, that's all," she said in a queer hard voice, startling her friends.

"I'm afraid it won't be quite so easy as that."

"Easy!" She laughed contemptuously.

"Why, putting aside the indecency of trying to entangle Rupert in such a beastly mess—it's all too ridiculous even to argue about. I never heard of such an idiotic story. Rupert Harvey as the correspondent in the Summerest divorce case. Nappie, it's—laughable!"

"Yes," Parwen said miserably, looking at his wife as though to say: "She doesn't know the worst of it yet."

"The messy silliness of it!" Lily Christine said in that new hard voice. "I don't mind Ivor trying his tricks on me, but he is not going to hurt my friends. I'm beginning to agree with you, Nappie, that he must be mad."

There's a maddening imbecility about picking on Rupert Harvey of all people that makes me see red. Why, I'd never set eyes on him until that evening, and Ivor knows it. Even the servants at Rupert's house can—"

"That's just what the servants can't do," Parwen said wretchedly.

Lily Christine stared at him, wide-eyed, unbelieving. "Nappie, what did you say?"

He looked at the points of his shoes, masked, impassive. It was simply too shabby a thing to meet with ordinary human impatience.

"All the servants knew," he said, quite impersonally, "was that a strange young lady arrived for dinner and the night—on the only night Mrs. Harvey was away."

"But Nappie!" she gasped. "How do you know all that?"

"Oh, he has it all, dear," he said wearily.

"Apparently all the evidence—is down and signed and countersigned by lawyers and heaven knows what."

Lily Christine was quiet now. She stood staring at him.

"You mean," she said at last, "that there really is a case against Rupert?"

"Starrilaw happened to be traveling back with me. I gave him the main points, without names of course. I'm afraid he thought it was a strong case."

John Starrilaw, an intimate friend of theirs, was senior partner of a great firm of lawyers specializing in divorce.

Parwen said: "Everything that night seems to have fallen out in a perfectly damnable way!"

"Yes, the finger of God," Lily Christine murmured. She was very still, profoundly thoughtful.

Sonia Parwen glanced at her husband as though to say he had said enough for the time being. But he was too worried, he did not heed her.

"It's no good going into the wretched story now," he said. "But one point—and not their strongest one—is that as the two maids went upstairs to bed they saw Harvey come out of the room you were sleeping in."

Sonia Parwen sighed.

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"Yes," Lily Christine said absently. "I asked him in to give me a cigaret."
Her fault, her fault. She not only failed in her own life but entangled other people in her failures. A nice friend to have.
"When I told him what vile nonsense it all was," Parwen said, "and that it could be cleared up in five minutes' conversation between you two—he answered as calmly as you please that he was going to stay abroad and not see you until the divorce was on."
Lily Christine seemed to be quite unmoved, staring into the fire. "Of course," she said absently. "He's frightened to see me. It's natural."
"Natural! Lily Christine, you really are too weak about the man. I half believe you would take him back even now."
"Perhaps. Whatever we say or do or think—in the end we all do what we can't help doing."
"There's one thing I'd like to do very much, anyhow—and that's to have five minutes' quiet talk with the woman who is at the back of all this. Do you think it could be Mrs. Abbey?"
"Even if it is, Nappie, nobody will know until it's all over and he marries her. She is not the woman to let her name be mentioned in anything like this."
It was such an effort to hide her activity, to seem listless. But she did not want them to know what she was going to do. She must see Mrs. Abbey at once, tonight. This sort of thing must be stopped straight away. This blundering cunning cruelty. Dragging poor Rupert Harvey in!
She felt she must be active, up and doing. She could not bear standing about much longer. When would Nappie and Sonia go!
She passed a hand over her forehead, trying to look very tired. "I think I'll rest now," she said.
They were delighted, but showed no immediate inclination to go. She began to feel hysterical. Was there no way of getting rid of kind friends?
It was not until Hempel came in with information about oysters that Nappie seemed to feel it would be safe to leave Lily Christine alone, that she was being properly cared for.
The moment they had left the room she became what is called "another woman." There was a whirl of activity.
To begin with, she bolted down the oysters. "Surprising appearance of oysters, Hempel. Where did they come from?"
"Hyde Park Hotel, madam. Must be from Mr. Ambatriadi."
Of course—who else would have thought of them? But she could give Ambatriadi scarcely a thought. Oh, what a life, the things that happened!
She startled Hempel by telling her to stir her stumps and get her clothes. Hempel got very rattled, quite useless. Lily Christine said wicked things to her and dressed quickly, austere.
"But where are you going to, madam?"
"Just a walk, Hempel. Exercise."
"Walk! On a night like this!"
Lily Christine, striding out, burst out laughing. Then she kissed Hempel.
"Don't worry, Hempel. I'm all right."
"Shall I wait up for you, madam?"
"Yes. No. Of course not. The idea!"
All the length of the quiet street she walked and to the corner of Belgrave Square before she realized that she had forgotten her spectacles. Blind and lost. Oh, drat Hempel! The old cow. She could not cross Belgrave Square without her spectacles. She could just manage ordinary crossings, but not Belgrave Square or Hyde Park Corner or Trafalgar Square.
Well, as she couldn't cross, she could walk round. Exercise. Her legs knew their business tonight too—how they went ahead! She seemed to fly, the rain beating on her face. Chilly it was too, stinging chilly, good. She crossed streets, oh easily. All she had to do was to peer about, use her ears, and make a dash. It was fun, the swift silly adventure. What a way to get killed, idiotic.



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She laughed, it was exciting. Brakes grinding at her heels. People swearing at her. Naughty, naughty! Oh, how good it was to walk quickly, the rain on her face, stinging chilly. How good. She was glad now she had forgotten her spectacles. She couldn't see even her thoughts clearly. And a pair of broken spectacles had begun this mess. The finger of God. Poor old Rupert. That Mrs. Abbey. Telling her how Ivor respected her and put her on a pedestal, telling her she must never let him think differently of her—and plotting against her. Collecting evidence.

Poor old Ivor. What a life she would lead him. She'd manage him all right, all right. Ivor must have mentioned it to Mrs. Abbey, the way his wife had met Harvey. And Mrs. Abbey had seen her chance and made inquiries. Just a nice unsuspecting friend, dear Mrs. Abbey. So respectable. Did she, could she really think her, Lily Christine, capable of promiscuous affairs like that? Ugh, how nasty!

WHAT would she say to Mrs. Abbey? Well, what? But she couldn't think of that now, the words would come.

She was by Admiralty Arch when she heard Big Ben striking eleven. She must hurry, she must hurry. But she could not cross Trafalgar Square. She was scared of Trafalgar Square even with her spectacles on. Better women than she had been turned into mincemeat in Trafalgar Square.

"Taxi! Taxi!" The pigs! "Taxi, taxi!" Pigs, pigs, pigs, pigs! "Taxi, taxi!" They hurried by, a blur of lights. And Mrs. Abbey's theater was in the Strand. And she couldn't find a taxi. And she simply could not cross Trafalgar Square. A poor little lost girl, that's what she was.

And why couldn't she cross Trafalgar Square, spectacles or no spectacles? Why not, indeed? She laughed; it was exciting. She ran. The greasy road slipped away from her feet. Brakes grinding, shouts. "Hey!" "Oi!" "What you at there!" She laughed, panting. She was across, in the Strand. "Hey! Oi!" she mocked, panting.

The crowd on the pavement shoved at her, white blank faces. She went right at them. They parted, gave way to her. Well, naturally. Hadn't she crossed Trafalgar Square, blind as she was? And what could stop her now? Courage, Lily Christine! *De l'audace!* Defiance! She walked on swiftly, strong, stronger than all her enemies put together. Her heart was bursting, her head high. Confidence, courage!

"I want to see Mrs. Abbey, please."

Her own voice surprised her, so cold and brisk it was. Courage, confidence. The world was all right if you met it full and square—and with audacity. That was essential, a touch of audacity.

"What name, please?"

"Mrs. Summerest."

The stage doorman, stretching a hand out to the telephone, looked at her curiously. Naturally, he must know Ivor pretty well. She looked back at him coldly, and he lowered his eyes.

Then he spoke into the telephone. Then he waited. Then he listened. Then he replaced the receiver. Then he tapped his teeth thoughtfully with the end of a dirty yellow pencil.

"She's afraid she's engaged and can't see you," he said.

"But I must see her—it's important!"

"Sorry, ma'am."

But she knew she was going to see Mrs. Abbey. She never had a doubt of it. "Sorry, ma'am." Nonsense! And when she suddenly heard Harvey's voice and turned to find him and Ambatriadi behind her, she was not really surprised.

"And, I must see Mrs. Abbey, please."

She hoped she did not seem too cold and

brisk, but she could not help it. They were people in a mist, everyone was in a mist, dim faces in a dim world. The only thing in the world that was quite clear was that she must see Mrs. Abbey and get her to stop Ivor behaving in this awful way.

But the dim faces of her two friends looked concerned, anxious. It irritated her, impeded her. Oh, get along, get along! Why were people so slow, why was no one ever quick enough? Poor old Rupert. He looked so worried. Well, he would have something to worry about sooner than he knew. Poor old boy. But why should he ever know of the vile trick that was being played on him? If she could only get at Mrs. Abbey she could clear it up in no time.

At last, at last she and Ambatriadi were in the elevator, and then in a bare narrow passage with closed doors on each side. Then he knocked on a door, there was a cry of "Come in!" and he opened the door, but before he could get a word out Lily Christine brushed by him into the room and closed the door behind her.

"Well!" said Mrs. Abbey, staring.

"Yes, I'm sorry to force my way in like this," Lily Christine said quickly. "But I simply had to see you for a few minutes."

"Well!" said Mrs. Abbey, staring. And then she laughed in that rather loud, unaffected, infectious way of hers.

There was something so unbearably common about the hypocrisy of that honest laugh that Lily Christine could scarcely restrain a shiver.

"Please don't laugh," she said. "Will you listen to me for a moment?"

"Of course!" Mrs. Abbey smiled. Her lovely gray eyes were uncertain, watchful. She watched Lily Christine intently.

She was standing, in a loose white wrapper, with her back to a small fire. She had not yet taken off her stage make-up. Her lovely gray eyes flickered. She watched Lily Christine intently.

The room was a small pretty sitting-room, full of framed photographs and flowers. Through an open door Lily Christine caught a glimpse of the dressing-room, and the "dresser" moving about in there.

"Really, I never was so taken aback in my life!" Mrs. Abbey said, smiling. Her voice was friendly, but she looked at Lily Christine intently, watching every movement.

"It's about Ivor, of course," Lily Christine said quickly. And she took a step or two towards Mrs. Abbey, to see her more clearly.

Mrs. Abbey started back, watching her intently. Lily Christine stopped, amazed. Then Mrs. Abbey laughed in that rather loud, very frank way of hers.

Lily Christine's nerves were set jangling by that wretched laugh. For the moment no words would come to her. This awful, awful woman!

Mrs. Abbey darted a glance at the open door to the dressing-room, where the dresser was working. But all the time her voice was unaffectedly natural and quite friendly.

"Oh, I don't like scenes!" she complained with that smiling good-fellowship that had made her so beloved on the stage.

"I'm not going to make a scene, really not," Lily Christine said painfully. "I only want to appeal to you not to go on making Ivor behave like a cad. It's cruel to him, cruel to everyone. Isn't it?"

Mrs. Abbey simply darted across the room and closed the dressing-room door.

Then she turned to Lily Christine and said pleasantly but unnecessarily loudly: "I said I couldn't see you because I am in such a hurry to dress as I am going to a dance. But please sit down. And won't you have a cup of tea? I've just made some."

Lily Christine felt her nerves would fail her completely if she did not say what she had to say quickly. To think that this fraud of a

woman had ever imposed on her! There was something so unnaturally, unbearably common about her—a vulgar pretender, scarcely human with all her pretenses. The wretched woman was pretending, pretending, pretending, all the time. Wrapped up in lies and pretenses, she was terrified of the least whisper that might injure her beastly reputation. She had to lie and talk loud even for the benefit of her maid in the next room.

"We had a marvelous house for the time of the year," she said unnecessarily loudly, pouring out a cup of tea.

"Mrs. Abbey, please do listen to me! I'm not asking you to give up Ivor or anything like that. But if you want to marry him surely there must be a kinder way of managing it than—"

Suddenly, Mrs. Abbey put down her teacup and came close to her, very close. And there was a confidence, an assurance about her loveliness that for a moment made Lily Christine feel small and weak.

"Get out of here!" Mrs. Abbey whispered.

"Go on—get out!"

Lily Christine stared at her stupidly, quite dumb.

"Coming here!" Mrs. Abbey whispered.

"Silly little blackmailer. Go on—get out!"

"Yes, I'm going," Lily Christine managed to say.

"Trying your hard-luck stories on me!" Mrs. Abbey whispered. "Thinking you were going to blackmail me by trying to make a scene. Little fool. Go back to your casual promiscuous life. That's all you're good for—you and your friends. Messing about!"

"Yes, I'm going," Lily Christine said, breathing quickly. "I only thought—"

"You thought!" Mrs. Abbey whispered. And she darted a glance at the two doors in the room, as though to make certain no one was coming in.

"Daring to come in here!" Mrs. Abbey whispered, scarcely audible. "Do you think I've worked so hard all these years to have my name ruined in connection with your wretched society messes? I wouldn't dream of discussing Ivor with you. You've no more business with Ivor—understand that! He has promised me not to see you until it's all over and done with. I'm going to make a decent responsible life for him. You have only got your casual promiscuous little lusts to blame for what's happened. Why don't you behave yourself if you want to be happy? You and your nasty little 'affairs'! Now get out of here."

LILY CHRISTINE did not hear more than a little of that. Her mind was moving much too actively to listen to the stuff. Quietly she walked out of the room. Mrs. Abbey passed completely out of her mind, like the dirty stories Ivor would now and again tell her.

Her mind worked furiously. How was she to get Rupert Harvey out of this mess, now that this avenue was finally closed? She must write to Ivor—that was the thing to do. She must make him see her. At once, tonight, she would write. Sentences began forming in her mind.

She could hardly stop to speak to Harvey and Ambatriadi, who were waiting for her near the stage door. Her mind was so busy, she had to walk quickly. In her mind she wrote several complete letters to Ivor, calculated to make him see her.

When she got home she quickly dashed off a short note in pencil.

Please don't behave like a frightened baby. It's all right, dear, don't think I'm going to try to bully you with my misery. I'm really miserable for someone else much more than for myself. I simply must see you just once—and very soon. Must, Ivor. You can't refuse me. Do behave a little bit, darling. I'll come over to Paris if you like.

Can Lily Christine win her determined battle against the adverse fate that threatens herself and those dearest to her? New developments in this complex situation occur in Michael Arlen's November Instalment

Dr. Artz by Robert Hichens (Continued from page 81)

begins with *piques*. But it ends in an operation, and then out they come from his *clinique* ready for any abomination."

"How do you know that?"

"Rothberg!"

"He has not had an operation."

"Not yet! But already—"

"That is one. And the others?"

"I know two fellows, students who are in the Pension Müller. There is an Egyptian there. They call him Prince Khalil Ibrahim. The Contessa, as they call her, has fastened on him with claws and beak like an eagle, they say, since she came out of Artz' *clinique*."

"Ah!" said Marakoff. "And the other?"

Vesuvio? Miss Vyvyan?"

"Oh, she has had no operation yet, so far as I know."

"And she will have one?"

"Do not ask me Doctor Artz' secrets, maestro. I have never asked one of you."

"Of me? What secret of Artz should I know?"

BUT Carl didn't answer that. And Marakoff didn't persist, was, perhaps, glad not to persist. For he added:

"You are not quite fair to Artz. He is a doctor. He is much cleverer than the average doctor. He has his living to earn as I have. He is ambitious as I was, as you are. You see him as villain. I see him as one with, perhaps, not many scruples, who wishes to arrive and will take the shortest way he can find. His short way—we can see it."

"Do not you make it shorter, maestro!"

Marakoff looked disconcerted by this abrupt outburst.

"We have left the lark. I have said that I will teach her for nothing."

"You are going to tell Rothberg that?"

"Yes, I will tell him."

"You will not give him the reason?"

"Naturally not."

"But—she told me—he pays for the pension. He pays everything for her there."

"Ah, is it so?" Marakoff shrugged his big shoulders. "I can teach for nothing. But I cannot pay for anything. I have no money. Oh, if I could only sing again! Then—then the money would come! Why, think, Carl, if I could sing as I sang in 1914 just before the war, from phonograph records alone I could make thousands a year. To pay everything for the lark would mean nothing to me. But I have parted with everything. Nothing is left."

Suddenly he fell into a brooding silence. Carl wanted to make a great protest, but, looking at that brooding face, he dared not. So much had been lost by that man, but it was not true that he had lost everything. He still had one great and now fearful possession, his talent, the thing that was eating the immaterial part of him as disease eats a body.

"What are we to do, maestro?" he said at last.

"I do not know. I do not know."

"Could—could I manage to pay?"

"You!" Marakoff looked up. "But the lark would not marry you yet."

"Maestro—really!"

"Why not say it? We are not English to hide all we feel, all we know of each other."

"Well, then, if that is so—"

"How can the lark take money from you?"

"Somehow I might—"

"No, no! Impossible! You are a boy to think of it."

"Damn being a boy!" almost shouted Carl. "Something has got to be done!"

"Perhaps—something will be done," said Marakoff, with heavy significance.

"What?" exclaimed Carl.

But Marakoff did not answer. And Carl left his maestro that night with a secret dread lest by the revelation he had made he had brought Marakoff to an ugly decision.

"Am I a damnable blunderer?" he said to himself desperately.

And out in the night, as he walked towards

the Parader-Platz, he seemed to see Doctor Artz smiling.

Marakoff was by nature a decisive man. He knew how to mean a thing and he knew how to come at the thing he meant. But he was a Russian and there were times when he was beset by a demon of indecision. And then he fell into melancholy.

He had enough to be melancholy about. But, strangely, he never had felt his losses so angrily as now when he could not afford to pay for the lark's life in Zurich. He would teach her for nothing; but that was all he could do.

He felt humiliated by the inability imposed on him. And being humiliated, he sank deep into one of his fits of melancholy. His pupils were almost alarmed by it. Their lessons were no longer inspiring. He seemed suddenly to have lost interest in them.

Pauline was absolutely frightened by him.

Before leaving the apartment Carl had exacted from Marakoff a promise of secrecy about what he had told, and Marakoff had given a promise. He kept it. But his behavior to Pauline was so peculiar that she was seriously disturbed by it.

A week passed before Marakoff said anything to Pauline about the money matter connected with her musical education. Then, when an unsatisfactory lesson was finished and she was preparing to leave the studio, he said:

"Wait a minute, please!"

"Yes, maestro?" said Pauline.

"You are like me, are not you? You are poor?"

"Yes, I am."

"Are you proud—like me?"

"Proud?"

"Ah!" He didn't wait for her to say yes or no, but continued, "Mr. de Rothberg pays for your lessons."

"Yes."

"And because of that now and then he thinks he has a right to interfere in your education."

"Does he?" said Pauline, surprised.

"I am an independent man. I like my own way. Suppose I were to give you lessons for nothing."

"Oh—maestro!"

"Then I could have my own way with you entirely."

"But you couldn't—I couldn't possibly—"

"Prouder with me than you are with Rothberg! Is it so?"

"But Mr. de Rothberg is enormously rich."

"And I am enormously poor. But this would be the way. I believe in your future if I can carry on your singer's education entirely in my own manner. I will make you sing in a very personal way, personal to you. Your appearance, your voice, your manner of singing—they all must blend into a perfect harmony. Then you will make much money. From that money, when you get it, will you pay me the bill for all the singing lessons I shall give you?"

"Yes, yes! Of course I will!" exclaimed Pauline.

"Then that is how it must be."

"But Mr. de Rothberg? What will—"

"I will see him about it. To tell the truth, I am very tired of his trying to interfere in my ways with you, my musical ways."

"To tell the lie!" he corrected himself, as soon as Pauline had gone.

But there was still the rest of her Zurich life to be paid for.

Marakoff's manner had been so convincing, and Pauline was so well aware of his determination to be the sole arbiter of his pupils' musical destinies, while allowing and even encouraging their freedom of personality whenever possible—in this unlike Miss Vyvyan—that she did not suspect Carl Fügler's deliberate betrayal of confidence, if betrayal it was. She went away from the studio delighted.

But she wondered very much what Rothberg would say to the proposed new arrangement.

Marakoff wondered too. But he had told

Doctor Artz long ago that if the coming new pupil was a lark, he would protect her song. Pauline had proved to be a lark and he meant to protect it.

The indecision he was a prey to was not about Rothberg. It was about himself and Doctor Artz. On that day when he had heard about the lark for the first time he had told Artz that he, Artz, was a bad man. When he had said that, he had been thinking of Artz' reputation with young and beautiful women, and he had suspected him of having an ulterior purpose in bringing Pauline to Zurich.

Marakoff was now sure that he had been right about Artz having had an ulterior motive, only he had been wrong about what that motive was. Since Carl's revelation about old Rothberg, Marakoff believed that Artz had been viler in intention even than he had suspected.

Rothberg was a great prize for Artz. Rothberg's well-known mania had in London no doubt found a worthy object to fasten itself on in Pauline. Artz had realized that, and had managed to get Pauline to Zurich, knowing that in time Rothberg would follow her. Then would come his opportunity to make the old voluptuary young again. What an advertisement for Artz!

But the lark was then to be sacrificed?

Marakoff had quite made up his mind about the answer to that question.

The question that was troubling him was one which lay solely between Artz and himself. If he agreed to something that Artz wished, it was possible that presently he might be in a position to release the lark entirely from the bondage of money which still laid her under an obligation to Rothberg. But if Artz were as vile as he now almost believed, could he also give himself up to Artz? He felt a sensation of loathing for Artz. He was tempted—how he was tempted! Hence his melancholy.

One thing, however, he felt quite decisive about. He had made what was practically a promise to Pauline. He must fulfil it without hesitation. He did not know what he was going to say to Rothberg when he announced his decision.

Of course he wouldn't let Rothberg know of Pauline's semi-confidence to Carl. But he would announce to Rothberg in some way which would occur to him on the spur of the moment that he meant henceforth to give the child lessons for nothing. And Rothberg might protest as much as he chose.

HE WENT in an afternoon hour, rather late, to the Baur-au-Lac and asked to see Rothberg.

"Monsieur de Rothberg has left, Monsieur," said the concierge from his office.

The big Russian stared in amazement. "Left! Gone back to England?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur. Monsieur de Rothberg is unwell and left this morning for the *clinique* of Doctor Artz."

"Is he coming back?"

"I believe so, Monsieur. But I believe he is away for some time. His valet gave me to understand that Monsieur de Rothberg is obliged to undergo an operation, Monsieur."

So—Rothberg was going to leave nothing to chance. He was going through with it to the bitter end. Marakoff saw him coming out of the *clinique* made dangerous, disgustingly dangerous, by Artz.

At that moment he shared fully all Carl Fügler's feeling about Artz. He saw Artz as a menace. And yet—and yet! There was the chance, the great chance. Could he give it up?

Whether Doctor Artz guessed or not—he often seemed to have a sixth sense—that Marakoff was now trembling on the very brink of a decision that was of importance to him, he didn't leave Marakoff to finish his mental struggle unaided. On the afternoon following Marakoff's visit to the Baur-au-Lac, when Pauline had just finished a lesson, there was a



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knock on the studio door, and on Marakoff's shouting "Herein!" Artz showed himself.

"Is it a lesson?" he asked. "Shall I go?"

"No. Come in. The lesson is over."

Artz shut the door and walked solidly up the room to the platform. As he came, Marakoff watched him intently, seeing him as two men, a repulsive beast and a possible savior.

"Good day, Miss Iselle. How is the singing getting on?"

"Pretty well, I hope?"

Pauline looked at her maestro with gentle inquiry. And seeing that look, Marakoff's egoism was smothered by the protective feeling that Pauline, the singing bird, could always rouse in him.

"Miss Iselle is doing well," he said stiffly.

"I am glad," said Artz.

Pauline departed, and Marakoff shut the studio door behind her and came back.

"Well—what is it, Artz?"

"I was near and thought I would pay you a little visit."

"There is very little you do, Artz, that is without a reason. I know that well. Do you think all of us round you are fools, that you are the only intelligent one?"

"Are you intelligent?"

"Yes, very."

"Is it intelligent to fight against good fortune? Is it intelligent to avoid happiness?"

"Happiness?"

"Is it intelligent to sit down, like Job among the potsheds, and resolve to stay there, when you might be once again lifted to your throne? I think not."

"You are eloquent today. So you cannot let me alone?"

"It seems not."

"You want my advertisement. But now you have got hold of old Rothberg. Isn't he enough? Doctor Artz, the man who restored to the famous Monsieur Alphonse his youth, his power to do harm once more! Surely that will send the worn-out millionaires to your *clinique* up there from all over the world!"

Marakoff spoke with savage irony, but Artz was quite unperturbed.

"It is not enough," he said. "I do want your advertisement. Marakoff's voice restored by Doctor Artz! That is what I want. And that is what you need."

Marakoff looked at Artz at first with hard eyes, then with eyes which had suddenly become very expressive, on fire with thought. "Why not?" said an inner man. "Why not?"

"Ah! you tell the truth for once, Artz!"

"For once I do. Why not? Only a fool makes a daily practise of truth-telling."

"You have made a bargain sometimes, I suppose?"

"Now and then I have made a good bargain."

"Very seldom a bad one. I am sure of that. Suppose you make a bargain with me."

"What bargain?"

"You want me very much for an experiment, do you not?"

"I do. I have told you so."

"Tell me something else. Who would be the best advertisement of your powers, Rothberg or I?"

Artz looked surprised, almost startled. "Rothberg! What has he to do with it?"

"Artz, I have always said you are a bad man."

"Find for me the good man!"

"I know one here in Zurich."

"And who is that?"

"Not you. You are one of the worst. Tell me something. Rothberg is up there in your *clinique*. I called upon him yesterday at the Baur-au-Lac. He was gone—to you."

"Oh!"

"Has the operation taken place?"

"Not yet."

A sudden expression of cheerful, yet hard, decision transformed Marakoff's dramatic face.

"Ah! Then the bargain is not impossible."

"What bargain? What bargain?"

Into Artz' guttural voice an unusual irritation had come. His black eyes were intensely

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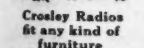
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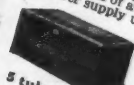
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inquisitive. "Why should I make a bargain? And what has Rothberg to do with it?"

"You need not make it. But I may suggest it. If you operate, successfully, on Rothberg, I will not put myself in your hands. If you do not operate, or if you operate unsuccessfully, then—" He paused for a moment; then he said with determination, "I will—yes, I will."

Artz was silent. He continued to look surprised, even startled, less self-possessed than usual. A heavy frown came on his broad intellectual brow. His eyes looked hard and defiant.

"What do you say, Artz?" Marakoff said at last. "Rothberg, it is true, is famous in finance. The whole world of society knows him and calls him 'Mr. Alphonse.' On every bourse that exists his name is what they call a household word. There is one side of this question. On the other you have me—only a singer, a tenor of grand opera.

"I am poor. I sit here in Zurich voiceless. But I am world-famous all the same. Which will serve you best as an advertisement, an old Jewish financier restored to a detestable virility and so able to go on doing harm to young girls; or a great singer restored to the power of singing and able once more to give innocent pleasure to thousands?"

As he had gone on speaking the native drama in Marakoff had begun to boil up. His big eyes opened wide and shone. His voice lost some of its hoarseness, took on an almost singing quality.

But Artz faced him with an obstinate, shut and suspicious countenance.

"I do not like to hear you speak about Rothberg like that," he said. "How do you know why Rothberg has entered my *clinique*?"

"I do know. And I know why you wished Pauline Iselle to be my pupil."

Again, but only for the fraction of a second, Artz looked startled. "No, you do not! Impossible!"

"Shall I tell you why?"

"You cannot. You do not know. But if you like, you can tell me what you think was the reason."

"You wished her to come here because you wished Rothberg to follow her, and you knew he would."

"Why should Rothberg follow Miss Iselle?" said Artz, with a sudden odd change of expression and manner. It was as if a weight dropped suddenly from him.

"Artz, Artz, why take me for a fool? I have traveled over the whole world with open eyes. How can I be blind to what men are? I have known what Rothberg is for twenty years, perhaps more. But the lark is not for him."

"And do you really suppose that I wish to hand Miss Iselle over to Rothberg when he comes out of my *clinique*?" said Artz, with a sort of acrid contempt.

"I do not know whether you actually wish to. But you have used her as bait for Rothberg. I am certain of that. But remember, Artz! I told you that if you brought a lark to me I should protect her voice. Well, this girl is a lark. And now the time has come for me to protect it. And I shall do it. Which advertisement shall it be? Rothberg or Marakoff? The power to do evil restored, or the divine power to sing?"

"Marakoff, this is absurd. There is no question—"

"Ah, you do not really believe you can give me back my voice!" exclaimed Marakoff.

"I do! I genuinely believe that!" said Artz, with sudden pressing sincerity, sincerity not to be mistaken. "If you undergo what is necessary, if you faithfully follow my orders, I feel certain I can make you once more the man you were."

"In how long a time?"

"Let us say by next May."

"Next May! Next May!"

"That is surely good enough for you! No question of Rothberg enters in here."

"Ah—you devil, Artz!" Marakoff suddenly cried out. "But I will not be tempted!"

"What do you mean?"

"I lay down my conditions. Either it is Rothberg or it is I."

Again Doctor Artz frowned, and his mouth set in a grimace, grotesque in its bitterness. "Who has told you that Rothberg has any bad intention towards Miss Iselle?"

"My intuition has told me," said Marakoff.

"Nonsense!"

"Nevertheless I stick by it."

"You come to a doctor and you actually dare to ask him deliberately to perform an unsuccessful operation?"

"I do—just that."

"Only a Russian could do such a thing!"

"Ah! The Asiatic cleverness that leaves the European in the distance!"

"My dear Marakoff!"

"My dearest Artz!"

"You insult the doctor in me, Marakoff."

"And you—you insult in me the man who understands!"

"I cannot do it. I cannot consider such an outrageous proposal. It would be criminal."

"I think to be successful with Rothberg, that would be criminal."

"You do not understand anything about the case. And I am not going to tell you. Doctors never discuss their cases with outside people."

"Basta, Artz! It is for you to choose. If Rothberg comes out of your *clinique* rejuvenated—you understand!—you shall never have me as a patient. That I swear!"

He raised a big hand, almost mystically, and for a moment there came into his face the look of a devotee. "Then your voice—you will never get it back!" And without another word Artz was gone from the studio.

But within a week from that day he came to ask Marakoff to be his patient, on Marakoff's terms. Either his love of experiment was so great that it had conquered his cupidity, or he took the long view and believed that in sacrificing Rothberg to Marakoff he would eventually come out a big winner.

Marakoff agreed.

Pauline was overjoyed at Marakoff's offer to teach her for nothing. She did not really mind being under an obligation to him, for she was devoted to him in the way of an adoring pupil, and also she had no doubt that in time she would be able to pay him all back out of her earnings as a singer.

She would be free, then, of a part of the weekly debt to Mr. de Rothberg. But there still remained all her living expenses in Zurich. If only she could find some means to pay them!

It was no use at all applying to her father. He just hadn't anything.

Pauline thought of Miss Vyvyan. But Miss Vyvyan had been so "horrid" about that night of singing on the water with Carl. And since then they had never been on comfortable terms together. And besides—no. Pauline couldn't go to Miss Vyvyan.

Of course Carl Fügler was out of the question. Dear Carl. She had a tremendously warm sense of friendship, of comradeship for him. But she was a girl and Carl was a young man. And so of course Carl was ruled out.

Madame Müller? Herr Weber?

In this crisis—it seemed to Pauline to be a very important crisis—she realized how few real friends she possessed. She hadn't thought about that till now.

Finally she came to a perhaps queer decision. She resolved to have a talk, a guarded talk, with Herr Weber; but before she was able to carry out her intention something very unpleasant happened at the *pension*.

Ever since the Countess San Miniato had returned to the *pension* from Doctor Artz's *clinique*, she had been disagreeable to Pauline.

A curious change was noticeable in her since her stay in the *clinique*. She had come out seeming somehow much younger than when she had gone in. It was not exactly that she looked so very much younger. In truth her appearance, though certainly fresher, was not greatly altered. But her atmosphere was younger. Now she was frankly vital, abounded

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in hot vitality. And all this vitality, this
spendthrift vitality, flowed out in various
channels. And one of these channels was un-
fortunately a channel of enmity for Pauline.

This enmity was shown in various ways: by
hostile looks, by biting remarks, usually full of
satire, addressed to Pauline before others, and
occasionally by a manner of contemptuous and
arrogant indifference. In consequence some of
the dwellers in the *pension* who, with the excep-
tion of the students already there when Pauline
came to Zurich, and of Khalil Ibrahim, were all
elderly or old, and adored the Contessa, began
to turn a rather cold shoulder to Pauline.
They certainly had nothing against the young
singer, who was always polite and unpreten-
tious with them. But by degrees the attitude
of this great lady from Rome caused them
to think less of Pauline. If the Contessa
so obviously disapproved of the girl, there
surely must be some reason for her disapproval.

They found it—they were perhaps prompted
to find it—in Pauline's behavior with men, and
especially with Carl Fügler, and with Khalil
Ibrahim, called in the *pension* "the Prince."

Carl Fügler seldom came to the *pension*, and
never to call on Pauline. But he now and then
looked in to see one of the students, the Amer-
ican, Van Deyn. On these occasions he was
sometimes seen speaking to Pauline and of
course it was known that they studied to-
gether in Marakoff's studio.

But though there was really nothing to find
fault with in the young people's conduct in the
pension, it somehow became known that "out-
side" they were not so circumspect. It became
known that Carl Fügler possessed a mysterious
sort of bachelor residence outside the town, and
well away from the house where he lived with
his mother in apparent respectability. And to
Herr Fügler's quarters, bungalow, pavilion,
hut, call it what you would, Pauline Iselle had
gone entirely alone, and had remained there
for a considerable time.

This was bad enough. But it seemed that,
not contented with mysterious visits to the
Naturheil-Verein, Pauline Iselle was endeavor-
ing to detach from his great friendship with
their Contessa, Prince Khalil Ibrahim.

Now Khalil Ibrahim certainly had been very
friendly indeed with the Contessa, who, so the
pension averred, had "mothered" the lonely
young Egyptian now learning the ways of
Europe far from his country and friends. And
his Highness evidently had been grateful until
Miss Iselle "interfered."

How Pauline had interfered no one could say
with exactitude. But she must have done
something to fix the Prince's dark attention on
herself and her fairness. Otherwise, being
such a charming boy, he certainly never would
have begun to "desert" the mothering Contessa
and to "run after" a girl who was already suf-
ficiently compromised with the nature-worship-
er of the Naturheil-Verein.

The core of the whole matter, which the
pension in its devotion to its one and only
"grande dame" did not, perhaps could not see,
lay in Khalil Ibrahim's secret infatuation
with Pauline. Pauline was not a coquette.
Her manners were simple and sincere. She
was, for a girl, exceptionally unself-conscious.

All this made her "different." And this
difference laid an ever-increasing burden of
charm on the nature of the young Egyptian,
till he was quite weighed down by it. He would
probably have shown his feelings much sooner
than he did had it not been for the interven-
tion of the Contessa.

The Contessa had no vain scruples. She was
a huntress. And Doctor Artz had increased
her staying power, her obstinacy for the trail.

Khalil Ibrahim allowed himself to be divert-
ed from his original intention, which had been
wholly concentrated on Pauline. The Con-
tessa was charming, rich, a woman of the
world, ardent. She had a motor-car—and was
ardent. She had a very comfortable sitting-
room, excellent cigarettes and even cigars—and
was ardent.

Khalil Ibrahim was enticed for a while. He
saw the Contessa's hatred of Pauline, an

"A delicate subject —but these girls must be told"

—a dean of women says



Unfortunately, this delicate subject
is seldom discussed. If it were,
many women could avoid a social
stigma that comes with woman's
oldest hygienic problem

EVEN among girls who are very frank
with each other, there is a question of dain-
tiness, of fastidious personal care that is un-
fortunately seldom mentioned. Yet many
women are unconsciously guilty. At certain
times they are seriously offensive to others.
With realization comes constant worry.
Today these fears are ended. Science has
discovered a way to counteract this offense.

Kotex now completely deodorizes*

In the past ten years women have learned
new comfort, new ease of mind through
Kotex. Now, after years of work, a process
has been perfected that completely, amazingly
ends all odors. The one remaining problem
in connection with sanitary pads is solved!

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Because corners of the pad are rounded and
tapered, it may be worn without evidence
under the most clinging gown. There is
none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often
associated with old-fashioned methods. And
you can adjust the filler, make it thinner,
thicker, narrower—to suit your own special
needs. It is easily disposed of, no laundering
is necessary. A new process makes it softer
than ever before.

Buy a box today . . . 45c for a box of
twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and
department stores; also, through vending
cabinets in rest-rooms.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by
patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted
May 22, 1928.)

Deodorizes . . . and 4 other important features:

- 1—*Softer gauze* ends chafing; pliable filler
absorbs as no other substance can;
 - 2—*Corners are rounded* and tapered: no evi-
dence of sanitary protection under any gown;
 - 3—*Deodorizes*—safely, thoroughly, by a new
and exclusive patented process;
 - 4—*Adjust it to your needs*; filler may be
made thinner, thicker, narrower as required;
- and
- 5—*It is easily disposed of*; no unpleasant
laundry.

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The New Sanitary Pad Which Deodorizes



Nature gave baby a breast—
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hence, weaning is easy

No funnel, no brush required. Look for one ring on the breast; and two rings on the food-cell. *Avoid misfits.*



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amorous aging woman's hatred of youth, and understood it, and for a time he was careful.

But presently his caution began to wear thin and the Contessa with her horribly sharp eyes observed it. She saw how he looked at Pauline, how he devised opportunities for speaking to her. She saw, and the *pension* saw. Only Pauline did not seem to notice anything unusual in Khalil's concentration upon her.

And then at last, quite suddenly, Khalil's power to be careful crashed. And that crash brought about the painful episode in which Pauline was involved.

The Contessa had "got up" a little dinner for a certain night. It was to take place at the Baur-au-Lac, and of course Khalil Ibrahim was invited. In fact, the dinner was being given only for him. But he was not told that and believed there would be a party. He thought of the dry champagne and accepted.

He was sensual and he was greedy, too fond of the good things of life. But he had another side, partly sensual, too, but also partly romantic, and Pauline's simplicity and detachment and fairness appealed to it. And he had neglected this appeal for the use of a car, for food, for drinks, for smokes, and for the violence of a determined huntress who would not leave him in peace and freedom.

Quite suddenly Khalil hated the Contessa. She was suffocating him with her tenderness. She was holding him in prison with her passion. A violent desire to break away from her came to him. He looked back on all the lost days and was furious. A longing to avenge himself on the Contessa for her success took hold of him. It grew in him, seemed to culminate on the day for which the dinner had been fixed.

Although he had accepted the Contessa's invitation, Khalil resolved not to go. At the last moment he would send an excuse. And he would use the evening in the English girl's service. The Contessa—so he understood—had invited other guests. She would be away for the evening. He would persuade Miss Iselle to sing to him. He would—he would—what wouldn't he do?

In his anger against the Contessa he felt ready for any crude action.

But the Contessa had not invited any guests. She meant to dine alone with Khalil. She had not told him this because she had noticed the change in him, and was afraid that if he knew they were to be alone he might not accept her invitation. Long experience had taught her the signs of weariness in men.

She did not offer to take Khalil with her to the hotel. It seemed that she had to pay a mysterious visit before the dinner. But she told Khalil that she would send back the motor to fetch him at five minutes to eight and would meet him in the hotel hall.

At half past seven she got into her motor and drove to the house of Doctor Artz, who gave her a cocktail, in which among other ingredients there were iodine and old brandy.

At five minutes to eight the motor was before the *pension* waiting for Khalil Ibrahim.

When it was announced, Khalil went downstairs and gave the chauffeur a note for the Contessa. In it he excused himself from the dinner with great regret. He had been attacked suddenly by neuralgia. It happened to be a wet night. He wrote that he was afraid to venture out in the damp and must stay in and go to bed early.

Believing that the Contessa was giving a dinner to several people, he was sure that she couldn't possibly come back until after eleven. By that time he would be safe in his bedroom. In the meanwhile he had three hours before him. He was resolved to use them well. He had lost how many evenings with that intolerable Contessa!

The car went away with his note and he ran upstairs lightly.

In the *pension* dinner was at half past seven. Khalil went into the dining-room and sat down at his table.

Most of the guests looked surprised. Somehow it had "got about" that he was dining with their Contessa that night. Khalil asked

for the meat course. He didn't want anything else. He had his eye on Pauline, who sat at a table beyond his, higher up the room. She must pass him in going out.

He craned his brown neck. She was eating an ice. The meat course came at last and he told the maid he wouldn't want anything else. "I'm not very well," he said to her in German, rather loudly, in order to be overheard. "Headache—neuralgia!" he added. "It's this horrible damp weather."

"Ach so!" said the maid with compassion. She went away and Khalil began to eat quickly. He didn't notice that she went to Madame Müller's table.

But very soon Madame Müller got up and came to him. "I'm very sorry to hear you aren't well, Monseigneur."

"I! Who told you?"

"Hedwig told me."

"It's true I've got neuralgia. I didn't dare go out." He had got up and was standing.

"Pray sit down, Monseigneur. Let me fetch you some aspirin."

She went away. But Khalil remained standing. He had seen Pauline getting up.

"Miss Iselle!" he said softly, while the *pension* stretched its neck.

"Yes, Prince Khalil?" said Pauline.

"I've got a raging headache tonight."

"Oh, I am sorry!"

"Won't you give me some medicine?"

"Medicine! I haven't got any."

"Just sing me the 'Chanson-indoue' when I come out. I heard you playing it the other day softly in your room."

How strangely burning his eyes looked, she thought.

"Will you?"

"Yes," said Pauline. "But if your head—"

"Your voice will do me good. It is such a silvery voice."

"Very well, I will."

She looked pleased. She went away looking pleased, as the eyes of the *pension* noticed.

In a moment Khalil followed her. He went into the room where the grand piano was, sat down by it and waited.

"Where is the prince?" he heard Madame Müller's voice say outside. She was looking for him with the aspirin.

He got up, went to her, took it and the tumbling of water she had got ready for him.

"That ought to do me good. Thank you."

"And better go to bed early."

"I will."

He went back to the piano. There were only two old ladies in the room, their gray heads very close together.

In a moment Pauline came, holding the song he had asked for. Khalil opened the piano. Again she noticed the burning look in his eyes.

"I hope you haven't got a temperature?" she said inquiringly.

"A temperature?"

"I think you look rather feverish. And then your headache."

"Sing to me!" he said. He lowered his voice. "I've been wasting my time here. I want to make up for the lost time."

"Do you? Yes?" She looked mildly inquiring.

He felt her gentle detachment, so different from the Contessa's rapacity and ugly eagerness. She sat down on the piano-stool.

"Of course," Khalil said, "directly you begin to sing they will all come in here, all of them. I want to talk to you tonight. When you have finished, will you come and sit with me for half an hour in the room with the French billiards? I do feel lonely tonight."

"Lonely?"

"Yes. It's because I'm not very well, I suppose. Will you?"

"But what can I do?"

"Just talk to me. Tell me about your singing. We are both students here. But I have been wasting my time."

He spoke with a strong pressure of excitement. She didn't understand it—yet. She fancied he was really unwell and excited perhaps because of that.

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"I will come for a little while," she said.
And then she began to sing.

The pension came creeping in. Miss Iselle
singing to his Highness! And the Contessa?
But surely his Highness had been going to dine
with her! Neuralgia, aspirin, music!

When the song was ended he said, "I love
your voice. But all these old things! Let us
go!" And he took her away.

That was how it seemed to the now wonder-
ing pension—a taking away. Only the pension
chose to put it like this: "Just think of her
taking his Highness away like that!"

There was no one in the room with the
French billiards. Khalil shut the door. He
wanted to sit down on the divan in the corner
and to take Pauline in his arms. But he looked
at her and said:

"Let us have a game! Shall we?"

"But your neuralgia!"

"Anything to take my mind off it. Your
singing did me good. Your voice is like silver.
Do you know I always think of silver when I
look at you or think of you? Some day you
must come to my country, to Egypt."

"Perhaps I shall sing in Egypt."

"You must." His eyes became suddenly
cunning. "I have influence in Cairo through
my connection with the royal family. I can
do a lot for you there—when you are ready."

Pauline flushed. She seemed about to say
something important, but Khalil's eyes—
perhaps—kept her lips from it, and she only
said, "What cue shall I use?"

"I'll choose for you. Not a heavy one. You
are so—so—"

He broke off and went to fetch a cue. His
eyes had stopped Pauline and now her eyes
prevented him. But—presently! They had
all the evening before them.

"Before we begin a game, let me teach you
some different ways of making cannons." He
gave her the cue, after chalking it. "No, don't
hold it quite like that. Hold it much nearer
to the end. Let me show you." He leaned
with her over the table. "Excuse me!"

He laid his dark hand over hers and with his
other hand took hold of the hand that was on
the green cloth.

"To make a good bridge you must—"

The door opened. The Contessa came hur-
riedly in with Doctor Artz following behind her.

Pauline felt the startled squeeze which the
Egyptian gave to her hands before he released
them. She turned round, the billiard cue still in
her hand. Doctor Artz bowed to her suavely.

"Good evening, Miss Iselle."

Pauline didn't answer. The Contessa was
speaking rapidly to Khalil.

"Is this the breeding of Egypt?" she said.
And strangely she was smiling, kept on smiling,
while she spoke. "Are these the manners of an
Egyptian gentleman? You allow a woman to
arrange a dinner for you. You accept her
invitation. You let her start for the restaurant
where the dinner is to be given. You let her
actually go there and wait there for you. You
accept her suggestion to send her motor-car
for you. And then you give her chauffeur a
note to say that you are ill and can't come.

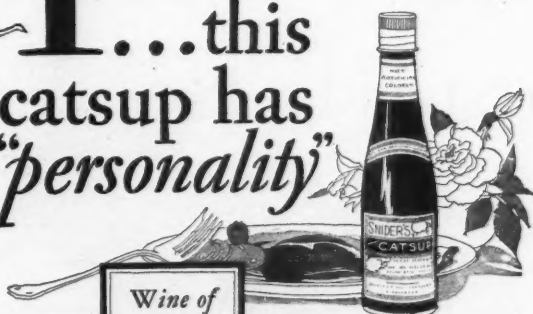
"You are ill with neuralgia and daren't go
out for five minutes in a limousine for fear of
the damp. You are ill all in a minute, quite
well at seven, desperately ill at five minutes to
eight. A sudden attack! Poor boy!"

Her smile flickered, then grew more definite,
a determined smile.

"Poor boy! You mustn't think I am angry
with you, though it isn't particularly pleasant
—no, really it isn't—for a woman who has
ordered a dinner to be kept waiting all alone
in a big hotel for a man who doesn't come, and
who then has to go to the *maitre d'hôtel* and
settle for a dinner that has been ordered and
not eaten. Your neuralgia should really have
started half an hour sooner, or, say, an hour
sooner to give me a chance. But of course
you couldn't help that. No! These things do
come on so suddenly, don't they? We never
know when we shall be attacked. It's too
bad!

"But I bear you no malice. I'm only sorry."

To be sure I...this catsup has "personality"



Wine of
tomatoes
gorgeously
spiced!

CALL it "personali-
ty," "difference,"
what you will—there
is something about the
taste of Snider's Catsup which has
made this sauce the prime favorite
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Of course this unique flavor is no
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old—a recipe that can't be copied—
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so heats and spices the ingredients
as to impart to this famous condi-
ment the mellow quality all its own.



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about Snider's
that appeals to
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or scratch, however slight. Apply ABSORBINE JR. at once, full strength. Use it for bruises or sprains. It relieves the pain and soreness. Keep ABSORBINE JR. at hand, at home, in the car, in camp, and when traveling. It is a reliable first aid. It relieves pain. It keeps the muscles in condition—particularly after severe exercise or a long drive in the car.

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So when I got your note I canceled the dinner—I have had no dinner, nothing!—and I thought, 'Now what can I do to help the poor boy, who is suffering so badly that he can't eat or drive for five minutes in a shut car in the rain?'

The smile became almost a grin, and the voice grew louder, and the words came more quickly.

"I ordered a cocktail, and I thought, 'Now what can I do?' I was full of sympathy. You don't know how my woman's heart bleeds for all those who suffer. And while I was drinking my cocktail"—her voice rose—"the thought came to me: 'Be a good Samaritan. Return good for evil. Your dinner is spoilt. Your evening is wasted. You can't eat alone in a restaurant with all the waiters standing round you and laughing because of the empty place. But you can do something for him, the poor suffering boy in the pension. You can find a doctor to help him, the best doctor in Zurich!'"

She turned sharply to Doctor Artz. The smile suddenly left her face.

"Aren't you the best doctor in Zurich?"

"Contessa," began Doctor Artz, "let—"

"Are you or aren't you the best doctor in Zurich? But it doesn't matter. You're supposed to be, and anyhow you can do your best. I've brought you. Here's the poor suffering patient!" Her voice rose to a higher pitch. "Here he is! Try to help him. Do what you can. Bring all your science to bear. Give him something. Do something to stop the pain. I can't stand here and see the poor boy suffering. I hate to see people in agony. I'm a merciful woman. I'm—I'm a—I'm a—"

Her voice rose to a shriek, then suddenly died down to a whimper. She stretched her arms towards Pauline, gasped and went into violent hysterics.

The pension was listening at the door.

The schemes of the sardonic Dr. Artz come to a dramatic climax when Pauline is confronted by de Rothberg, on his return from the Dolder clinique—in Robert Hichens' November Instalment

Sophisticated Stuff

(Continued from page 67)

as a blare of jazz and static filled the room. "Most of the time it's more boring than wonderful."

There had been times, a great many of them, when Margaret had thought so, too, but Paul was as sensitive about his radio as the man who said, "Love me, love my dog!" The louder he could play it, the better he liked it. Margaret knew from long experience that there was no use to protest. Even if you were bored, there was nothing to do but grin and bear it.

Margaret didn't grin, but she did try to look pleasant. Dodo, however, frankly looked bored. She consumed one cigaret after another. After a time, she left her chair and squatted down on the floor. She leaned her head against the wall, closing her eyes.

"There's a dance at the club," Margaret ventured, after a trying period of listening to a throaty lady elocuting a bedtime story. "Why don't you take Dodo, Bob? There ought to be quite a crowd."

"I despise a mob," Dodo objected. "Besides, isn't it much too early to go anywhere?"

"We could ride around for a while first," Bob suggested, his eyes devouring her.

Margaret was relieved when Dodo admitted that this wasn't absolutely out of the question. To be sure, she didn't seem particularly enthusiastic about it, but after she had finished her cigaret, she yawned, remarked that she'd take a quick tub and dress, and then they could go.

Margaret wondered how many baths Dodo took in one day, and at what hour, if nine-thirty was much too early, people should start for places.

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10 years from now . . .

*will you regret
that you neglected
this knowledge of
The Danger Line?*

"She has such a marvelous smile,"
men said! "She certainly has good
teeth," the women acknowledged.

And she was glad that men liked
her smile. Proud that the women
noticed her teeth. She brushed them
regularly, fully certain that this pre-
caution would guard them for her
through the years.

Yet all the time, acids, forming
unnoticed in her mouth, were carry-
ing on their work of destruction.
Lodged in crevices at The Danger
Line and in pits on the grinding sur-
faces of the teeth—out of the reach
of any tooth-brush—they were at-
tacking the enamel and irritating
the gums. . . .

Ten years from now—will you
regret neglecting to guard The
Danger Line?

For, if unchecked, these acids
can work incalculable harm. Often
teeth are loosened and must come



out. Pain begins, and soon lines of
worry are etched into the face. Fre-
quently, serious diseases develop.

Squibb's Dental Cream was de-
veloped to guard against these dan-
gerous acids. It contains more than
50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.
Every time you use it, tiny particles
of the Milk of Magnesia are forced
into every pit and crevice at The
Danger Line and neutralize the dan-
gerous acids there.

Nor is this all. Squibb's Dental
Cream is a truly scientific dentifrice
—safe—effective. It cleans beauti-
fully. It is pleasant to use, delicately
flavored. Because it contains no
harsh abrasives, antiseptics or as-
tringents, it is absolutely safe in
the mouths of all.

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from which Squibb's Dental
Cream is made, is a pure, effec-
tive product that is free from the
usual earthy taste of other prod-
ucts. Its unsurpassed antacid
qualities and mild laxative action
make it truly valuable in helping
to promote proper alimentation.





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Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and . . . brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will . . . stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

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After another twenty minutes, Dodo reappeared in another severe black dress and announced that she supposed they might as well start, if Bob was ready. Margaret could hardly wait until the door had closed after them.

"Well, what did you think of her?" she asked Paul.

"What's that?" Paul yelled, trying to outdo a quartet rendering "Asleep in the Deep."

"I said, what do you think of her? Bob's girl. Please, can't you choke that a minute?"

Paul choked it, a bit reluctantly. "Huh? Oh"—vaguely—"she's all right, I guess."

"But did you like her? Did you think she's the sort of girl—the right sort for Bob?"

"Oh, I guess she's all right." He didn't want to miss the station announcement; never could tell, might be as far away as Los Angeles. "She's kind of a naive little thing."

"Naive!" Margaret fairly screeched; then burst out laughing. "Oh, Paul, whatever you do, don't let Bob hear you say that! He says she was voted the most sophisticated girl in college. He's proud of it."

"Sophisticated, eh?" Paul seemed to think this a good joke. "She's just a kid—about as sophisticated as our Betty."

"Well"—there was a determined light in Margaret's eyes—"if that's what college does to girls nowadays, I don't think I shall send Betty. Why, everything—everything—bores Dodo to death! Bob called it 'poise.'"

"Expect it's more pose than poise," Paul answered; adding teasingly: "Now, Mama, you always claimed you weren't going to be the proverbial mother-in-law, that you'd never find fault with your son's girl . . . I suppose she is his girl, isn't she?"

"I suppose so," Margaret admitted none too cheerfully. "But I'm not trying to find fault. It's only that this particular girl—"

"That's what they all say—every mama-in-law. When's the wedding?" Paul actually was grinning.

"I can't see anything funny about it," Margaret protested. "I don't believe Bob's asked her, but I'm afraid he intends to. He says he never gets a chance at her alone, that she's so popular. Imagine! Why, she isn't even pretty!"

"There you go!" Paul crowed. "In spite of all your resolutions—and you began 'em before Bob had even cut his first tooth! I think she's kind of a cute little thing, although I'd pick out a good-sized armful, myself. If Bob likes her—"

"But I don't see what he sees in her!" Margaret exclaimed.

Paul shook his head dolefully. "A comic-strip mama-in-law," he said mournfully, before he turned on the strangled sobs.

But she wasn't going to be like every other mother in thinking the girl her son picked out not good enough for him. It was just that Dodo wasn't exactly the kind of girl she would have chosen for Bob.

She felt somewhat relieved the next day when Dodo remarked that she thought every woman ought to follow a career. This was over the breakfast table. Or luncheon. Margaret didn't know which she was supposed to serve when her guest put in her first appearance at twelve o'clock.

"A career? Yes, I think so too," Margaret brightened visibly; if Dodo was thinking of a career, she couldn't be thinking of getting married. Not soon, anyway. "Will you have some eggs and bacon? What sort of career are you interested in?"

"Just coffee, thank you. I never take anything else the first thing in the morning." Oh! then this was breakfast; Margaret wondered at what hour she could serve luncheon. "I hadn't thought of anything definite," Dodo admitted.

"Do you sing, play, write?" Margaret suggested hopefully.

"Mercy, no!" Dodo replied, as though singing, playing or writing were absolutely out of the question. "I had thought of getting a job, but I can't find any that just suits me."

Margaret wasn't surprised at this.

"I may take a place as chambermaid at one of the big resort hotels," Dodo confided.

Margaret, who was drinking coffee, too, in order to be sociable, nearly choked. "Chambermaid?" she gasped. "What for? Wouldn't your family object?"

"Oh, the family never has anything to say," Dodo replied convincingly.

Margaret supposed not; or that it wouldn't make a great deal of difference if they had.

"I'd like to do it for the experience," Dodo explained patiently.

Her hostess didn't think it would be much in the way of experience, but refrained from saying so.

"Either that," Dodo went on, "or I'll take an apartment in town. If I can make the family see it." Evidently the family did have something to say, sometimes! "It's such a bore to have to live with your family; nobody does it any more."

Margaret agreed that it could be. "But I don't approve of a young girl living alone," she added.

"How quaint!" Dodo commented, raising one eyebrow.

After this, conversation languished. Dodo smoked a cigaret and Margaret wondered whether it were complimentary to be considered "quaint," or an insult.

"Then I suppose you don't believe in early marriages?" she asked.

"Marriage is such a ghastly failure," Dodo replied. "Although this companionate idea might not be so bad."

"Do you believe in free love?" Margaret prided herself on being modern, but there were some things at which she drew the line.

"Oh, it's not free love," Dodo explained. "Besides, I think Judge Lindsey's *such a dear*!"

Margaret wasn't sure that that was any reason for accepting the judge's theories. "I'm afraid the church will never sanction it," she said, trying not to sound too prim.

"The church?" Dodo dismissed this. "Oh, I'm an agnostic."

Margaret wanted to say that Bob was a good old-fashioned Methodist, at least she'd sent him to Sunday-school. Also, she could have told Dodo that he thought free love, trial marriages and the like "all the bunk," for she'd heard him express himself in exactly those words. Margaret always had thought so, too. Still if there was any danger of Bob's marrying a girl with such ideas as Dodo's—a marriage of that kind might not seem so permanent.

However, in spite of this, in thinking things over, she decided that there was always the possibility of Dodo's changing her view-point. Besides, any girl would jump at the chance to marry Bob. Margaret decided not to take any chances.

"There's no use in going upstairs to shave," she told Paul that next evening, after Bob and Dodo had gone off to ride around "until time to go somewhere." "There isn't any hot water. Dodo had four baths today, or 'tubs,' as she calls them. Besides, I have something to talk over with you before we go to the Thompkins'."

"Can't go, unless I shave," Paul complained. "Why on earth would anyone want to take four baths in one day?"

"That's just it," Margaret said. "That is, I haven't the slightest idea, unless it's the sophisticated thing to do nowadays. What I mean is, that's what I want to talk about."

"Sounds like Ask Me Another," Paul returned, but he sat down.

"Please don't fall asleep," said Margaret. "I've got something I want to talk to you about, and if the water ever gets hot you have to shave, as the Thompkins are expecting us for bridge. If I sound slightly delirious it's because I've learned in the last two days that everything I do, say, act and think, is never done, said, acted or thought; that I'm quaint and impossible because I like my family, wear gaudy clothes, paint my face, betray my emotions, am not bored to tears by everything and believe in the existence of a God."

"Whewie!" Paul sat up. "I never heard

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you quite so eloquent. Did Bob's girl tell you all this?"

"She did," Margaret said grimly. "Not in so many words, but I got it. Besides, Violet has given notice—you know how she is about the meals being on time—and Betty has decided to let her hair grow long in order to look and be as much like Dodo as possible; and Bob, your one and only son, confided to me that he intends to ask Dodo tonight if she will have him, and that if she won't, he'll be a confirmed bachelor for life. Now you have a glimmering—just a glimmering—of what I've been through." Margaret stopped, exhausted.

"The writhing tortures of a mother's mind," Paul joked, but—for him—looked serious.

"After reading 'The Perennial Bachelor,' I thought I'd make any sacrifice rather than have Bob turn into one," she said. "But I'm inclined to agree with Dodo that all marriages are ghastly failures, and so I want Bob to avoid having one of those if possible."

"Well, I like that!" Paul became indignant. "Ours isn't. But what does she know about it? Anyway, don't worry. Bob won't turn into one of those whatever-you-call-'em bachelors. This is his first attack. He'll get over it."

Margaret looked relieved. "Of course I'm sure he will, or I wouldn't have decided upon this plan. I was a bit worried, he looked so sort of glum and desperate when he told me. And you know Bob, once he makes up his mind. That's why I decided to take no chances. It's really a splendid plan!"

"What plan?" Paul looked puzzled.

"The plan I wanted to talk to you about," Margaret said. "I want you to send Bob away." She paused, waiting for an effect.

"Can't see anything so remarkable about that," Paul returned, "unless you believe that absence makes the heart grow fonder. Bob's getting along fine at the factory. Where would I send him?"

"That's just it," Margaret said, smiling complacently. "You remember that you thought of sending Parker out to the mines in New Mexico? And then you decided that it would be too terrible to ask his wife to live in a place like that."

"Sure, I remember. We really ought to have someone from the factory at the mines. I did think of Parker but—Margaret, you're not suggesting that I send Bob out there? My Lord, woman, it's the deadliest, most God-forsaken spot on earth! It's nothing but a mining-camp, no conveniences, not a house or movie or anything for miles and miles. The kid would pass out from sheer loneliness! He'd be bored stiff!"

"That's exactly it!" Margaret leaned forward eagerly. "Of course it would be hard on Bob, but he wouldn't have to stay long, and he could learn the business from the bottom up and all that sort of thing. But the point is that Dodo would never consent to go out there. Can you imagine anyone of her sophistication buried in such a place?" Margaret laughed.

"Don't you see, Paul, it solves the problem?"

"What problem?"

Oh, he could be so exasperating at times!

"Why, whether Dodo would marry Bob!"

"Hum!" Paul scratched his head reflectively.

"So that's the bonnet in your bee! I knew you'd turn out just like every other Mother Eve where Bob was concerned. Seems to me if he's made up his mind to get married, might as well be this girl as another. You'd find something wrong with any girl Bob wanted to marry."

"That isn't true!" Margaret defended herself hotly. "It's just that I don't think this particular girl is the kind of girl—Well, you know how simple and unaffected Bob is. Dodo's exactly the opposite. You forget, Paul, that she was voted the most sophisticated girl in her college. That's what I object to. Why, she's an agnostic, she believes in trial marriage, she—"

"Hold on! Hold on!" Paul cried. "Don't get delirious again, Mama. I've a hunch she doesn't believe all that stuff. I've a hunch, too, that if she'd been voted the simplest, or

fattest, or brainiest girl in her school that—providing Bob wanted to marry her—you'd be as set against it. But you're just like Bob, once you make up your mind—"

"I'm doing it for his own good," Margaret broke in. "I should think you could see that, Paul. I think the thing to do is to send him to New Mexico right away."

"It's a heluva—"

"Paul!"

"Well, it is—Still, it might work out better than you think. Might be good for the boy. Anyhow, you've decided, so what's the use in arguing?"

"You'd better tell him tomorrow," Margaret persisted. Paul promised that he would.

It was after two o'clock when Margaret and Paul got in from the Thompkins' bridge. Paul had nearly fallen asleep over the wheel, so Margaret said she would lock up. She was surprised to find Bob prowling about.

"Well, this is one time you beat your mother getting in!" she exclaimed. "Where's Dodo?"

"She's gone to bed," Bob answered shortly. "Headache. We came in early."

"That's too bad," Margaret said, meaning Dodo's head. She glanced at Bob sharply. She was always sensitive to his moods, and knew instantly that something had gone wrong. He always came to her with everything. Only there was something different in his attitude tonight that worried her; it was as though for the first time he shut her out.

"You'd better come to bed, too, Bob," She lingered.

"Not yet," he answered briefly.

"You look tired, dear." Her voice was tender.

"Please, Mother," Bob said, turning on her, then as abruptly turning away.

She knew he wanted to be left alone, but could not bear to leave him like that. "What is it? What's wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing," he muttered, then whirled around, his face unmasked. "Oh, Mom, it's just—well . . . Dodo won't have me."

"Won't have you?" Margaret repeated, a hot surge of anger flaming against Dodo. "Why, the very idea! Why, any girl—any girl ought to be glad—honored—"

"Don't be an egg, Mom," Bob cut in shortly, bitterly. "Why, Dodo could have any one of a dozen fellows. She—"

"Well, I don't see—" Margaret began, then wisely stopped, biting her lip. "Just what did she say? That she wouldn't have you? That she didn't like your family? That she didn't believe in marriage? Or—did she say she was afraid marriage might bore her?"

"N-no," Bob answered slowly. "Oh, yes, she did say something like that. She said it would be an awful bore just to get married like everybody else and settle down and grow old."

"Well, she'll find she'll have to grow old," Margaret said caustically. Then at the despair in Bob's young face—"But my dear, you mustn't take it so hard. You'll get over it."

"You don't understand, or you couldn't say that," Bob accused.

"Of course I do!" his mother insisted, hurt that he should think she'd failed him. "Can't you see how unhappy it makes me to see you so miserable? Only I know more about such things, Bob. There are plenty of other girls who don't think marriage a bore, girls who—"

"You don't understand," Bob repeated bitterly, "or you couldn't possibly think that Dodo's different from other girls. She wants to do things—big things. . . . No, there will never be any other girl for me."

There was something so positive about the way he said it that for a brief stricken moment Margaret wondered if it could be true.

"Dodo may change her mind," she suggested, although she knew she had been making plans to prevent that very thing from happening. But now, looking at Bob's face, she had to say something to comfort him.

"I'm afraid not," Bob answered hopelessly. Then his face lighted up with determination. "But if there's a chance—I'll not give up!" He threw back his head; his fists clenched tight.

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Margaret had a sense of apprehension. If Bob had made up his mind . . . and Dodo could change hers, after she had had a taste of a career . . . It would be best to have Paul send Bob to New Mexico, anyway.

"If there's no hope," Bob said, looking miserable again, "I think I'll cut out for somewhere. I'd have to get away, Mom."

"I understand, dear," Margaret agreed eagerly. "That would be best. In fact your father and I were talking about that very thing this evening. He's going to speak to you about it in the morning." She was so glad she'd thought of New Mexico!

Nevertheless she couldn't help worrying about him all that next day. He went about looking so unhappy and forlorn, so grave and quiet, never taking his eyes off Dodo. If that young lady was aware of it, she gave no sign. Margaret added heartlessness to the quality of sophistication.

She knew that Paul had told Bob about New Mexico, and that Bob had taken it all right, had seemed interested, asking a number of questions. Bob would tell Dodo when he drove her back into town, and that would settle that.

She decided to wait up for Bob. She could talk to him about going away and try to get him interested in that . . . If only young people could be made to see that the things that seemed so heart-breaking, so important at the time could, in retrospect, seem so trivial.

Bob's heavy footstep roused her. "Did I fall asleep?" She rubbed her eyes.

"You must have," Bob laughed. "It's past midnight. But I'm glad you're still up."

"Past midnight!" Margaret echoed; then she had slept. But how different Bob looked. His eyes were shining, there was a new ring in his voice.

"Mom, what do you think?" He bent over her chair, placing a hand on each of her shoulders, his eyes looking deep into hers. "Wake up, sleepyhead! Listen to the glad news . . . Dodo did change her mind—just as you said . . . Oh, Mom, isn't it great?"

Margaret was speechless.

"Isn't it great?" he repeated.

"Why—why, but I don't understand. I thought you said she wouldn't have you, that she thought marriage—"

"But that was last night," Bob reminded her. "Tonight, on our way in, I told her that Dad was sending me to New Mexico. That changed everything."

"That changed it?"

"Sure thing! Dodo's never seen a mining-camp. She thought it would be great to go to a place like that."

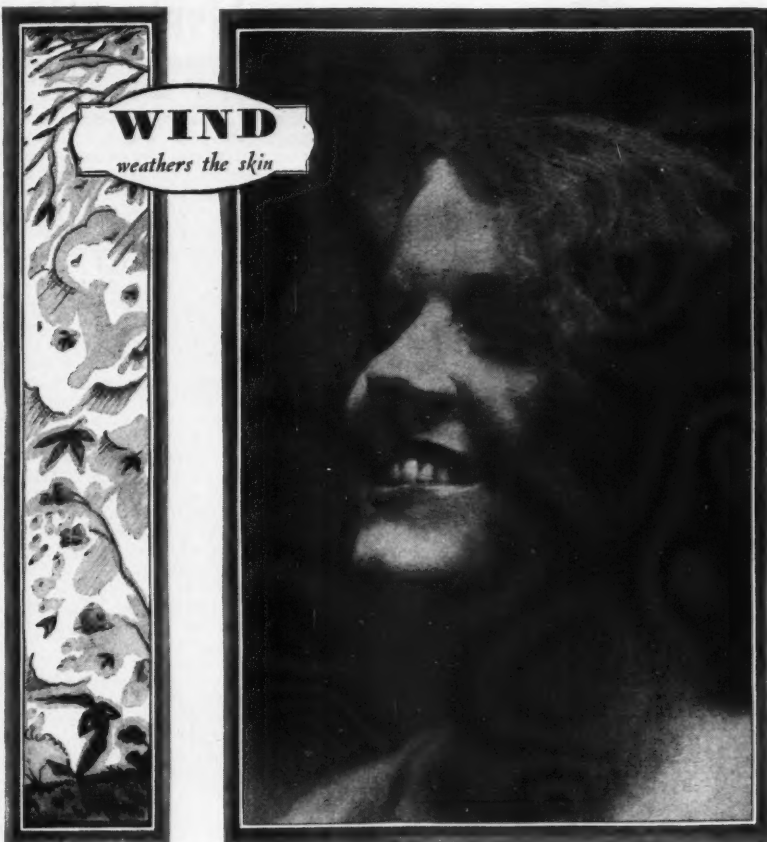
"But it would be a terrible place! Terrible!" Margaret exploded. "Why, Dodo can't have any idea the sort of—"

"Yes, she has," Bob beamed. "I told her it would be lonely as the dickens, no place to go, no conveniences. But I told you Dodo wasn't satisfied just to get married and settle down. She's not like other girls! She wants to do things. Besides"—he looked self-conscious, and yet happy—"she said she'd never let me go off to a place like that all alone."

"She said that?" Margaret marveled. "A girl of her sophistication—"

"Yep! Didn't I tell you she had the stuff?" Bob gave his mother a hug that nearly lifted her out of her chair. "And I owe it to you, Mom. Dad said you thought up the idea—sending me out there. If it hadn't been for that, Dodo'd never have had me—not in a blue moon!"

Afterwards, when Margaret told Paul, he chuckled. "Well, Mama," he said, "I told you it might turn out better than you'd think. Every mother always finds something wrong with her future daughter-in-law. Mine did. You did. Dodo'll be the same when it comes her turn. Guess it's because each one belongs to the next generation. But I had a hunch that if our Bob picked her out, she must have the right stuff in her, even if it did seem a bit sophisticated."



"Her skin is like a baby's!"

A SKIN like that, on a grown woman, doesn't just happen. It's the result of care—of protection from exposure. For it isn't the years that age the skin—it's weathering! That's why your shoulders look younger than your face and hands. They have not been exposed day in and day out. Your face and hands have.

See for Yourself

Take your hand mirror to the window. Examine your face. Now look at the skin of your shoulders. Years younger, isn't it? The moral is—protect your face and it remains young, too.

And you can do it so easily—with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream.

It protects the skin from exposure—from scorching sun and chill winds—from dust and smoke and grime—from all elements that dry and crinkle and coarsen the skin.

Pat it on—often

Before going outdoors pat on Hinds Cream as a powder base. Pat it on at

night. In the morning. Smooth it into your skin after your bath. Use it on your hands. (Wonderful for hands!)

Then your skin will not weather. It will stay silken. Keep its youthful brilliance—indeinitely. Try Hinds Cream. You can buy it anywhere. Or, if you wish, we'll send you a sample bottle. Just fill in the coupon and mail.



HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. 608, Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, the protecting cream for the skin.

[Print name and address]

Name _____

Address _____

This coupon not good after October, 1929
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave.,
Toronto, 8



Lucky?

When she comes to the footlights to acknowledge Broadway's applause of her marvelous dancing in "Sidewalks of New York," theatre-goers sit forward to admire her youthful charms; the fresh crispness of her rose-petal skin and her gleaming black hair. She's Virginia Clark, of 143 Twenty-third St., Jackson Heights, New York City.

"When friends say I'm lucky to have such clear skin and soft, shining hair," says Miss Clark, "I have to tell them it isn't luck at all. In my case, it's the result of care. For my hair, I use the simple method that's all the rage among New York girls now. It's so easy. All you do is put a little Danderine on your brush each time you use it. This makes my scalp feel just grand and keeps away all dandruff. It keeps my hair and scalp so clean I don't have to shampoo nearly as often as I did. It makes my hair soft and easy to dress; holds it in place; and gives it more lustre than brilliantine!"

Danderine quickly removes that oily film from your hair; brings out its natural color; makes it fairly sparkle. Dandruff disappears when you use Danderine. Waves, set with it, stay in longer. It isn't oily and doesn't show. All drug stores have the generous 35c bottles. Over five million used a year!

60-page, illustrated DRESSMAKING LESSON FREE

LEARN at home to make your own clothes for one-half usual cost and earn \$25 to \$40 a week. Send for full story of Woman's Institute and Free Dressmaking Lesson. 66 pages. Illustrated. Answers all your questions about patterns. Makes it easy to make smart clothes.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 51-K, Scranton, Pa.

PRETTY ANKLES \$3.75 AND CALVES per pair

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!

DR. WALTER'S Special extra strong Ankle Bands will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them.

They fit like a glove. Can be worn under any kind of hose without detection. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day deriving then extra benefit of the support.

Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands for \$3.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

Send Ankle and Calf measure to DR. JEANNE C. WALTER

389 Fifth Avenue

New York



Monkey House (Continued from page 57)

child being engagingly naughty. Carolyn was about five feet high, and as slight as a buttercup; her bobbed, curled hair, which was naturally fair, had been "dipped" to buttercup yellow.

Confidently, insolently, she went everywhere she wanted to go, and said whatever came into her mind, and did exactly what she wanted to do. Her clothes were so many poems.

Carolyn's handsome young father, having run through most of the joys of life at forty-two, and found them palling, had conceived the idea of writing an opera—an opera to be launched and staged magnificently, and helped, incidentally, by Addison music.

He and Stan and Carolyn and several other persons went off on the yacht, for a three weeks' cruise, and Carolyn's dainty and unconscious insolence astonished Stan more and more. She was too young, too little and inexperienced to affect it; it must be born in her, this confidence and arrogance, he thought.

Carolyn confided in him. She told him when she refused young Edward Poett, and Stan saw her playing bridge and dancing with the miserable Edward a few hours later, as unruffled as if nothing whatever had occurred. She told Stan that her mother would like her to marry a Frenchman or Italian of title.

"Edward Poett will be very rich," said Stan. "Edward will be disgustingly rich," she said. "That doesn't make any difference?" the man asked curiously.

"Not to me!" she said indifferently, superbly. He reflected wonderingly that this was true. "Wouldn't you yourself like to be titled, Lady Carolyn?" he asked. It was his own name for her; at thirty-six he really stood in awe of this small slim child.

"Where would it get me?" she asked. "Lots of women think it might help them socially," she went on. "Well, it wouldn't me."

They were going into some beautiful summer harbor as she spoke. Stanley heard her summon her maid lazily, indifferently, and lazily, indifferently discharge the middle-aged, anxious woman. The little scene made an extraordinary impression on him. Years afterward he was to ask himself why. Why should he have admired her for that, of all things?

Lying stretched in a deck chair, she fingered magazine pages while she told Madelon just how unsatisfactory Madelon was.

"Pack your things," said Carolyn, not looking at the woman, "and be ready to get off when we anchor at Nantucket."

Madelon first reddened painfully, then grew white, and finally cried.

"Don't cry here, please," Carolyn requested, with a faint pained accent on the last word. The maid went away, and Carolyn extended the opened magazine to Stanley with a half smile. "There's a picture of an Austrian Mother'd like me to marry!" she commented.

Stan looked at it without seeing it. Her poise shook him strangely, he felt thrilled. Something about her enveloped him with strange emotions; he wanted to mean something to this arrogant child, to stir her.

Yet it was Carolyn who made the first overtures. She came up to the deck one hot night when Stan was lying alone in a steamer chair, looking up at the stars, thinking. Carolyn got into his lap, without preamble, and pressed her soft, warm, fragrant little mouth to his. She wore thin silk pajamas, her bare feet were thrust into crystal-balled flat slippers that jingled as she walked.

The yacht was moving slowly through the hot dark upon a motionless sea. The ocean seemed to breathe gently, and the little boat rose and fell softly.

"Are you crazy about me?" asked Carolyn simply. "I'm dotty about you. You're wonderful—you're the only person I ever tried to get and couldn't get! Let's live in New York and have a studio and parties! I've—don't try to sit up and pretend that you're old enough to be my father. I tell you

I've got it, Stan. I've got it awfully bad. It's"—she tore at her small flat chest with her little hands—"it's right in here, darling!"

He kissed her, but it was an admonitory, almost an amusedly admonitory kiss. "What you bad little girl!" said his deep Oriental voice, still with a touch of accent clinging to it. There was no fire, no response in him tonight.

But afterward he remembered how cunning she had been, there in his arms, the soft little boneless hand resting against his bare throat, the perfumed little curly bob on his shoulder.

Only for a minute or two, for immediately he had got to his feet and sent her packing back to bed, himself scandalized, and laughing and unrepentant.

The next day she poised for a second like a brilliant butterfly on the rail beside him and spoke of their engagement.

"Stan, can you see our pictures in the papers!" she had exulted youthfully.

Not that their wildest imaginings could have risen to the actual extent of advertising that a somewhat idle press immediately passed upon them. There was no precedent for it. Carolyn's brother and cousins and grandparents were drawn in, as were Stan's surviving brothers, who still bore the old patronage, and his aged father, who lived obscurely in the Ghetto still, depositing in the bank ninety-nine dollars out of every hundred his father son sent to him.

Pictures were taken of the Houston Sutton tenement where Mr. Addison had commenced his American career. A baby picture of Carolyn, seated upon her august Grandmother Sutton's lap, was widely exploited. That it was not quite eighteen and one of the richest girls in America, and that Stanley was thirty-seven, a successful Russian-Jew song-writer twenty years her senior, gave all the world deep interest and delight.

It enchanted Carolyn, she did and said all sorts of daring things. But the notoriety distressed and offended that deep pride and shame of Stanley's whose existence she was incapable even of suspecting, much less understanding.

He had a long talk with her father, who had been cold to the whole plan, and in the end the two men shook hands, agreed at last. Stanley was to renounce the heiress of the Suttons.

But this was not the end, for Carolyn knew a trick worth ten of any of theirs. She went moaning and screaming and fainting to bed, and she moaned and screamed and fainted to such effect that exactly eleven days later, beautiful and broken and limp, she was in a position weakly to forgive her weeping parents, and to accede to their entreaties and the old family doctor's urgent prayers that she marry her sweetheart that very afternoon.

On the honeymoon she laughed a wicked, triumphant laugh and assured Stan that she never she wanted anything she always got it, so he had better take warning.

In Paris she bought a great many clothes, and he understood at once that the greatest pleasure in her life was to be seen in them. But not only that, she wanted to have her husband, beside her when she was in them, so that everyone would first identify her—the very tiny person smothered up in her small ears in sables—and then also place her "That must be Addison, with her!"

At the races, the gaming-tables, she was exquisite with Stanley, turning her eager, attentive little face brightly toward him, introducing him proudly to all the men they met—and wherever Carolyn was, there were scores of men. When the orchestra played Stan's music, as it always did, Carolyn loved to dance with him, loved it when the supporting groups recognized them and applauded.

Once, at Nice, she finished the dance with a quick little jerking down of his dark, tall head and a butterfly kiss on his cheek; it was strangely painful to him, the whole play, with all of traveling Europe for audience, too.

Have you tried it as an ASTRINGENT?

Delightful

and so inexpensive

So many women have written us concerning their faith in Listerine as an astringent that we feel we ought to pass the good word along.

The nice thing about Listerine used this way is that the cost, compared to most astringents, amounts to almost nothing. The saving is really remarkable.

Yet in effectiveness you'd look a long time before finding its equal. Gently but firmly it closes the pores, tightens sagging tissues and lazy muscles. Your skin seems fresh and firm—even youthful.

There's no question of the importance of an astringent in the care of the skin, and we'll wager that once you try Listerine you'll like it above all others. Simply douse it on your face full strength. Results will delight you. Why not begin today? Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Tell
your husband
about the new
cool
LISTERINE
SHAVING
CREAM
He'll like it

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC



Throw
away
that brush

Give your face a treat!



Apply
MOLLÉ
with palm of hand

No brush—no lather—no rubbing



Shave faster
than you
ever shaved
before

Without danger of cutting skin



Dry face with
towel—that's all

No steaming, lotions or powder



Makes Your
face feel
Like a
Million Dollars

Take the word of a million men

Try **MOLLÉ**
(MO-LAY)



for a week at
our expense!

See why a million men have switched, permanently, to MOLLÉ. Find out what we mean when we say MOLLÉ lubricates the shave with a protective film of healing creams, so you can shave faster than ever before, but without danger of cutting the skin.

Above all, we want you to know how wonderful MOLLÉ makes your face feel AFTER shaving. That "million-dollar" feeling simply can't be described.

Every MOLLÉ Shave is, in reality, a facial treatment—as refreshing and stimulating as a head-barber's facial massage.

The MOLLÉ Company
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Mail Coupon Today—7 MOLLÉ SHAVES FREE!
THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Dept. 75, Cleveland, Ohio
Please send free and postage paid a week of MOLLÉ Shaves, to

Name _____

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Carolyn loved it, in some strange savage way.

For the rest, he hardly excited for her at all. She had her own room, she slept late, she kept her maid busy until a late luncheon hour and telephoned luxuriously from her bed to make engagements—all sorts of engagements. For the morning and early afternoon hours she fitted in masseuse, gymnasium, swimming plunge, Turkish bath, luncheon, bridge, riding, golf, driving, tennis—and for late afternoon, picture shows, tea, cocktails, dinner, dancing, bridge, theater.

She changed her costume five times a day, and other women watched her, hated her and copied her. Stanley came to see that a girl as young, as rich and as spoiled as Carolyn could not possess any real character; she was merely capable of a succession of charming affectations and imitations. When she felt well and fresh she laughed her shallow little triumphant laugh at his plea for a quieter, a realer life, and when she was cross from overdoing, overeating and drinking she snapped at him, and wept. But she never needed him.

Stanley could not drink, except occasionally, as a peasant drinks, with his dinner. He ate sparingly, he did not dance well, or play bridge or speak any languages except English and his mother tongue. At tennis and golf he indeed made a beginning, but he well knew that it would be years before he would be in his wife's class there. He could ride, but Carolyn told him frankly that to see a married couple out riding together looked "poisonous."

At night, no matter where they were, New York, Newport, Palm Beach, Paris, Cannes, or on the ocean, they did the same thing. They dined with men and women they hardly knew, and there was much drinking. Then there was a rush for cars, perfumed women in beautiful bizarre wraps of metal cloth being bundled into limousines.

Afterward a special reserved table, close to the dancing floor, and a waiter inserting his sleek head into any beginning of conversation. Caviar? Champagne?

Just as the food came the women would languidly rise and drift to the dancing space. They danced apathetically to the droning saxophones; they came apathetically back.

Conversation might start again, conceivably, but here came a troop of other waiters, almost running, depositing on every table large coarse-faced dolls for all the women, cigar-boxes for all the men.

The women took the dolls animatedly; no woman wished to miss her doll; they called imperiously: "Waiter, we need another Pierrot doll here!" They made the dolls curtsy and weep and wave. The dolls cost about a dollar apiece, wholesale, and the supper would run to something like twenty dollars per person, yet everyone said admiringly, "How can they give these things away?"

They talked languidly about the favors for a while. If they stayed until two o'clock there would be more favors.

The orchestra played Stanley's "Hiccoughing Sinko" and "Buccaneer Jazz." Everyone clapped and hummed "Buccaneer Jazz," for it was new. But they were tired of "Hiccoughing Sinko," which had been composed all of eight months before.

Or, if there was gaming anywhere, Carolyn liked to go there. She chuckled triumphantly if she won, and threw good money after bad if she was losing, and either way her small face grew red and her eyes glittered, and the men told her she was a darn good little sport.

It delighted Carolyn to have half-drunken men whose names she hardly knew tell her, with loud coarse laughter, that she was a good sport. It delighted her to have other women look at her clothes, and murmur to each other her name and her history.

But where was the real Carolyn? Where was the woman, under the clothes and the sunshades and the glittering lights and the triumphant laughter? Stanley grew weary and nervous and perplexed, trying to find her. She did not exist. But then, what did exist?

A dreamy wearisome unreality began to

make his life terrible. He could not escape from it. Even in Mary's marvelous nursery it oppressed him. The child would look at him seriously, questioningly, with her plain dark eyes. She was ugly, but Carolyn made capital even out of that. She told all her friends that she was going to do wonders with the baby.

"Isn't she the toad? But just wait. I'm going to have Violette design her frocks. She'll be *belle laide*—won't you, Mary? Look at her; she's older than I am already!"

And Carolyn would lay her dazzling blond head against the child's lanky dark hair. The baby face was the wiser of the two.

"She's got nothing of me in her," Carolyn would say carelessly. "If Stan and I get a divorce I'll leave her with Mother and Dad!"

Over and over again, in their bitter disputes, they came to the question of Mary.

"I would be so glad to have her, Carolyn," Stan would say.

"Give up Mary? I like that! Why, she's the only MacInnes grandchild! I think you have an awful nerve even to suggest it. A child always goes with the mother!"

"Not if the father is the injured person," Stanley said once bitterly.

"You needn't worry! I like men for the fun I get out of them," Carolyn countered, unruffled. "I'm not the loving kind!"

He knew it was true.

On the occasion of this present trip to Paris, so happily described by the papers as a "second honeymoon," Mary had been left at home. Mary and her chief nurse and her grandmother had come to the steamer to say good-by to her parents, upon their sailing from New York.

Mary had looked plain, as if her hat was a size too small for her and her beautiful little coat a size too big, and she had looked pale. But Carolyn had posed for a few more photographs, with Stanley and Mary.

Stanley had expected that. It was a legitimate enough little vanity, after all, he tried to think leniently.

Once on the voyage, everything was exactly as usual. Carolyn bought the low field in the ship's pool every day and exulted over its winning three times out of the six. She chattered noisily about it.

Stanley was conscious only that she made him feel tired. But to everyone else on board she supplied the main interest of the trip.

In Paris they went to races and night clubs, and there were more long-legged dolls. Also Carolyn bought clothes, frocks and frocks and frocks, furs, hats, delicate cowbeebly handkerchiefs and silk underwear. She went to fashion shows and ordered clothes dizzily, hardly remembering, when she got home, what they were.

Gray boxes, plaid boxes, gold and silver boxes, pink and blue boxes arrived at her rooms, and were piled up. She opened them with shrieks, displaying furs and silks to women friends. She bought diamonds and pearls and an empress' bracelets. And she had Horner Holliday and a slim, beautiful French Vicomte in tow.

She and Stanley quarreled about the latter. Some Americans had a villa, out Versailles way, and they wanted her to stay for a weekend, with the Vicomte and other guests. But they couldn't ask darling Stan because they were so wretchedly crowded for space.

Darling Stan restrained himself and spent the weekend alone in Paris. He tried to get hold of a fellow composer who was somewhere about in these parts, but Salevski had gone to Vienna; Stan had his luxurious suite and his big piano to himself.

And on Monday, when Carolyn returned, laughing mysteriously and non-committal about the visit, and when she immediately sank into a deep chair, and telephoned to someone—presumably the Vicomte—in French, which language Stanley did not understand, he was suddenly furious and they had a bitter quarrel.

Afterward he went out, and walked across the bridge to the left bank of the Seine; walked

A Whale of a Tub,
50c—at your
Druggist

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hard and fast and unseeing, and almost un-
feeling. The winter air pressing close on his
face was cold and heavy, and the winter sky
was cold and close and heavy, too.

Stan went into a little café, and ordered sole
and salad, but he was too wretched and restless
and unhappy to eat, and he paid for it and went
away, before the astonished proprietor could
finish cooking it for him. He went on walking,
hard—hard—hard, trying to tire himself, try-
ing to outpace his own anger, trying in the
maze of his thoughts to find some thread to
which he might cling, to begin the unraveling.

Money! How she wasted it. Not that it
signified; there was more than enough money.

Going off to a country weekend without
him—hurting him viciously, cruelly, because
she could. She knew he wouldn't make a scan-
dal; he and she had had enough notoriety.
The memory of her triumphant, secure little
laugh came back to him and he ground his teeth.

Mary. Mary. Mary. You poor little
monkey—Mary. What the deuce was Mary's
life going to be, with a start like this?

He went back to the hotel at six o'clock, to
learn that Mrs. Addison had gone out at about
four, leaving a message for him that he was not
to wait; she was dining with friends.

Stanley turned a little white. He sat for
a while in his room, and his man brought him a
paper. He told the hovering valet that he was
going out for dinner; he would not dress.

The weather had softened with that peculiar
rapidity characteristic of Paris. The evening
was mild, there was not a cloud overhead to
break the deep luminous blue of the sky, and
the stars were early. Lamps were blazing in
the shops, and the brasseries gushed light across
the tables under the awnings.

"Where's a good place to dine?" Stan, in his
poor French, asked a taxi-driver.

The man answered in equally poor French.
On the seat beside him a little woman was
huddled, and as he spoke he looked across her
to Stan, who stood on the sidewalk's edge.

"M'sieur might like the Régence," he
suggested.

"I don't know the Régence," Stan said.
"It's very good," the woman contributed.
Stan looked at her and saw that she had a
beautiful little cameo face.

"Is the Régence far from here?" he asked.

"Not far, no, M'sieur," the boy, a grave,
thin, long-faced boy, answered.

Again Stan hesitated. Then his own pec-
uliarly winning smile fell on the pair.

"I wouldn't have to dress?"

The two hesitated, muttered animatedly
together in their own tongue.

"You're Russians!" Stanley exclaimed.

There was a glance almost of panic between
them; then both laughed.

"Fancy M'sieur speaking our language!"
There were very few Americans who speak Rus-
sian," said the boy. "Are you a Russian?"

"I was," Stanley answered, with a quick,
only half-conscious sigh. "I'm an American
now."

"I see!" the girl said.

"How does it happen," the American, voic-
ing a question that had been in the background
of his thoughts for a week, asked abruptly,
"how does it happen that so many of you
Russian boys are driving Paris taxicabs?"

"We have to do something," the young
Russian explained.

"I've seen at least thirty," Stanley said.

"There are about six hundred," the other
told him, smiling.

"Six hundred! And are you all—together?"
Stanley asked.

"In groups," the taxi-driver explained.

"Groups, eh? And what of your families—
the women and children?" Stanley asked, try-
ing to draw him out.

The other glanced down at the woman be-
side him. "They're—with us, sir."

"What! The women, too? And what—?"
Stanley was suddenly conscious of the per-
sonality of the city, the charm of the city, with
its lighted brasseries and its high, dim, mys-
terious mansard attics under the high, thin,

"MEN WOULDN'T neglect
their hair so if they knew how
unattractive baldness and dan-
druff make them," girls of
many colleges say. This
famous treatment will prevent
them or any other girls from
saying such things about you

SENIORS at WELLESLEY

... don't care for men who
are bald or have dandruff!

DANDRUFF is unbearable. Bald-
ness most unattractive to women,
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Do the women you know feel as these
girls do that baldness and dandruff
result from men's own carelessness?

Women are right. Faithful daily care is
the only sure way to destroy dandruff—

check baldness. This famous treatment,
three minutes a day, regularly, every day,
will make your hair vigorous, thick.

EVERY MORNING moisten scalp gener-
ously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then,
with fingers pressed down firmly, move scalp
thoroughly in every direction, working the tonic
thoroughly into every inch of scalp. Move scalp
—not fingers. Brush your hair while moist.
It will stay the way you want it.

Dashing Pinaud's Eau de Quinine over
the scalp kills dandruff. Working it into
the scalp deeply every day saves the hair.

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any
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FREE: generous sample bottle of the
famous Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Write
today to Pinaud, Inc., Dept. C-3, 220
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IT'S VERY EVIDENT—the baldness that will
make this young man look like an old man
long before his time. Daily Pinaud treatments
begun even now, will destroy dandruff; check
baldness; nourish and save his hair



Look for Pinaud's signature on every bottle

PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine

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KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY, YOUR SCALP CLEAN

Twice as Economical
A 35c package of Dr. Lyon's
Tooth Powder will last more
than twice as long as a 50c
tube of tooth paste.

Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth
cleaned . . . what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.



In use
over 60 years

Established 1866

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A 35c package lasts over three months.

mysterious stars. Paris. Paris. Paris. "What takes care of them?" he asked.

"We all do. We share and share alike," the girl said unexpectedly.

"Is there enough?" Stanley said anxiously.

"There must be," the young man answered darkly, as the girl shrugged and subsided without speaking. "Old women, babies, boys and girls—those who can find work and those who cannot—we must eat."

"There are many Russians in Paris?" Stanley asked slowly.

"There are thousands."

"And all?" Stanley spread his hands, spoke apologetically—"all—in your case?"

"All looking—only for the next meal, sir, no more," said the Russian.

"One meal a day for most of them—and sometimes not that," said the girl, cheerfully and philosophically.

They looked at each other for a full, slow half-minute, in silence.

"I—I am a Russian," Stanley said then, awkwardly, wistfully. "Will you talk to me?"

You and—Madame here, for example. Where do you live? What sort of an apartment have you? What—what will you eat tonight—it's eight o'clock now. Where will you go?"

"Twenty-two of us have a place together," the girl answered.

"Twenty-two! A house?"

"A—loft. An attic. On the other bank. And Kate, who is my aunt and also his cousin, takes care of us all," she explained.

"All in one room?"

"All in one room."

Stanley felt that he was drinking some heavy, bewilderingly sweet wine. His senses swam; he remembered things, he felt things; it was childhood again—it was life again!

"And what rent do you pay?"

"Almost a thousand francs a year, sir."

"A thousand francs a year!" Less than four dollars a month. And even that not easy.

"And this woman—Kate? She takes care of you—all twenty-two of you. She mothers you." He was piecing it together. "Are you all young?"

"Oh, no, sir. We have our old—four old persons. And Anna, who is Ivan's wife, and their children, and two other children. Kate has a boy of thirteen—"

"But he works!" said the girl jealously.

"Twelve of us work, even the old women get embroidering when they can. We could live ourselves. But the others—"

"There is so much suffering among our own people!" the man supplied sorrowfully.

"Worse than with you?" Stanley asked, winning, reluctant.

"Oh, with us!" she echoed. "We could live. But the others cannot all live!"

"Cannot live?" Stanley echoed painfully.

"Not all of us. Not the weak and the old and the children," she answered.

"Here—in Paris?" Stanley pleaded.

"Paris is a hard place for the very poor, M'sieur. There are—too many of us," the girl said.

He had a terrible vision of them, streaming, hungry and silent, over their own frontiers, coming to this strange place of narrow crowded streets and tragic, high, mansard roofs, to fight and struggle like starving sparrows for the crumbs this poorest, sparest, thriftiest of all the world's cities let fall.

The loft was at the back of a black wet court up four dark flights of winding stairs. The passages were narrow and smelled of dampness and stone.

Stanley had never been here before, but he remembered these dark cryptic doorways on either side, each shutting in its own tragedy of poverty and obscurity, and hungry, ignorant, fearful anxiousness. There was a smell of rotting wood and of dirt, in the air, a smell of drains in which refuse rotted. Now and then he caught a sharp, bitter whiff of mice.

When the girl opened a door at last, after incredible turns and mountings, and when his eyes fell upon the space it revealed, Stanley felt that he had lost all sense of reality; was that

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MURDER at the Breakfast Table

It happens suddenly; the growing, un-reasoning irritation, the sharp word, the quick retort, the slamming door... Love isn't killed at once that way, it's true. But love is murdered that way slowly, day by day... Why?

Because, when poisons are bottled up in the intestines, they don't stay bottled up. They go through the system instead—sap energy and fray nerves.



MANY people "try every-thing" in the effort to correct this condition; "health foods" that take weeks to act—cathartics that wrack the system... until the remedy often comes to seem worse than the disease.

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In the first place, it's just like a bit of delicious chewing gum. You don't swallow it hastily—you chew it!

This is important. Because you chew it, its magic laxative principle is released slowly, the way science meant it to be released. It mingles thoroughly with the digestive fluids—does not disturb

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warm revelation of moving forms and curtains and lamplight merely a moving picture, or was he looking into a hole in a star? The loft was long and warm—deliciously warm; it was lighted only in a sort of central pool where there was a lamp and a fat-bodied stove and a table with a samovar steaming on it.

All about him, in the corners, were vaguely curtained spaces, where he sensed rather than saw that persons were asleep—old persons, perhaps, and babies.

At the center table, where the samovar was, stood a big woman peering at them as they came across the uneven bare floor. Stanley's little guide, whose name was Tanya, introduced him to the woman called Kate, and Kate, eying him appraisingly but not with any unfriendliness, bade him sit down.

Stanley sat down, and the life of the attic went on. A young boy—Kate's boy, from the way her big shapely hand rested on his head with a touch as significant as any caress could have been, was studying French at the table. A tottering old woman, coming to him with a great bowl of smoking potatoes, elbowed him away; he gathered up his books. Kate spoke. It was as if a chime of deep-throated bells rang. "Bring your child here, Anna. Come now, any of you who will eat!"

They came out from the shadows; hulking big fellows with the faces of poets and the hands of chauffeurs, a child or two, shabby and shawled, another staggering old woman and an old man. One boy still lay sleeping heavily on a couch; the woman called Anna put the little child down beside him.

Anna fell to sawing, with a dull knife, a great loaf of sour, crusty bread; water was poured hissing into the samovar, there were sugar and heavy spoons on the table—the stove burned warm and red. Kate put a smoking soup pot down among the miscellaneous dishes, plunged a ladle into it. Little Tanya put some boiled potatoes into a bowl and covered them with the soup. She placed it before Stanley.

The tea, thin and hot, was served in glasses; there was cheese, nothing more. The chunks of bread circulated, the conversation went on.

The red lamplight and firelight illumined their dark skins and touched with crimson their lean young cheeks; it rested on the fantastic stripes of scarlet or saffron-yellow that brightened the women's shawls and aprons. All about them umber and orange shadows veiled the room. Steam rose from their glasses of hot tea; the richly colored picture shifted, changed contours, was forever the same.

The woman called Kate was perhaps thirty-three or thirty-five years old; she was neither slim nor tall. Her blue blouse was open at the throat, and outside the blouse she wore a thick blue jacket and a striped scarf; her skirt was short and heavy.

She did not speak often; Stanley was aware that she could manage them all with few words. Her dark eyes moved attentively from face to face as they all talked.

"Is your man here?" Stanley asked her. "He was dead before the child was born," she answered, "although I didn't know it. No, months later they said that he had been in-validated home, and we went nine miles to meet him, the baby and I. But it was another of his name who came back. The summer of nineteen-fifteen," she said.

Stanley looked away from her; he was conscious of her in every fiber of his being. Her serenity, her adequacy, her completeness.

"You cook for them and nurse them and watch over them," he said, in an undertone.

"They have no one else," she answered simply. "Someone must manage it. Half of what they earn, they must give away."

"To whom?" "To crippled men and sick women, who sit in dark rooms all day waiting for a little bread and soup," she said unemotionally.

"Can you go on?" Stanley asked. He saw the dark eyes mist; it was then that she smiled, a far-away look on her face. "Surely," she said confidently.

Presently, in a pause, a man's voice broke into the sleepy warm security of the lamplighted room; he was singing.

He sang a thread of story; all their voices carried the refrain. It was a sad, sad song of love and death, as old as Russia. The haunting limpid beauty of it caught at Stanley's heart like teeth. He felt as if he could bear no more, no more beauty and youth and suffering. He could not bear the agonizing poignant harmonies of all their quiet, unstrained voices joined together.

Kate sang, afterward. She sang without effort, looking far into space. A gipsylike song, with a gipsy lullaby for chorus. Its echoes died exquisitely into the warm air of the dimly lighted room, where all the human forms were crowded together for warmth and comfort. Stanley said he would sing the next song.

"They like you," Kate said in her voice of deep-throated bells when it was over.

The man's heart beat the quicker for joy. "I hope they do."

"You speak our language," the woman went on simply, her eyes raised to his for a second. "We need you—you see how we need you," she said unemotionally. "These boys—these children—our old—"

Stanley felt his mouth dry and his throat thick. He did not speak.

"Can you come to us?" she asked. His thoughts raced; he felt his face burn. "I don't know—" he whispered.

"I need you so much that—I dare ask you," she said quietly. "These children would make you—their king. I feel as if I had known all my life that you would come to us," she said, looking straight into his eyes.

"I never knew that you lived," Stanley said, very low. "I would have hunted for you."

They looked steadily at each other for a long, long time. Then Kate moved her hand a trifle, and the warm and vital fingers were on his own. He felt the touch, like a current, through his whole being. Her eyes glowed, but her face was devoid of any expression. Only he could see the quickened rise and fall of her deep breast.

They had not exchanged another word when he felt he must say good-by. The steep stairs smelled of damp and mice again, and the streets were black and deserted. Stanley was laughing aloud as he started toward his hotel.

"—so there it is!" Carolyn was saying passionately. "You can do just as you like about it! You can get a notorious divorce and tell the whole world that we've failed, after all this fuss about being lovers and being daring and laughing at convention and all the rest of it, or you can come to your senses and go with all of us to Biarritz tonight and sail from Naples instead of Cherbourg, and pretend you like it, if you don't like it, and be civil to Leon. Take your choice! But I'm sick of putting up with your rudeness to the people I like!"

"And if you do," she burst out again suddenly, "you can remember this: Mary's mine. She's got exactly your stubborn, mean nature and she looks at things exactly as you do, and you're not going to take her off and bring her up on how hateful I am!"

Stanley did not speak at first. He stood at the window and stared out at the Rue St. Honoré, cheerful in deceptive noonday winter sunshine, with the shops buzzing, and above the shops lines of opulently curtained windows, and higher still, more rows of bare mansard casements—and highest of all, gray skylighted attics among the chimney-pots. Attics of Paris!—and one attic where all life centered about a dark-eyed woman called Kate.

After a long time he said, mildly, "Of course I'll go, dear. Don't—work yourself up."

Presently she softened; she was mollified. She asked him what he had done last evening not hearing his careless reply.

"We went to the Monkey House," Carolyn chuckled. "It was more fun! Look what they gave away, Stan, to every woman there. Look! The eyes work, isn't it killing? I'm going to take it home to Mary. How can they do it?"

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"Leave today and sail so much sooner than we—than you planned," he said, after a while. "Why are we going back?" "Because—I just told you!" she answered impatiently. "Because I can get the Polk house at Southampton, after all. I cabled that we'd take it." "Oh—? And have Mary with us?" "Well, part of the time. Of course Mother loves to have her!" "I see." Carolyn asked quickly, in a dissatisfied tone: "Why, is there anything you want to stay in Paris for, Stan?" "Oh, no!" he said, rousing from one of those reveries that so annoyed her. "What could you possibly want to stay for?" she demanded, widening her eyes. "Nothing," he assured her. And after a while he repeated the word slowly, like a man waking from a dream. "Nothing!" So that afternoon the Stanley Addisons, more devoted than ever, left Paris. Beautiful little Mrs. Addison told the press laughingly that they were on their second honeymoon.

Marriage

(Continued from page 45)

stern against any influence which effects a travesty on the sacred purposes of a married existence. Marriage and family life are hallowed institutions, fitting into the fabric of the state in harmony with its function and growth.

Incompatibility of mates often has been urged as a warrantable ground for the severance of the marriage ties. Marriage, however, should be an understanding that there is to be give and take and that, throughout, the great end should be attained of living happily together and rearing a family for the blessings a family brings and for the glory of the state.

While disagreements are inevitable, both parties should be disciplined to realize that, despite disagreements, they have to get along together and in the full knowledge of that principle they will get along. The man and woman can get along if each does his duty to the other.

In the case of disputes in which there is bound to be an apparently unresolvable clash, it is the duty of the woman to accede to the mandates of the man if they are not in conflict with her other primary duties, and the man's privilege to elicit such obedience. It is his duty, too, to make his demands both kind and reasonable. He is the head of the family and responsible before the law, and by nature is destined to lead his wife and offspring.

Divorce may solve the immediate difficulties between the man and the woman in cases of incompatibility, but what of the children? Are they to suffer for lack of proper parenthood because of the selfishness of the parents?

The break-up of a family robs the children of all the countless blessings which the hearth affords them and which are the heritage of every child. Mother-love cannot be supplanted.

In the whole world there is nothing like it, and there is nothing that can supplant it. For that reason alone, it would be sufficient to conclude that no family should be broken up.

There is but one form of marriage and that is the form as we know it in Occidental countries. America is experimenting with all kinds of adjuncts and trimmings, evidently trying to find the royal road, but looking at the problem in its fundamental and broad aspects, we cannot but return to the marriage state which has been in use for twenty centuries.

If we adopt trial marriage or companionate marriage, or free divorce, we are evading the square issue of marriage: namely, the sharing and shouldering of the responsibilities which marriage entails throughout a whole life. These new proposals end by being no marriage at all, and serve to permit amorous adventures with no serious background which become a travesty on a sacred function.

Bad breath is a warning from a poisoned system!

Don't "cover it up"
Get at its cause



THINK over the business man's average menu! A superabundance of proteins and very

little roughage! Then take into account his day's work—stooped over his desk all day! Lastly, judge of the exercise he takes—or rather doesn't take!

Is it any wonder doctors say that practically every one of us suffers from constipation; and from its attendant train of ills—tired digestion, headaches, bad breath?

And the trouble is that so many of us turn for relief to drastic cathartics or to drugs whose use may create undesirable habits. . .

There is, however, an ever-increasing group of people who are combating constipation with more natural means—fresh air,

a balanced diet, plenty of water—and complement these by the regular use of ENO, the gentle yet thorough saline laxative.

Try this famous saline for one week, morning or evening. You'll use it regularly once you have tried it. You'll like its delightful sparkling taste and you'll appreciate its gentle cleansing . . . its freedom from griping.

Unpleasant breath . . . and the condition of intestinal poisoning that usually causes it . . . is just as inexcusable hygienically as it is socially. It is a symptom of importance—a warning of intestinal toxicity. Try ENO—at all druggists, 75c and \$1.25 a bottle.

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ENO—health precaution—will cost you less than 3c a day.

When you get up, simply take a glass of water and add a generous teaspoonful of ENO. Taking this sparkling, delightful saline regularly will help to keep you fit and eager through the hardest day.

For a business headache, nothing is better than a glass of ENO. You can get it at the better soda fountains everywhere.





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"I adore MELLO-GLO because it keeps ugly shine away without drying the skin or clogging the pores." Marine Holmes (now acting with "Show Boat"), Great Northern Hotel, New York City.

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A ROSE petal complexion—that cherished aim of women the world over—can now be cultivated through the use of new wonderful MELLO-GLO Face Powder. Its exclusive youth shade gives the complexion an exquisite tone and a velvety texture impossible to gain from any other face powder. It spreads so smoothly that not a single pore is visible.

MELLO-GLO Face Powder is made by a new French process from delicate imported ingredients, and coloring matter that is passed on by the Government Bureau of Agriculture at Washington. No irritation or flaky or pasty look with MELLO-GLO Face Powder. Its purity prevents coarsened pores.

MELLO-GLO is sold at the better stores, or they will get it for you.

—FREE SAMPLE—

Please send me, without charge, a sample of this new wonderful face powder with a Beauty Booklet. MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass. Dept. A.

My name _____

Address _____

Please tell us the name of the store where you buy your toilet articles.

My dealer's name _____

Note—It would be illegal to publish this if not true.

Company for Gertrude (Continued from page 43)

overwhelming devotions, this young Popjoy stuck closer than a brother; and for the first time Lord Emsworth began to appreciate what must have been the feelings of that Mary who aroused a similar attachment in the bosom of her lamb.

And then, on top of all this, there occurred the episode of the step-ladder.

The Honorable Freddie Threepwood, who had decided to run down and see how matters were developing, learned the details of this rather unfortunate occurrence from Gertrude.

She met him at Market Blandings station, and he could see there was something on her mind. She had not become positively Maeterlinckian again, but there was sorrow in her beautiful eyes; and Freddie, rightly holding that with a brainy egg like himself directing her destinies they should have contained only joy and sunshine, was disturbed by this.

"Don't tell me the bingle has sprung a leak," he said anxiously.

Gertrude sighed. "Well, yes and no."

"What do you mean, yes and no? Properly worked, the thing can't fail. Has old Beefers been ingratiating himself?"

"Yes."

"Hanging on the gov'nor's every word? Interesting himself in his pursuits? Doing him little services? And been at it two weeks? Good heavens! By now the gov'nor should be looking on him as a prize pig. Why isn't he?"

"I didn't say he wasn't. Till this afternoon I rather think he was. At any rate, Rupert says he often found Uncle Clarence staring at him in a sort of lingering, rather yearning way. But when that thing happened this afternoon, I'm afraid he wasn't very pleased."

"What thing?"

"That step-ladder business. It was like this. Rupert and I sort of went for a walk after lunch and by the time I had persuaded him that he ought to go and find Uncle Clarence and ingratiate himself with him, Uncle Clarence had disappeared. So Rupert hunted about for a long time and at last he heard a snipping noise and found him miles away standing on a step-ladder, sort of pruning some kind of tree with a pair of shears. So Rupert said, 'Oh, there you are!' and Uncle Clarence said, 'Yes, there he was, and Rupert said, 'Ought you to tire yourself? Won't you let me do that for you?'"

"The right note," said Freddie approvingly. "Assiduity. Zeal. Well?"

"Well, Uncle Clarence said, 'No, thank you'—Rupert thinks it was 'thank you'—and Rupert stood there for a bit, sort of talking, and then he suddenly remembered and told Uncle Clarence that you had just phoned that you were coming down this evening, and I think Uncle Clarence must have got a touch of cramp or something, because he gave a kind of sudden sharp groan, Rupert says, and sort of quivered all over. This made the steps wobble, of course, so Rupert dashed forward to steady them, and he doesn't know how it happened but they suddenly seemed to sort of shut up like a pair of scissors, and the next thing he knew Uncle Clarence was sitting on the grass, not seeming to like it much, Rupert says. He had ricked his ankle a bit and shaken himself up a bit and altogether, Rupert says, he wasn't fearfully sunny. Rupert says he thinks he may have lost ground a little."

Freddie pondered with knit brows.

"It's such a pity it should have happened. One of the vicars near here has just been told by the doctor that he's got to go off to the South of France, and the living is in Uncle Clarence's gift. If only Rupert could have had that, we could have got married. However, he's bought Uncle Clarence some lotion."

Freddie started. A more cheerful expression came into his care-worn face. "Lotion?"

"For his ankle."

"He couldn't have done better," said Freddie warmly. "Apart from showing the contrite

heart, he has given the gov'nor medicine and medicine to the gov'nor is what catnip is to the cat. Above all things he dearly loves a little bit of amateur doctoring. As a rule he tries it on somebody else—two years ago he gave one of the housemaids some patent ointment for chilblains and she went screaming about the house—but no doubt, now that the emergency has occurred, he will be equally agreeable to treating himself."

In predicting that Lord Emsworth would appreciate the gift of lotion, Freddie had spoken with an unerring knowledge of his father's character. The master of Blandings was one of those fluffily-minded old gentlemen who are happiest when experimenting with strange drugs. In a less censorious age he would have been a Borgias. It was not until he had retired to bed that he discovered the paper-wrapped bottle on the table by his side. Then he remembered that the pest Popjoy had mumbled something at dinner about buying him something or other for his injured ankle. He tore off the paper and examined the contents of the bottle with a lively satisfaction. The liquid was a dingy gray and sloshed pleasantly when you shook it. The name on the label—Blake's Balsam—was new to him.

His ankle had long since ceased to pain him, and to some men this might have seemed an argument against smearing it with balsam; but not to Lord Emsworth. He decanted a liberal dose into the palm of his hand. He sniffed it. It had a strong, robust, bracing sort of smell. He spent the next five minutes thoughtfully rubbing it in.

It is a truism to say that in the world as it is at present constituted, few things have more far-reaching consequences than the accident of birth. Lord Emsworth had probably suspected this. He was now to receive direct proof. If he had been born a horse instead of the heir to an earldom, that lotion would have been just right for him. It was for horses, though the Reverend Rupert Bingham had omitted to note the fact, that Blake had planned his balsam; and anyone enjoying even a superficial acquaintance with horses and earls knows that an important difference between them is that the latter have the more sensitive skins. Waking at a quarter to two from dreams of being burned at the stake by red Indians, Lord Emsworth found himself suffering acute pain in the right leg.

He was a little surprised. He had not supposed that that fall from the ladder had injured him so badly. However, being a good amateur doctor, he bore up bravely and took immediate steps to cope with the trouble. Having shaken the bottle till it foamed at the mouth, he rubbed in some more lotion. It occurred to him that the previous application might have been too sketchy, so this time he did it thoroughly. He rubbed and kneaded for some twenty minutes. Then he tried to go to sleep.

Nature has made some men quicker thinkers than others. Lord Emsworth's was one of those leisurely brains. It was not till nearly four o'clock that the truth came home to him. When it did, he was just on the point of applying a fifth coating of the balsam to his leg. He stopped abruptly and, jumping out of bed, hobbled to the cold-water tap and put as much of himself under it as he could manage.

The relief was perceptible, but transitory. At five he was out again, and once more at half-past. At a quarter to six, succeeding in falling asleep, he enjoyed a slumber, somewhat disturbed by the intermittent biting of sharks, which lasted till a few minutes past eight. Then he woke as if an alarm-clock had rung.

He rose from his bed and peered out of the window. It was a beautiful morning. There had been rain in the night and a world that looked as if it had just come back from the cleaner's sparkled under a beaming sun. Cedars cast long shadows over the smooth lawns; the air was full of summer humming.

page 43)

nor medicine and what catnip is the dearly loves a g. As a rule he two years ago he ds some patent e went screaming bt, now that the will be equally Emsworth would on, Freddie had knowledge of his ter of Blandings ed old gentlemen experimenting with ensorious age he was not until he e discovered the table by his side the pest Popjoy inner about buy- for his injured er and examined th a lively satingy gray and shook it. The 's Balsam—w

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Tooth paste buy you an auto clock? Certainly!

You needn't dig into your pocket to buy a clock for your car. Let Listerine Tooth Paste buy it for you. Here's how it works out: The average dentifrice costs you 50c. You use a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please.



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at half the cost

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**Large tube
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Get a tube at your druggist today. Try it for a month. See how it makes teeth gleam. Note how good your mouth feels after using it. Compare it with any paste you have ever used and judge by results alone. And then reflect that these results are costing you about half of what you would ordinarily pay.

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Beyond the terrace, glittering through the trees, gleamed the waters of the lake. They seemed to call to him like a bugle. Although he had neglected the practise of late, there was nothing Lord Emsworth enjoyed more than a before-breakfast dip, and today anything in the nature of water had a particularly powerful appeal for him. The pain in his ankle had subsided by now to a dull throbbing, and it seemed to him that a swim might remove it altogether. Putting on a dressing-gown and slippers, he took his bathing-suit from its drawer and went downstairs.

Only when the pleasurable agony of the first plunge had passed and he was floating out in mid-water did Lord Emsworth realize that in some extraordinary way he had overlooked what was beyond dispute the best thing that this perfect morning had to offer him. Gazing from his bedroom window, he had observed the sun, the shadows, the birds, the trees and the insects, but he had omitted to appreciate the fact that nowhere in this magic world that stretched before him was there a trace of his young guest, Popjoy. For the first time in two weeks he appeared to be utterly alone.

Floating on his back and gazing up into the turquoise sky, his lordship thrilled at the thought. He kicked sportively in a spasm of pure happiness. But this, he felt, was not enough. It failed to express his full happiness. To the beatitude of this golden moment only music, that mystic language of the soul, really could do justice. The next moment, there had cut quivering into the summer stillness that hung over the gardens of Blandings Castle a sudden sharp wail that seemed to tell of a human being in mortal distress. It was the voice of Lord Emsworth, raised in song.

It was a gruesome sound, calculated to startle the stoutest, and two bees, buzzing among the lavender, stopped as one bee and looked at each other with raised eyebrows. Nor were they alone affected. Snails withdrew into their shells; a squirrel doing callisthenics on the cedar nearly fell off its branch; and—moving a step up in the animal kingdom—the Reverend Rupert Bingham, standing behind the rhododendron-bushes and wondering how long it would be before the girl he loved came to keep her tryst, started violently, tore off his coat, rushed to the water's edge.

Out in the middle of the lake, Lord Emsworth's transports continued undiminished. His dancing feet kicked up a flurry of foam. His short-sighted but sparkling eyes stared into the blue. His voice rose to a scream. "Love me," sang Lord Emsworth, "and the wo-o-o-ld is—ah—mi-yun!"

"It's all right," said a voice in his ear. "Keep cool. Keep quite cool."

The effect of a voice speaking suddenly, as it were out of the void, is always, even in these days of wireless, disconcerting to a man. Had he been on dry land, Lord Emsworth would have jumped. Being in ten feet of water, he went under as if a hand had pushed him. He experienced a momentary feeling of suffocation, and then a hand gripped him painfully and he was on the surface again, spluttering. "Keep quite cool," murmured the voice. "There's no danger."

And now he recognized whose voice it was. There is a point beyond which the human brain loses its kinship with the Infinite and becomes a mere seething mass of deleterious passions. Malays when pushed past this point, take down the old kris from its hook and go out and start carving up the neighbors.

Women have hysterics. Earls, if Lord Emsworth may be taken as a sample, haul back their right fists and swing them as violently as their age and physique will permit. For two long weeks Lord Emsworth had been enduring this pestilential young man with outward nonchalance, but the strain had told. Suppressed emotions are always the most dangerous. Little by little, day by day, he had been slowly turning into a human volcano, and this final outrage blew the lid off him.

He raged with a sense of intolerable injury. Was it not enough that this porous plaster of

a young man should dog his steps on shore? Must he even pursue him out into the waste of waters and come fooling about and pawing at him when he was enjoying the best swim he had had that summer? In all their long and honorable history no member of his ancient family ever so far had forgotten the sacred obligations of hospitality as to plug a guest in the eye. But then, they never had had guests like this. With a sharp, passionate snort, Lord Emsworth extracted his right hand from the foam, clenched it, drew it back and let it go.

He could have made no more imprudent move. If there was one thing the Reverend Rupert Bingham, who in his time had swum for Oxford, knew, it was what to do when drowning men struggled. Something that might have been a very hard and knobby leg of mutton smote Lord Emsworth violently behind the ear: the sun was turned off at the main; the stars came out; there was a sound of rushing waters; and he knew no more.

When Lord Emsworth came to himself, he was lying in bed. And, as it seemed a very good place to be, he remained there. His head ached abominably, but he scarcely noticed this, so occupied was he with the thought that surged inside it. He mused on the young man Popjoy, he meditated on Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, and wondered from time to time which he disliked the more. It was a problem almost too nice for human solution. Here, on the one hand, you had a man who pestered you for two weeks and wound up by nearly murdering you as you bathed, but who did not steal pig men: there, on the other, one who stole pig men but who stopped short of actual assault on the person.

He had just remembered the lotion and was wondering if this might not be considered the deciding factor in this contest for the position of the world's premier blot, when the door opened and the Honorable Freddie Threepwood insinuated himself into the room.

"Hullo, guv'nor."

"Well, Frederick?"

"How are you feeling?"

"Extremely ill."

"Might have been worse, you know."

"Bah!"

"Watery grave and all that."

"Pshaw!" said Lord Emsworth.

There was a pause. Freddie, wandering about the room, picked up and fidgeted with a chair, a vase, a hair-brush, a comb, and a box of matches: then, retracing his steps, fidgeted with them all over again. Finally, he came to the foot of his father's bed.

"I say, guv'nor."

"Well, Frederick?"

"Narrow squeak, that, you know."

"Bah!"

"Do you wish to thank your brave preserver?"

Lord Emsworth plucked at the coverlet. "If that young man comes near me," he said, "I will not be answerable for the consequences."

"Eh?" Freddie stared. "Don't you like him?"

"Like him? I think he is the most appalling young man I ever met."

It is customary when making statements of this kind to except present company, but so deeply did Lord Emsworth feel on the subject that he omitted to do so. Freddie, having announced that he was dashed, removed himself from the bed-rail and, wandering once more about the room, fidgeted with a toothbrush, a soap-dish, a shoe, a volume on spring bulbs, and a collar-stud.

"I say, guv'nor."

"Well, Frederick?"

"That's all very well, you know, guv'nor," said the Honorable Freddie, returning to his post and seeming to draw moral support from the feel of the bed-rail, "but after what's happened it looks to me as if you were jolly well bound to lend your countenance to the union if you know what I mean?"

"Union? What are you talking about?"

Under your outer skin a new one is growing velvety . . . seductive . . . smooth —your TRUE-SKIN



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living fabric is your skin. Just under the skin you show the world is another and younger layer—your TRUE-SKIN—"your skin that is to be". Today, that True-Skin is as soft as some silken veil...smooth as a petal...slowly it blossoms out...and upon the type of creams you use—their ability to seep below the surface...depends its beauty—next week, next month, next year.

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Crème Elcaya (now called Elcaya Foundation Cream) is of such a compounding that though a delicate fluff of it will hold your powder for hours at a time, it seeps gently into the True-Skin and keeps it soft as a baby's skin. Thousands of women, to whom vanishing creams are anathema, find that this wonderful Foundation Cream (very different from commercial vanishing creams) is the one powder base that is good for a delicate skin.

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Elcaya Witch Hazel Astringent Cream is invaluable

against large pores and sallowness. Seeping down to the True-Skin, into the pore ducts, this cool and bracing cream, the astringent properties of which proceed from pure witch hazel, tones the pores and stimulates the blood cells and the True-Skin to throw off the impurities which so frequently bring large pores and sallowness.

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"Why, Gertrude and old Beefers, of course."

"Who the devil is old Beefers?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you about that. This bird Popjoy's name isn't Popjoy. It's Bingham. Old Beefy Bingham. You know—the fellow Aunt Georgie doesn't want to marry Gertrude."

"Eh?"

"Throw your mind back. They pushed her off to Blandings to keep her out of his way. And I had the idea of sending him down here incog. to ingratiate himself with you. The scheme being that, when you had learned to love him, you would slip him a vacant vicarage, thus enabling them to get married. Beefers is a parson, you know."

Lord Emsworth did not speak. It was not so much the shock of this revelation that kept him dumb as the astounding discovery that any man could really want to marry Gertrude and any girl this Popjoy. Like many a thinker before him, he was feeling that there is really no limit to the eccentricity of human tastes. The thing made his head swim.

But, when it had ceased swimming, he perceived that this was but one aspect of the affair. Before him stood the man who had inflicted Popjoy on him, and with something of King Lear in his demeanor Lord Emsworth rose slowly from the pillows. Words trembled on his lips, but he rejected them as not strong enough and sought in his mind for others.

"You know, guv'nor," proceeded Freddie, "there's nothing to prevent you doing the square thing and linking two young hearts in the bonds of the love god, if you want to. I mean, old Braithwaite at Much Matchingham

has been ordered to the South of France by his doctor, so there's a living going that you've got to slip to somebody."

Lord Emsworth sank back on the pillows. "Much Matchingham!"

"Oh, dash it, you must know Much Matchingham, guv'nor. Where old Parsloe-Parsloe lives."

"Much Matchingham!"

Lord Emsworth was blinking, as if his eyes had seen a dazzling light. How wrong, he felt, how wickedly mistaken and lacking in faith he had been when he had said to himself in his folly that Providence offers no method of retaliation to the just whose pig men have been persuaded by humanity's dregs to leave their employment and seek advanced wages elsewhere. Conscience could not bring remorse to Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, and the Law, in its imperfect state, was powerless to punish. But there was still a way. With this young man Popjoy—or Bingham—or whatever his name was, permanently established not a hundred yards from his park gates, would Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe ever draw another really care-free breath? From his brief, but sufficient acquaintance with young Popjoy—Lord Emsworth thought not. The punishment was severe, but who could say that Sir Gregory had not earned it?

"A most admirable idea," said Lord Emsworth cordially. "Certainly I will give your friend the living of Much Matchingham."

"You will?"

"Most decidedly."

"At-a-boy, guv'nor!" said Freddie. "Come the dawn!"

Son of the Gods (Continued from page 37)

must go, Sam will have to drive us back."

"He won't drive me back."

"Nor me, either!"

"I should say not!" Alice Hart now added her voice to the others.

The two young men exchanged apprehensive glances; each waited for the other to speak. Spud finally began:

"Well, I'm not going to break it to him. We asked him to take us out and we accepted his invitation to come here."

"We asked him!" snapped one of the girls. "Tell him somebody is sick! Dying! Anything!"

"I wish it was the truth."

Kicker nodded his complete agreement with Gorham's desire. "I'd like to tell him truthfully and with tears in my eyes that you all had hydrophobia. I bet it would cheer him up . . . All right! I talked us into this buggy ride, I suppose I can talk us out of it. Anyhow I'll try. But you ought to walk back." He and Spud returned to their host.

"Our party has blown up," Wade began as casually as might be. "Mabel has got something the matter with her and wants to go home."

Sam turned from his patient observation of the dancers and said politely: "I'm sorry. Can anything be done?"

There were times when Sam Lee's college mates argued that he looked not at all Chinese, and again times when they were not so positive about it. At this moment, however, there could be no doubt as to what he was: Spud and Kicker saw an Oriental facing them.

"Would she like to leave at once?" Sam inquired.

Kicker made a hopeless gesture. "At once, or sooner! And they want me to call a taxi."

"Too much air in that open car," Spud explained desperately. "It's—neuralgia, or toothache, or something. Grabbed her just like—that! At least—"

"Would you mind—" Wade, in spite of his case-hardened nerve, hesitated, stammered. "Could I—er, borrow a ten-spot until the first? I'll pay it back this time. Honest!"

Sam smiled and took a bank-note from his bill-fold. "If she's suffering I'll ask you to say

good night for me and express my regrets. You fellows must see them safely home, of course."

"This is mighty decent of you, Sam."

"You're a prince!" Both youths were greatly relieved. "Too bad our party was a bust, but— We'll see you tomorrow."

As they crossed the lobby Kicker breathed to his friend, "Gosh, Spud! I feel as if I'd stamped on a baby's finger." A moment later they and the three girls passed out into the night.

Sam explained to the café proprietor that he would not require that table for six after all, and for a while he continued to look on at the dancers. Outwardly he was unruffled, his face wore a faint smile, his eyes were stony: inwardly, he boiled. In an effort to retain his self-control he repeated in a sort of panic: "The superior man can find himself in no situation in which he is not master of himself." . . . "Noble natures are calm and content" . . . "The lowest order of men are vicious in spite of instruction."

In moments like this he had learned to console himself, to seek refuge in the benign philosophy of the Orient. It had been a hard lesson: it was difficult to swallow abstractions, for he was young and a lively spirit blazed within him. He belonged to a people who have cultivated restraint and forbearance as virtues; nevertheless he was in revolt at this moment. Rebellion flamed through him; he was like an electrically excited atom held in place only by the immeasurable force of a fixed habit of thought, a tradition, that had ruled four hundred million yellow men for four thousand years.

Here was still another spear-thrust, another insult, he reflected: he had "lost face." With a desperate call upon his will-power he forced himself to repeat: "By bearing with insulting persons I shall not fall into dishonor."

He had supposed, of course, when Gorham invited him to come out and assured him that everything was "all right," that the girls knew who and what he was. Otherwise he would not have subjected himself to the risk of humiliation. These Americans, these white people, with their airs and their prejudices! They were inexplicable. Who was the honor man among

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eight hundred sophomores at Eastern University? A despised Chinese! To whom did they look up in the lecture-rooms? To whom did they come for help outside of class hours? To Sam Lee! . . . The gods were laughing. He, too, should laugh, but there was no laughter in him.

He stopped the blond cigar girl as she passed him and bought a package of cigarets, paying double price for them. Disdainfully he left the change from his dollar bill on her tray. She dimpled and eyed him encouragingly. A white girl! When the coat-room attendant took his check Sam dropped a coin into his hand much as he would have dropped it into the dirty paw of a beggar. The man was delighted.

There was a film over Sam Lee's eyes, a derisive smile was on his lips as he walked out of the café and climbed into his fifteen-thousand-dollar car.

"Resentment is a plant that bears nothing but misery," he told himself. A moment later he repeated a favorite proverb of his father's, "A wise prince never departs from gravity and repose."

Slowly he drove back towards the city, lost in contemplation of the beauties of the night.

Sam Lee's experience at the Bird Cage was not the first of its kind: he was by way of becoming accustomed to humiliations of one sort and another. Accustomed but not resigned; invariably he bled. These last two years had been the bitterest and the most discouraging of his life, for he had come to Eastern expecting to find a tolerance as broad as the ocean. Among his people the quest of knowledge is considered the most honorable of pursuits and respectful homage is paid to the humblest of students even by the high-born and the wealthy. In the Chinese mind intellect has dignity second only to old age. But he had found it to be quite different with Americans.

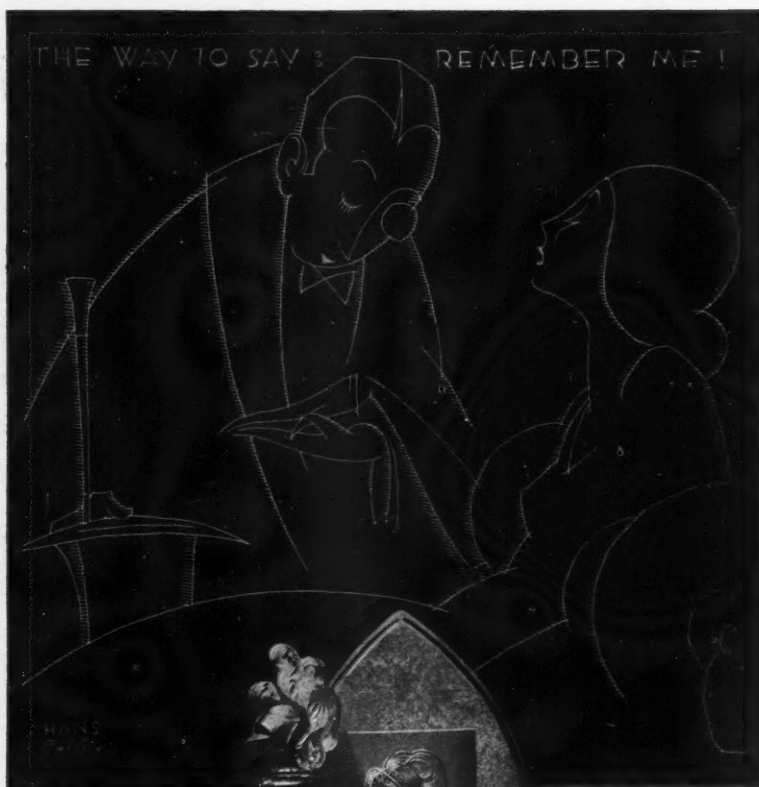
Sam's contacts in the classroom were pleasant and stimulating; an admirable democracy obtained there. It did not extend far outside of those limits, however, and he wondered why. He asked himself if he were not outwardly as clean, as fair, as prepossessing as his classmates, and inwardly as honorable and as virtuous as they. Candor prompted an affirmative answer to these questions. He was, moreover, the equal of these American boys, both mentally and physically. Why then did they look down on him, ostracize him, make him feel like a pariah? This race prejudice never ceased to plague and to baffle Sam, for he could not arrive at any good reason for it.

He had been taught to envision the world of knowledge as a real democracy which embraced every race, every creed and every color; he had thought of it as a sort of smooth celestial meadow wherein the common language of culture was spoken and wherein people of higher intelligence mingled with each other in a spiritual brotherhood.

In reality it was anything but that: he had found it to be a stony and inhospitable place, a bewildering confusion of compounds with race walled off from race and creed from creed. There were no streets, no market-places. There were no gates in the walls and they were too high to scale.

Sam had always been aware of a certain gulf between the white and the yellow races; he had never been permitted to forget it, but he had considered it man-made, artificial, the result of ignorance and misunderstanding. Not until he came to Eastern had he begun to comprehend that it was something more than man-made and to appreciate how deep and how unbridgeable it really was.

It amazed him to learn that these Westerners not only shrank from physical contact with him and his countrymen, but also from social and intellectual contact. It was the more extraordinary because they mingled with each other regardless of race or religion—for example, Americans, Russians, Latins, Jews, Nordics, Arabs, Greeks and red Indians.



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Chinese, it seemed, were regarded as another human species altogether, a species set apart and to be shunned. How absurd!

In Sam's case it did not appear to make the slightest difference that he was American-born, that he had never seen and probably never would see the land of his fathers, or that he had a "white mind"; his virtues and his accomplishments were considered only skin-deep. A Chinese he was: Chinese he must remain. It was the more bewildering to him because he sincerely admired American ideals and took readily to American customs, habits, language, everything. Even in religion he was as much a Christian as most of his acquaintances, but in spite of this he and they could no more blend than can oil and water. There was absolutely no absorption, no cohesion between them—nothing but a surface contact.

This phenomenon would have been more readily comprehensible had Sam conducted himself like the other Chinese scholars who lived at the House of Nations along with the hundred or more students of foreign birth. That little group of Orientals held itself aloof and avoided touch with the student body as much as possible. They liked the whites no better than the whites liked them.

But with Sam it was otherwise. He did not hold aloof: he was eager to adapt himself and to make friends. Nor did he presume in the slightest upon his ample means, except to live in accordance with his habits and his father's wishes. On the contrary, he was retiring and unobtrusive, he treated the humblest of his college mates with politeness and cordiality, he entered enthusiastically into every college activity which was opened to him.

More than one fellow he coached in those subjects in which he himself stood highest, and there were a number of boys, like Gorham and Wade—they called themselves men, of course—who shamefully abused his generosity in money matters. He had even entered into American sports and had earned a place on the varsity tennis team. "Earned" was the word, be it said. He had more than justified his selection.

American sportsmanship struck him as a boastful phrase. When he outplayed one of his mates he was aware of a poorly smothered resentment not alone in his opponent but also in his audience, and referees were likely to decide close points against him. The fellows tried harder to beat him than to beat each other. He was applauded reluctantly. To be quite fair, this partiality was manifest only on and about the campus; in team matches against other institutions he received his full share of cheers and of credit, but that was the old college spirit at work and it meant little.

No, Sam occupied an anomalous position here at Eastern: he lived on a peculiar middle ground between that small group of Chinese students and the student body itself. The whites treated him as a Chinese, the Chinese refused to recognize him as one of their own. This may have been due in part to his father's wealth and prominence and to the fact that he had been reared like a Manchu prince, but whatever the reason, Sam had no place; he was made to feel like a renegade, a man without a country.

Tonight as he drove homeward it seemed to him that he was the loneliest young man in the whole world and he took a melancholy satisfaction out of indulging in self-pity. He had been attracted by Alice Hart, no denying it. For an hour, hand in hand with her, he had trod the lotus path. Gates had opened, he had glimpsed enchanted gardens, then they had been slammed shut in his face. Race prejudice again! Physical repugnance! She could not bring herself to touch him.

Once before he had suffered a similar hurt. That was soon after his arrival at Eastern. He had attended a social gathering and the memory of it still festered in his mind. He had never gone to another. Following that humiliating experience he had seriously considered quitting college and going home, home to his father's high-perched house that overlooked the roofs of Chinatown.

Lee Ying, his honorable parent, lived in state on the roof of the newest, the tallest, the finest business building in that quarter of New York. His home was a peaceful refuge, rich in beauty, reflecting the lofty dignity, the benignant calm of its distinguished owner.

But the elder Lee was a sage and a philosopher; he was by nature and by training utterly incapable of understanding resentment at harsh treatment, and Sam very well knew it. Lee Ying would have smiled at such a childish weakness and counseled his boy to rise above it: or told him that adversity is necessary to the development of a man's virtue. Virtue, by the way, was a fetish with the old man: the word was forever upon his lips. When he had sent Sam away to Eastern he had said:

"You are a son of the gods, Lee Sam, for they sent you in answer to prayer, therefore it is incumbent upon you to cultivate the lowliest humility. Remember, when the prince goes to school, he is like other boys and if one treats him unreasonably he must say, 'I have been wanting in kindness or propriety, or how should this have happened?' Bear in mind also that the virtue of the Emperor is like unto the wind, that of the people like unto grass, and it is the nature of grass to bend when the wind blows upon it."

How could one go to a parent of such crystal-clear wisdom and exalted sentiments with petty and undignified resentments? People had certainly treated Lee Sam unreasonably, but the least he could do was to practise a philosophy as ripe as his teacher's.

All the same it did not lessen his growing contempt for the white people who considered themselves superior to him and who, nevertheless, were ready and willing to demean themselves by accepting his aid and his bounty. People like Gorham and Wade. And those three girls.

He determined to put tonight's experience completely out of his mind, but it was not easily done. Alice had nice eyes and they crinkled almost shut when she laughed. Her skin was smooth, she was warm and vibrant. Sam could still feel her arm and shoulder pressed against his. There was a fragrance to her as heady as the perfumes of this April night. If only Wade had not suggested supper.

Suppose he and she had been driving: lone tonight! She had confessed that she was living a lonely, starved existence and felt a thousand yearnings. Two lonely people! April! An open road! Young blood!

Sam came to himself with a start to find that he had run past a crossing light.

Following that ride into the country Alice Hart asked herself a good many times whether she had behaved in a manner to reflect credit upon herself. She was not altogether certain, but she did not believe she had, for try as she would she could not make herself feel as indignant as the other girls appeared to feel.

It had been an embarrassing situation, to be sure, and she was the person who had most cause for resentment, but Wade and Gorham were responsible: Sam Lee was no more to blame for it than she was. Of course no decent girl could afford to be seen with a Chinaman, however rich and cultured he might happen to be—people were so ready to talk—and besides, there was something repulsive in the very thought of anything like intimacy between members of the two races. All the same, Alice felt a certain guilt at her part in the affair.

It was cruel to hurt people's feelings deliberately and doubtless Mr. Lee had feelings. As it now stood none of them would know precisely how to act the next time they met him. They couldn't very well refuse to recognize him and yet if they did not refuse—what then? He might presume upon his acquaintance. How much simpler it would have been to evade for the time being the consequences of Mabel's discovery.

Miss Hart, be it said, was given to evasions and avoidances: her whole life had been a series of painful compromises with disagreeable situations and she had learned how infinitely

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Only after Mme. de Mailly's death did Louis XV see Jeanne at a ball. She was 23, and radiantly beautiful.

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preferable is half a loaf to no bread. It is a lesson every ambitious person learns, and she was ambitious. Ambition accounted for her presence here at Eastern, for in a truly desperate effort to escape a life of household drudgery she had managed somehow to win a scholarship in Eastern's School of Design and now dreamed of a year or two in Paris, then a studio of her own in New York, and independence.

That scholarship, however, covered only tuition, and inasmuch as her parents by no means warmly sympathized with her desire for a career it took a deal of wheedling, coaxing and even threatening to keep herself in funds to meet living expenses. Of late her father was complaining about hard times; there was sickness at home and every week came hints that she was badly needed there. These she resolutely ignored. She vowed to create for herself a future at whatever cost, but—that dream of Montmartre was becoming less vivid; more and more frequently the specter of a drab life in Bartonville rose to dismay her.

There were times when she grew almost frantic at the thought of it and desperately envious of her acquaintances who were in comfortable circumstances. She felt that she would do anything to escape Bartonville.

It had sincerely thrilled her to meet that unknown Mr. Lee, a man of fabulous wealth, and that evening with him had been an experience. Alice did not realize how keen was her disappointment at the outcome until several days had passed.

Mabel and Fay were working in the city and hence were usually in funds; once or twice a week they took her to the movies, standing treat in turn. At their next meeting the conversation, of course, was concerned principally with their adventure at the Bird Cage. Mabel was still devoutly thankful that she had recognized Sam Lee "in time" as she put it, and she seemed to feel that her alertness had saved them all from some unspeakable calamity.

"Has your father been to the Regents about it?" Fay inquired.

"Not yet. I haven't told him."

"I thought you were—"

"Oh, I was! I was burning up. But Kicker is scared pink and begging me not to say anything."

"You'd only get him and Mr. Gorham into trouble," Alice ventured. "Sam Lee was innocent enough."

"I suppose so. And the college authorities would be mighty slow in calling him down. Goodness knows how rich he is. All the same, it's a fine note when girls like us can meet a Chinaman and never know it. It was that car, of course. Imagine a Chinaman with a car like that! Why, anything could happen to a girl!"

"I'll say so," Fay agreed. "The trouble is you'd never know he's a Chinaman to look at him. Did you have the faintest idea, Alice?"

Alice shook her head. "I thought he was a little queer—he behaved himself so well. I wouldn't care to have the Regents or anybody else know that we went out with a fellow we'd just met. Would you?"

"Oh, that!" Mabel shrugged. "I guess they know what's going on. They're not so dumb. And I happen to know why the boys are so anxious to hush it up."

"Why?"

"They owe him money. Oodles of it. They've been living off of him. He just about supports a half-dozen fellows. Kicker says he's a prince with his money. Simply throws it around and—"

"The funny part of it is," Fay interrupted, "we wouldn't be mad at all if he was an honest-to-goodness prince. I mean even a Chinese prince. They have princes, don't they? We'd be all swelled up."

"I suppose so. And I guess he's richer than most princes, at that. But—gee! Could you let one of them touch you?" Mabel lowered her voice. "You know they're all crazy about white girls. A white girl can do anything with an Oriental. Jimminy pops! They scare me."

Fay nodded her bobbed head vigorously.

"I know! A girl at the office was telling me something— They have dance-halls right here, and in New York, too, where nobody but Orientals go. Magnificent places. And the girls are all white! I wouldn't believe it but she says it's so and all these Hall of Nations fellows go there. I mean the Japs and Chinese and Filipinos. They pay anything. She told me all about it. I think it's awful."

"I'll bet Sam Lee goes."

"I don't know. Spud said he doesn't go out with girls at all."

"Bah! With his money?"

"And he won't have anything to do with the other Chinese fellows, either. All his friends are white."

"That's because he looks like a white man. Well, if he's silly enough to lend his money to Kicker and Spud I guess we can afford to keep quiet and let them spend some of it on us." Mabel laughed: she had a practical mind.

That night as she lay in bed Alice Hart pondered over what she had heard. How she hated always to be thinking of money matters, but—it was terrible to be poor. Where was the justice in things? Here were Kicker and Spud, thoroughly able to earn their way through college, yet blessed with the friendship of an open-handed Oriental prince, while she struggled along on nothing. She couldn't even dress decently. Those fellows frittered away enough borrowed money to keep her in comfort. And what Fay had said about princes was true. If Sam Lee had a title tacked onto his name—

It wasn't as if he looked like a Chinaman, either, for he didn't. Any girl could afford to be seen with him, if people didn't actually know. Why, in Washington the high-class Chinese went everywhere. They were ladies and gentlemen. Of course no girl could ever bring herself to marry one of them—although even that wasn't unknown.

"Crazy about white girls!" How awfully vulgar! But Mr. Lee wasn't vulgar: he was a perfect gentleman.

Sam was reading a Chinese story, one of the colorful folk stories which are repeated on the eve of the Feast of Lanterns. It was the humorous, lightly told tale of little Chin Ting, disconsolate daughter of Sun Hou the oil merchant, whose unfeeling parents locked her in the house with one dull lantern to console her while they went off to attend the New Year celebration. An audacious youth of the village, to whom the story-teller attached the name Fun, had concealed himself in a porcelain jar in Sun Hou's house and, after disclosing his presence to the daughter, impudently made love to her.

There were times when Sam took pleasure in turning to his Chinese books, both sedate and frivolous. Tonight Moy was out so he had slipped into a purple robe embroidered with the mythical bird called Fung, a girdle of four agates and rubies and a cap adorned with a blood-red button, the which were emblematic of a mandarin of the first rank. He had worn these symbols ever since boyhood, and on evenings when he was alone he usually affected Chinese clothes as well as Chinese habits of living and of thought.

In the literature of China little is made of women. They are playthings, creatures of amusement, greatly inferior to men; in stories they play a minor part; but this particular tale had as much to do with Chin Ting as with her frolicsome lover.

"If I were out of this jar, O Thousand Pieces of Gold, I could talk more freely."

"Fun struggled to extricate himself but in vain. We know not how it was—he had got cramped, we suppose, and like the weasel in the fable he could not obtain egress at the hole by which he had entered. Thus unfortunately situated, he appealed to Chin Ting for assistance: and this, after some hesitation, she accorded. By dint of much struggling upon his part, and by energetic handling of his pigtail on hers, he finally got free to the waist: but there occurred another hitch, which all their endeavors failed to overcome. At last by



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stamping violently Fun broke out the bottom of the jar, and thrusting his legs through regained in part his locomotive powers."

There was a certain subtlety to these simple old stories, Sam reflected. Many girls found themselves locked in against pleasures, like hapless Chin Ting, and many boys were walking about with their bodies in jars.

Motives in these ancient tales were invariably pure: Fun's only desire was to have the comely Chin Ting to wife. His eloquence, her resentment and her desire to see the fireworks prevailed over the hesitations of an inexperienced girl: in an amusing manner the story told of the elopement, the visit to the public square where the celebration was in progress and of the meeting with Chin Ting's father.

Chin Ting had disguised herself with a heavy veil, but greatly to her alarm her mischievous lover insisted upon engaging his father-in-law-to-be in conversation.

"'Methinks,' said Fun, 'your humble servant has the honor of addressing that very illustrious Sun Hou who lives in the conspicuous corner house of the highly magnificent lane called the Alley of the Salted Sturgeon.'

"'Your venerable servitor,' answered Sun Hou with affected humility, 'bears that very ignoble name and dwells in the place you mention. May he ask your most honorable title?'

"'The continually-to-be-sneezed-at name of your humble servant,' said Fun, 'is Fan-Si. I just now slunk along by your most noble dwelling and had the little deserved honor of beholding your pile-of-volumes son and your string-of-rubies daughter at the window. Your humble servant wondered greatly that they came not hither to make the lamps burn more brightly.'

"'Of a truth,' responded Sun Hou, 'had more of my oil been used, the illumination would have been more luminous. But son have I none, though I have a disobedient slip of a daughter.'

"'It was then perhaps your full-of-desert daughter's most profoundly-to-be-reverenced husband? . . . I am certain that I beheld with my one-bigger-than-the-other eyes, two persons—'

Sam lowered the book, for his telephone was ringing. It was after eleven. Who could be calling? Amid a soft rustling of silks he went into the hall. A woman's voice answered his hello.

"Don't you know who this is?" it inquired. "This is Alice Hart speaking."

Sam all but dropped the receiver.

In some constraint they exchanged meaningless greetings and pleasantries. Alice had spent a quiet evening in her room: it had occurred to her that she had failed to thank Sam for his courtesy on the occasion of their meeting. She hoped he wouldn't consider her rude.

Sam asked himself in bewilderment if he could have misconstrued the meaning of that episode at the road-house. Was it possible that Miss Hart did not understand? It seemed incredible, and yet—how account for her friendly tone of voice? Embarrassment smothered him: he must spare her feelings.

"I was reading when you called," he told her. "An old Chinese story—"

"What about?"

"About a little Chinese girl who was not allowed to attend the Feast of Lanterns—our New Year's celebration. We Chinese attach great importance to New Year's: it's our principal holiday. Something like your Christmas or Fourth of July."

"Why wasn't she allowed to go to the feast?" Sam hesitated. Miss Hart knew. She knew everything and yet she called him up, wanted to chat. Here was a miracle. A new resonance was in his voice when he said:

"Poor little Chin Ting's parents were unkind, they locked her in the house while they went off to the festival. But a boy of the village, who of course loved her, managed her escape and they saw the lanterns and the fireworks and had a wonderful time together."

"Hm-m! It sounds like an ordinary American story. I suppose there's more to it?"

"Oh, naturally! It's quaint and amusing, in the original script."

"Do you read Chinese?" Miss Hart was incredulous.

"Of course—"

"But isn't it awfully hard? Doesn't it take years to learn?"

"Years and years. I couldn't speak English until I was half grown."

"No! Isn't that extraordinary? You certainly speak it well enough now—better than I do." There was a pause. "I wish I knew more about—well, about foreign people and countries and customs and such things. I'm terribly ignorant and curious. All I know is a little bit about drawing . . . Was Chin Ting pretty?"

"Lovely!" Sam laughed. It was one of the few times he had ever laughed naturally while talking to an American girl.

"I suppose the young man called her his lotus flower?"

"No—his Thousand Pieces of Gold—"

"How pretty!"

"And his String of Rubies. When Chin Ting's father learned that she had gone to the festival against his command he wanted to boil her in oil. But her mother was more tender-hearted: she wished only to boil her daughter's hands therein."

"I'll bet! Parents are pretty much alike. I ran away from home to see the fireworks."

"Indeed?"

"Sure! The trouble is I'm not seeing them. The nearest I've come was—the other night. I had an awfully good time while it lasted." Alice seemed to think, of a sudden, that she was overdoing her thanks or was talking too freely, for after another hurried word or two she said good night and hung up.

Sam read no more that evening. What did that friendly telephone conversation signify? Was Miss Hart unlike other American girls? She must be. What did she mean by likening herself to Chin Ting? Well, he was a good deal like the village youth in the story, too, for he was encased in a jar . . . Fun had finally smashed the jar . . .

Would he dare ring up Miss Hart after a proper lapse of time? How long should he wait? There is nothing in Chinese etiquette about phoning young ladies. But this wasn't China—it was America. And he was an American . . . A moment and he shook his head at this reflection. He was nothing of the sort. He was a "Chink" . . . But at least he could send her some flowers. No possible offense in that. Magnificent flowers, too: she must learn that he did everything in a princely manner.

A month had passed. Trees had leaved out. The side street where Alice Hart roomed was dark at night, for the branches of its elms met overhead and cast heavy shadows along the curb. Sam Lee stopped his car midway of the block and waited. Residents of the street who may have commented earlier upon the regular comings and goings of the sand-colored Hispano-Suiza no longer did so, for they were accustomed to it now. Two or three evenings a week it appeared, picked up a passenger and slipped away: when it returned, nobody knew.

Alice was prompt, as usual; she seated herself at Sam's side, and they were off.

In a breathless, earnest voice she thanked him for some gift he had sent her that day. "You're too extravagant," she declared. "Honestly, you embarrass me, Sam. I—I don't know what to do with you."

"Did you like it?"

"You know I liked it. But how did you cultivate such taste in women's things? A girl should distrust any man who can select dresses. It's an indication of bad character."

Sam laughed; his companion drew her shoulders together, hugged herself, nestled closer to him. It was a friendly, intimate affection to which she yielded when she was highly pleased.

Following that first telephone call Sam had sent Alice a box of flowers: they were the finest, the longest-stemmed roses she had ever seen.

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A gift so expensive demanded acknowledgment so she had called him again. They had chatted at greater length this time and somehow she had mentioned that car of his. In answer to his diffident invitation she had said of course she would enjoy a ride, any evening. That had been the beginning. Sam was not doing so well in his studies now as heretofore but he was happier and more contented than at any time since coming to Eastern and he was getting to know the roads outside the city by heart.

Alice's work at the art school was confining: she was a country girl and she loved fresh air. These restful excursions had proved a blessed relief and she often declared it was nice to have a friend like Sam.

Alice talked a good deal about her work, her ambitions and her sacrifices: Sam learned something about Bartonville and its disdain for the finer and more significant things of life, that is to say the lasting, soul-satisfying things like literature, culture, manners, art. Miss Hart was always in deep earnest about her art, but other matters she treated more lightly, and usually she was full of fun.

There was a distinct charm about her, for she had a curious knack of talking confidentially about herself and her personal concerns, and of showing the warmest interest in other people's affairs. She was some indefinite number of years older than Sam, nevertheless she deferred to his wisdom in a flattering manner.

Their friendship had proven very wonderful, deeply intoxicating to the boy: it had expanded him, he was a different person. For one thing he had learned to dance and that involves a metamorphosis in any young man.

Alice had treated him with an odd mixture of friendliness and constraint, at first: she had appeared to be attracted to him, nevertheless she had acted suspicious, fearful of his advances. When he failed to make any, her shyness wore off and they became real pals. She was at all times eager to go out with him but diffident about being seen in public places, and she explained this on the ground that she lacked the means to dress becomingly.

One evening, however, she did consent to go with him into a small clam-chowder place where they were not likely to be recognized and there they discovered an orchestra which played discordantly when nickels were fed to it. Alice was surprised to learn that Sam could not dance and she volunteered to teach him; thereafter they dropped in whenever they passed the place. It was great fun and Alice declared he was rapidly becoming one of the best dancers she knew, if not the very best.

Pleasing as she was in most ways, the girl possessed one characteristic which disappointed Sam—she had a discontented mind and suffered periods of intense despondency: she was likely to break out in a vitriolic and utterly reasonless tirade against her luck, her condition, her lack of opportunity. It was a part of her frankness. Poverty, to her mind, was more than a misfortune, it was a disgrace, it carried a stigma.

This feeling of inferiority, amounting almost to a complex, mystified Sam, for he had never known the pains of self-denial, and poverty in Chinese eyes is no social bar sinister—not even a handicap. When he made this plain to her, she was surprised, she could not believe that he was in earnest or that he could cherish any real regard for her, a mere nobody. To be sure, she was a student, an intellectual, an artist, but what of that? Those things might count in China but not here.

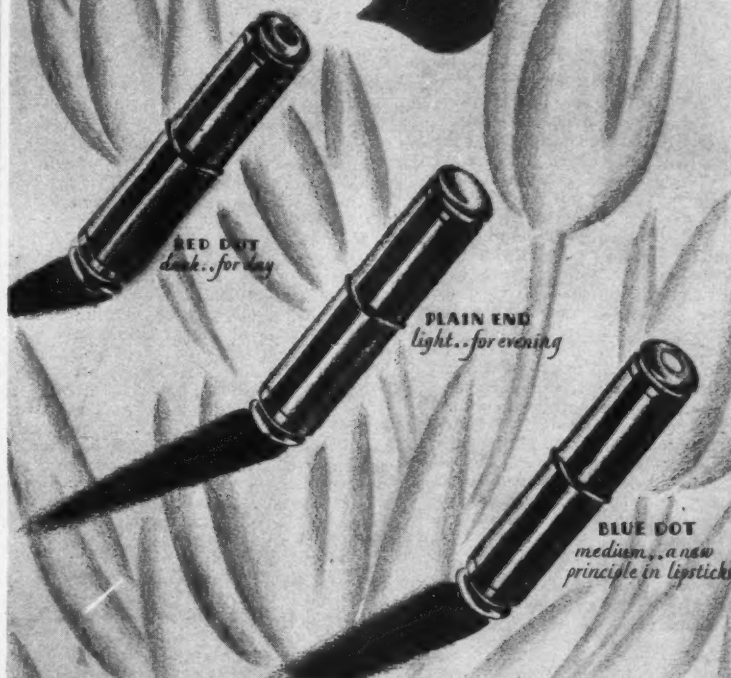
Although she always appeared to Sam neatly and tastefully dressed she nevertheless was overconscious of her poor appearance so he began giving her little luxuries which he felt sure she could not afford to buy; a box of lacy handkerchiefs, for instance, or a few pairs of gloves, silk hose and the like. When she protested he assured her they were mere trifles.

"Trifles to you, a wild extravagance for me," she told him.

"I'd love to enjoy the feeling of extravagance," he confessed. "It must be fun."

"Don't you know how it feels to spend more

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than you should?" He shook his head. "I can't say that you've missed much, but—imagine such a thing! Oh, you lucky dog! Really, Sam, you mustn't give me things to wear. Candy and roses are all right, but—there's a difference."

"In what way?"
"I don't know. Somehow. Isn't it silly? It's perfectly good form to send a girl like me an armful of American Beauties at how-much-a-dozen when—well, when she's wearing cotton lingerie, but it's all wrong to send her a lace step-in." The speaker laughed bitterly: a moment, then with sudden passion she cried: "It's rotten! Sometimes I get desperate, always wanting, always doing without. Oh, I hate it!"

"What do you hate? What do you want?"
"Everything! I want to be somebody, have something. If you've never been poor and dissatisfied, how can I explain?"

Sam smiled faintly. "It seems to me you have so much."

"In heaven's name what? Health, youth, a fair amount of good looks. How much will they bring? But—there! I shouldn't let you know what a sour, envious, disagreeable person I am. I should act like a—like a Chinese girl. Then you'd admire me and—"

"How does a Chinese girl act?"

"How? Why ask me? I never saw one."

"Nor I."

"What?"

"I've never seen a Chinese girl—that is to say a well-born girl, a lady, like you. Coolie girls, middle-class girls, yes—"

"Well-born! A lady!" Alice tossed her head derisively. "I'm an American coolie girl. A peasant with expensive longings."

"The quest of knowledge is the most honorable of pursuits. You'll be a great artist."

"Never! Why? Because I won't have the chance. It takes time and money to become an artist. I'll go back to Bartonville with a smattering of art, just enough experience to make me hate everything else, and go to keeping house, cooking, washing, playing nurse-girl. I can see it coming and—I'd rather die."

"We have a proverb which runs, 'The more unlikely I am to be successful, the more diligently will I study.' It's quite a fine thing to be steeped in the sayings and the philosophies of an ancient, thoughtful people: it's a short cut to experience. We Chinese children are taught stories as well as apothegms, and many of them have to do with scholars who acquired culture, made much of themselves, under difficulties infinitely greater than yours. They're a spur to diligence: one of the very first stories we're told is about the boy who had no money for a lamp and caught fireflies to light the pages of his book."

"Your stories, I notice, are all about boys."

"There are too many women in China."

"There are too many women everywhere, and I'm one of the surplus. No fireflies come our way. We dream of—Paris, life, and go back to our Bartonvilles and our patent wringers."

Following this conversation Sam made bold to present Alice with gifts somewhat more substantial than theretofore. Today he had sent her a dress, and in view of her ardent gratitude he took occasion to broach another matter to which he had given much thought.

He began cautiously by telling Alice something about his father. He had never said much about Lee Ying but tonight he informed her that the importer was a man of wide but unobtrusive charities. Lee Ying did much to help those deserving of assistance, regardless of race: he was deaf to no appeal. It was his money, for instance, which the speaker lent so liberally to the boys who honored him with their friendship, and his father approved of the loans.

The old man was forever urging his son to do more for those less happily situated than he, arguing that help at this time might be of inestimable value to them in later life.

Sam wondered if Alice would take it amiss

if he offered her the same sort of assistance he rendered fellows like Gorham and Wade.

"You mean—money?"

"Exactly. Understand, it's not mine, it's my father's. He considers it a privilege to aid anyone engaged in the pursuit of a higher science."

"I couldn't do that," Alice exclaimed hurriedly. "I feel wretched enough at letting you do as much as you've done. I—think I'd die if anybody found it out. Please don't tell him anything about me. I don't want him or anybody to know."

"Have you told your people about me?"

"Good Lord, no! They're only looking for an excuse to send for me."

After a moment Sam announced gravely: "Under the circumstances, I'm afraid we'll have to give up these rides. I'd never forgive myself if I were to cause trouble between your family and you."

"Oh, Sam!" Alice laid a hand upon his arm and looked up into his face. "Don't you want to see me any more?"

He assured her quite honestly that he did want to see her, that he wanted to see as much of her as possible. He could not tell her how much her friendship had meant to him. "I'm the loneliest, hungriest fellow in the college, and I find nothing incongruous or improper in our friendship. But I'm not blind. I understand why you meet me in the darkest spot on your street—why you refuse to go out in public with me. It's a hard thing to swallow."

For a while they rode in silence, then Alice inquired: "Is it my fault any more than yours?"

"No. It's the fault of a senseless, formless prejudice which I hate because I can't understand it. For that matter, I hate clandestine things, too. We can't go on like this."

"Why not?"

"For one thing I have a pretty stiff Chinese pride and for another I've been taught filial obedience. You owe it to your people to observe their prohibitions."

"Indeed! You remember that girl in the Chinese story? Chin Ting, wasn't that her name? Well, her people forbade her to go to the Feast of the Lanterns, but the boy contrived her escape. Clandestinely. I guess people are pretty much alike, the world over, Chinese or American. It's exciting to be clandestine. There's a kick in it." Alice leaned closer to her companion. His heart pounded at her touch. "Don't let's get prudish in our old age, Sam. I'm not going to give you up. Not for some silly principle—some foolish prejudice. I'm too selfish."

A trifle thickly he told her, "I must either see more of you or—very much less."

"Very well, but with things as they are we can't go out in public—Oh, gulp down that Chinese pride of yours! One of us must be practical. I've learned to look facts in the face if you haven't. I used to be afraid of you—most fellows are so fresh when they get out alone with a girl—"

"How can we see more of each other?"

"I'm thinking. That valet of yours—"

"Moy?"

"Can you trust him? I mean, would he talk if—I came to see you? If you can't call on me without causing comment, why shouldn't I call on you?"

"Would you—"

"I don't know. If people persist in being so silly, must we let them interfere with our friendship? What they don't know won't hurt them. Sam! I want to see the lanterns."

During the month preceding the close of the spring term Alice spent several evenings in Sam's apartment. She reveled in her boldness, the adventure delighted her; at the same time she was watchful, suspicious of him. When he treated her with the same unflinching courtesy that he had displayed on their automobile jaunts and took no advantage whatever of the situation she had created, her distrust disappeared, she abandoned herself to a triumphant enjoyment of her exploit and assumed

Amelia M. Earhart

Amelia M. Earhart, first woman to fly the Atlantic by aeroplane
says—

“Lucky Strikes were the cigarettes carried on the ‘Friendship’
when she crossed the Atlantic. They were smoked con-
tinuously from Trepassey to Wales. I think nothing else
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My shin still hurts

I DID an impromptu hurdle over the lawn-mower one night. Of course, it was dark, but that's no alibi. I didn't own a flashlight then. Need I say that now I do own one? Eveready, by name, and it's always that—ever-ready. I keep it that way with Eveready Batteries—greatest little light-producers you ever saw. From the amount of use they stand, you'd think they were twice their size. Pardon my enthusiasm, but I've got the flashlight habit.

My advice to you is to follow suit and save your shins. The good word is "Eveready" whether it's flashlight or battery. Where light is concerned you can't make a mistake on those batteries—made in the same good way as the famous Eveready Radio Batteries.

Advertisement

a sort of gay proprietorship over him and Moy and the place itself.

Sam would have found as much or more joy in meetings less surreptitious, for men are not as reckless as women, but he had gone too far to retreat. He was human, be it said, but in spite of the fact that it was an effort to play the punctilious host at all times, he managed it somehow. He entertained Alice as he would have entertained any honored guest.

He was ever obliging: when she wished to talk he talked, when she was blue he made her laugh with antics and absurdities. He could do many mystifying tricks of legerdemain and she called him a wicked magician: she was surprised to learn also that he was a musician of sorts and could play a number of instruments passably well. He could even improvise words, like a medieval minstrel, and sometimes he put on his Chinese robes and sang quaint Chinese songs, some of his own making, to the accompaniment of a long-necked Chinese banjo. That which delighted her above all, however, was to have him perform on a slim little silver pipe, or flageolet, which gave forth thin, flute-like notes.

As the spring semester drew to a close Alice confessed that her plans for the future were uncertain and as a consequence she was in a painful quandary. Her parents expected her to return home, but she knew very well what that would mean—the end of her career. On the other hand, she could not remain in the East unless she found employment for the summer, and positions were rare. She was greatly depressed.

Sam spoke again of a loan but she would not listen to his suggestion. It was unthinkable: she still retained some self-respect. After all, what would another year in the art school profit her without a finishing course abroad? She was no heaven-sent genius. With proper preparation she was certain she could make a moderate success, for she had the capacity for hard work and infinite pains—fair substitutes for actual talent—but that was all she could boast of. It was pretty discouraging.

The worst of it was, she and Sam would never see each other again. No more rides, no more chats, no more cozy evenings like this . . . Oh well! The world is full of mediocre talent, rusting out on side-tracks: the tragic figures in life are the misfits, the people who are forced into grooves where they don't belong. It was all very well to talk about sacrifice, the stony road to success, but what more could she sacrifice? What more had she to give? . . . "Fireflies!" It takes a lot of fireflies to light the road to Paris. Poor Chin Ting! How she had longed to escape from her prison.

"You can see the Feast of Lanterns if you wish," Sam told her gravely.

"How?"

"By stopping over in New York for a week and allowing me to show you about."

"New York is too expensive for a Bartonville art student."

"I would consider it a privilege to entertain you as my guest."

Alice eyed the speaker in startled interrogation. She had been leading up to some offer of this sort, and yet she was reluctant to hear it put into words for fear of what it would inevitably imply. With a flutter in her bosom she waited for him to go on.

"You could go to some hotel—the very nicest—and nobody need know that you're my guest. I'll hold myself at your service, take you to the shows and the shops—"

"It would be lovely!"

"And perhaps you would enjoy meeting my father. I want him to know you. He's a learned man, a philosopher, a person of importance. Very likely he could put you in the way of securing a position for the summer."

"Oh, Sam! Would you? I've always wanted to see the New York shops. A position! You are a magician: you're a prince out of a fairy book. No. You're just a plain darling. Why, it may mean the chance I've been looking for. Sam, dear!" The speaker's voice grew husky. "I'll never, never be a misfit. Don't

let me go back to Bartonville and—rust out on a side-track. Please!"

That car of Sam Lee's excited quite as much admiration on Fifth Avenue as it had excited on the college campus: wherever it stopped people gathered to look at it. Alice Hart felt something stir inside of her when she and Sam stepped into it; she did her best to look rich and haughty and meanwhile she envied her companion's complete oblivion to the stares he evoked. It was an experience to be stared at, to be seen in company with a young man as perfectly groomed and as important as Sam.

Nobody seemed to take him for a—foreigner. That was the most amazing thing about a great city like New York—nobody knew anything about anybody, or cared enough to inquire. Nothing mattered here except money. It was about all that mattered anywhere.

Sam had been a few minutes late in calling for her that morning—their first in New York—and the overdressed hotel starter had treated Alice with lofty disdain until the Hispano-Suiza drove up. Then what a change! What servility! Several times since leaving the hotel she had noted with the supersensitiveness of a person sailing under false colors just what a fifteen-thousand-dollar car signifies here among these temples of Mammon. Gorgeous attendants ignored less pretentious cars and let their occupants get out unassisted while they opened the door for—Alice Hart of Bartonville.

Sam, she learned, had a subtle, unobtrusive way of commanding attention in the stores themselves; he was recognized as a somebody and his name was magic. Black magic, to the country-bred girl.

They had spent the morning sightseeing, in reality window-shopping, for that was Alice's wish. Sam had shown her through art stores, silversmiths', antique shops at first, but she did not begin to enjoy herself thoroughly until they entered the stores given over to women's things. Thereafter she was in raptures.

They lunched together; for tea they visited a place she had always longed to see and they lingered there. Soft music. Rich rugs and hangings. Crystal and silver and bronze and gilt. The hum of cultured voices, care-free laughter, the atmosphere of opulence and extravagance; obsequious waiters, thin china, high-priced viands. Banks of roses. Perfume.

All these things awed and delighted Alice, but she almost hated them, too, because they were unattainable. How drunk she could become on them if they were hers to enjoy . . . At Bartonville the afternoon mail was in.

Sam Lee didn't look like a Chinaman. He looked more like a Spaniard or an Italian. How wonderful if— He was the dearest creature, really, and the nicest thing about him was his formality. He had never even tried to kiss her. But Chinese didn't go in for kissing, thank heaven! She wondered if they really had feelings like—well, like white men.

How nice it was to be in a place like this, how wonderful to afford to come here often! If she were an artist she could afford it. This was living. Yes, and Sam had seats at the most popular show in town for that evening.

When she returned to her room she received the culminating surprise of that gala day. On her bed were a number of packages from the shops she had visited, and when, with trembling fingers, she opened them she found they contained all, or practically all, of the lovely things that she had most enthusiastically admired on their sightseeing tour. Here was a dinner dress, there an evening wrap, yonder a sports costume, a beaded bag, a hat!

Incredible. Alice gloated over them like a miser, her heart-beats choked her. This was like Sam: he did everything regally. What extravagance! Why, she was rich! One of these garments had cost more than her whole wardrobe.

Feverishly she stripped off the simple dress she wore and tried on this new finery. She owed it to Sam to look beautiful tonight, but meanwhile she must indulge her consuming vanity, steep herself in the ecstatic pleasures of

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self-adoration. She had intended to have dinner in her room—Sam was dining with his father—but her appetite fled as she posed and postured before her mirror.

Paris did not seem so far off at this moment as heretofore . . . "Crazy about white girls." Where had she heard that? Oh, yes! . . . Well, New York was no university town: she could go anywhere with Sam. She could make an artist of herself if she had the chance, and she would pay any price, almost, for that opportunity. What girl wouldn't? . . . If men would only be satisfied with kisses, but—they were such selfish beasts.

For once Alice was eager to be seen in public, therefore she and Sam went to a night club after the theater. It was a maniacal place, the entertainment was wild, the dancing was feverish: she had never experienced anything like this and it intoxicated her. She was drunk, too, on her escort's praises: over and over again he murmured into her ear that she was the most ravishing, the loveliest creature in the place, and she believed him.

Sam did not kiss her on their way back to the hotel although she fully expected him to do so.

Another day of bliss, another night of revelry followed: a third and then a fourth. The young people spent most of their waking hours together: when apart they were constantly in each other's thoughts. They walked alone in a multitude of six million people, and no isolation is more complete: nothing breeds a closer sympathy, nothing promotes a completer acquaintance than forced intimacy of this sort. Then came an evening to which Alice had looked forward with dread: Sam took her to see his father.

Thus far she had beheld only the opulent heart of this modern Bagdad, she had seen nothing of the city itself, but Sam piloted her away from the calcium glare of the Rialto and drove south with her through streets that were dark and comparatively deserted, on between endless, towering walls pierced by blind windows. Elevated trains roared through these empty, echoing streets: the denizens passed furtively from shadow to shadow.

They came into a wilderness of huge loft buildings and beyond that they entered a maze of streets lined with overcrowded tenements and mean little stores where slatternly women fanned themselves at open windows and shirt-sleeved men sprawled on doorsteps. Filthy-faced, spindle-legged urchins romped between the curbs, dodging the cars that whizzed past.

Here was poverty, dirt, garbage, the sights and sounds and smells of a life all too familiar to Alice Hart. The fantastic spell of the last few days fell away from her and she told herself that midnight had struck, that her galloping milk-white steeds were mice once more.

She shuddered, drew closer the silken wrap which Sam had given her and shrank against his side. Here was everything she loathed, back yonder the sky was ablaze; here the air was fetid, there it was heavy with intoxicating scents. She could never return to this. Who cared what Sam Lee was? He offered escape, he held her freedom in his hands and—he trembled like a leaf at her touch. She must act a part, she must be nice to his father, for this was the deciding night of her life.

They came into a wholly different and distinctive quarter the sound and the smell of which proclaimed it to be Italian. The small, naked, iron-fenced park which Sam skirted was overrun with people. There were thousands of children.

"This is Mulberry Bend park," Sam said. "It's where I played when I was a child."

"How strange to think of you coming from a place like this," Alice murmured.

He nodded towards the south. "Down there a little ways is where the governor of the state was born."

A block or two between bleak, narrow walk-ups that ran high and then Sam swung his car into a street more brightly illuminated than the others and with startling suddenness the environment changed once more. New odors,

"Gastrogen Tablets give me quick digestive relief and bring no hiccups or gas"



"When indigestion bothered me, for years I took the household remedy of 'bi-carb'," writes Mr. Robert Lowing of 26 East 74th St., New York, "but one day a doctor friend saw my distress from hiccups and raising of gas after taking a dose of soda, and told me to try Gastrogen Tablets. He did me a great favor. For I find that Gastrogen Tablets always give me quick digestive relief and never bring the hiccups or gas that were so embarrassing and annoying."

Perhaps you, too, are in the habit of taking soda bicarbonate or some preparation containing it for indigestion, acid stomach or that "leadens" feeling after meals. And perhaps, too, you have been annoyed with the presence of gas that for many people seems to be the unavoidable aftermath of a dose of soda bi-carb.

This disturbance is created by an alkaline residue in the stomach that nearly always follows in soda's train. This residue hampers normal digestion and causes the raising of gas that makes one so conspicuously miserable.

Soda brings it—Gastrogen Tablets do not. For Gastrogen contains only neutral antacids, which cannot act except in the presence of acid. After neutralizing the acidity that causes your discomfort, they cease their work entirely and any

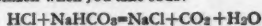
excess passes harmlessly on. You get the relief you wish—and you avoid the embarrassments of eructation (the doctors' term for the social error of belching).

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May-Breath

An antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form

strange and pungent and spicy, came to the girl's nostrils, new pictures greeted her eyes. The signs and the store-fronts carried hieroglyphics. Oriental men crowded the sidewalks: they were yellow, flat-nosed, high cheek-boned, undersized, and they wore ill-fitting, incongruous American clothes. Alice heard outlandish cries and words without meaning. The street ran bank full of pedestrians, but the stream divided to let Sam's car pass through.

He was saying something about Chinatown—it was nothing like it was painted—there was no local color—it was a gigantic fake, but Alice heard him indistinctly. These Chinamen recognized Sam Lee's car and they knew Sam Lee: they were gaping at her. And why not? A white girl with one of their own people! Of a sudden she felt frightened. She had never anticipated anything like this.

Sam stopped his car in front of a building which rose several stories above its neighbors and helped his passenger out. They were facing a fine store, a bazaar, now dimly lighted: alongside it was a tiled entrance and into this he led her. It was a modern steel and stone building. There was a noiseless elevator inside an iron grille. Its almond-eyed operator bowed low to his countryman and said something which Sam answered in Chinese.

The place was clean and shiny with brass and white marble, but there were unrecognizable odors in the air. Opium, probably! Alice grew faint, her knees weakened. Where was Sam taking her? What would be the end of this hideous experience? A panic seized her.

She saw it all now, and understood the significance of his gifts, his attentions. How cunningly he had arranged everything, how patiently he had bided his time! An oily, wily, Oriental maneuver. She was tempted to bolt and run but it was too late, the elevator gate had closed, she was being rushed upward, away from the world. She wanted to scream but feared to offend her companion. She wondered if she would ever be heard of again.

The elevator stopped. Alice stepped out into a spacious hall, elaborately finished in carved teakwood. Through this Sam led her into a room that caused her to gasp. It was splendid, it quite took her breath.

Some spell had been put on her, she reasoned, for a moment ago she had been in the slums and now she stood in a temple of enchantment. This airy, spacious room was a museum of treasures, it was softly lighted, it had an atmosphere of benevolent calm and dignity.

Benevolent calm! Dignity! That's how Sam had once described his father's dwelling-place and the words were aptly descriptive also of the owner, a tall old Chinaman who rose and came forward to meet Alice and who was now bowing ceremoniously, raising and lowering his clasped hands in the Chinese manner.

Lee Ying! He was a patriarch and an aristocrat. His voice was pleasant, his speech was slow and precise, his words were well chosen: he carried himself like a noble.

"You honor my poor house," he told his visitor with a benignant smile. "Its contents and the grateful contents of my heart are yours. Sam has often spoken of you in terms of the most respectful admiration and it is generous of you to favor an old man with the light of your countenance."

Alice acknowledged the stately greeting with what composure she could summon, for her terror of a moment ago was not entirely dissipated. Sam came to her rescue by saying:

"Miss Hart is a stranger to New York and of course she has never seen this part of the city. I'm afraid it frightened her a little bit."

"Oh, no!" The girl laughed in more relief than she cared to show. "I wasn't exactly frightened—just bewildered. It's all so strange and so dumfounding. I'm an ignorant country girl, you know, and I've never seen anything so huge and so noisy and so appalling as New York. My eyes are popping out. But I'm having a marvelous adventure. Coming here is the most marvelous of all."

"We have no noise up here," smiled

Lee Ying. "Nothing but peace, and peace is akin to beatitude. To the mind of a Chinese tranquillity is paradise."

"This is paradise!" Alice agreed. "May I look? And exclaim? Oh, it's like a dream!"

Lee Ying bowed again. "You are most graciously flattering. My household gods are smiling with delight."

"Sam never told me—I had no idea people lived so sumptuously in this part of the city. Or anywhere else, for that matter. I'm another Alice in Wonderland. Are those trees, out yonder, and flowers? Or just a part of the dream?" The speaker gazed round-eyed towards the farther end of the room, for it seemed to her that she was looking out into a growing garden, a riot of bloom and foliage. She saw live, luscious green leaves and heard the tinkle of running water.

Talking as he went, the old man led her out upon the roof of the building itself and along a graveled walk, bordered with shrubbery, to a breast-high coping, where she looked down upon the swarming chaos that is Chinatown. Atop this modern fireproof structure that housed his store, Lee Ying's home stood in a yard of its own. Alice was in a lofty garden hung high above the lights and the clamor of the streets: evergreens and rose-bushes were bejeweled with drops from a recent watering, the air was fresh and cool and earthy-smelling.

Yonder, to her left, down a formal pathway of slender cedars, stood a little Chinese pagoda with curling eaves over which a riotous wisteria clambered. Midway of the path was a pool, the abiding-place of lazy goldfish with long, lacy fins, and into it a fountain dripped its liquid music: here and there amid the shrubbery were stone and porcelain figures—the play-in-the-garden people Sam called them. They were images of merry little Chinese children, absurdly proportioned animals and queer capering gnomes.

The lights from the house, and it too had been modeled along pure Chinese lines, flooded the garden with an artificial moonlight wholly entrancing; it was a fairy bower.

When the visitor had exhausted her exclamations she was led back indoors and Lee Ying said: "Our poor possessions are commonplace in our eyes, but you have the discerning eyes of an artist. If you see anything of beauty, if anything here interests you, it would give me pleasure to tell you its history and the story of its making."

"Everything interests me."

"And some of those stories run back into the mists of antiquity."

The girl nodded. "I'm sure they do. I've never seen many nice things, Mr. Lee. But I love everything beautiful and old and rare."

"Very well. We will become more quickly acquainted by exploring each other's tastes and distastes. But you must not permit a garrulous old man to tire you with his hobbies and his enthusiasms. Sam will warn me if I trespass upon your patience and when you weary we will entertain you otherwise. Young people are always hungry and we have our own peculiar foods and delicacies which may prove pleasing to you."

This Lee Ying was a charming, fatherly old gentleman. Alice had never imagined any Chinaman could possess such learning, such culture, such perfect poise as his; never had she received such gracious courtesy and gratifying deference as was accorded her during the next hour.

His home was an Ali Baba's treasure cave and Alice found herself wondering how rich he was. He must have millions, for she saw rugs and paintings, ivory and jade, jewels and porcelain, fit for a king's collection.

She understood only a part of what he told her, for his knowledge of art, of porcelains, of silks, of gems and the like far transcended hers and in the course of his talk he wandered into realms that were strange to her. In consequence she was awed. How little she knew as compared with him. No wonder Sam was smart.

"And so you are studying to become a

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famous artist." Lee Ying smiled cordially upon her and nodded his head. Alice had explored the house, the extent and the appointments of which astonished her, she had partaken of strange foods, she had drunk tea that was more fragrant than orange blossoms, now she was sitting with father and son.

"I don't hope ever to be famous," she disclaimed modestly. "To be successful in a small way and to make myself self-supporting is as much as I can expect."

"How do we know? It is fitting that beauty like yours should create more beauty. It is a divine endeavor."

"I don't mean to say I'm not ambitious but—" Alice shrugged hopelessly.

Sam, who had done little talking thus far, explained deferentially that Alice's parents discouraged her further studies.

The elder man looked his distress. "I grieve with you, for it is a noble calling. And yet I cannot urge you to ignore their wishes. If they were willing for you to continue I would esteem it a privilege to be of assistance."

Sam's face lighted, he turned proud, triumphant eyes upon the guest.

Alice flushed and stammered: "Oh, they'd be—delighted. They don't mind anything except the cost. We're dreadfully poor, you know. Father works hard enough, but he's so—inefficient, so impractical. And of course I—well, it's too marvelous to be true, Mr. Lee, and I don't know how to thank you. Expenses at Eastern are low—"

Both she and Sam were surprised at Lee Ying's next words. "I understood that your dream envisioned something more ambitious than that."

"You mean—Paris?" faltered the girl.

"I do. Why not speed your arrow towards the moon? It will fly the farther." The speaker was addressing Alice but his attention was focused upon Sam. "Time passes, youth is impatient of delay. The road is difficult, but the longest journey begins with a step."

"Oh! Mr. Lee!" Alice gasped. "Paris! That's my dream!"

Sam's expression had altered, a look of dismay flickered over his face. What children they were, mused the old man. And how transparent. It had not taken him long to weigh the girl, to read her character and to appraise her worth; now he felt only contempt for her. For Sam he experienced a sincere compassion inasmuch as he knew the boy and had watched him carefully these several days. Sam was blind, dazzled: motives were in his eyes. Where was his perception, his pride?

A tigerish resentment stirred in Lee Ying's breast. His boy, a son of the gods, to fall a victim to this vain, self-seeking creature! She was common in fiber, she was crude, and instinct told the elder man that she was the sort who would readily barter her body and her talents for the gratification of her ambitions. An artist, indeed! Ambition! She had the mind of a miser and the soul of a courtesan. Lee Ying could have strangled her.

Suavely he promised Alice that she could sail for Paris on the next ship if she chose. His attorneys would arrange her transportation and see to her passport, a sum sufficient to meet her requirements would be deposited with his Paris bankers and against it she could draw as and when she chose. Henceforth she was her own mistress, her future was her own. Gracefully he warded off her hysterical effusions of gratitude.

When finally she left, she was almost servile in her thanks, and yet a new confidence, a new determination was in her. Lee Ying suspected that she credited her physical charms, her magnetic beauty with enchanting him. If he had read her aright, and he seldom erred, willingly she would have surrendered those charms to any man, Chinese or white, who offered to do for her what he had done tonight.

When the elevator door closed, he expelled a noisy breath of disgust.

What beastly creatures were these low, conning white women. If Sam could only understand. But he had absorbed a Western

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reverence for the sex. Poor boy, they would cause him nothing but suffering! Why was it these Occidentals saved their useless women and drowned their kittens? It was a mistaken sentiment.

Alice chattered ceaselessly on the way up-town, failing utterly to notice Sam Lee's silence. Over and over, in a hundred ways she voiced her exultation, blessed Lee Ying as a benevolent saint and his son as her good angel. Such rapture as hers would have transfigured the plainest girl; it worked a miracle with her. "My father's wisdom is as great as his benevolence," the young man said finally. "I bow to his judgment in all things. But he can be cruel and implacable. Tonight he pierced me with a spear."

"Why, Sam! You said you wanted him to help me!" Alice noticed for the first time the fixed white look upon her companion's face, and she changed her tone. "It's going to be hard to say good-by—we've had such good times together. You're a darling, Sam, and I'll miss you terribly."

"Alice!" It was the first time he had ever addressed her as anything but "Miss Hart" and she was startled. He went on, "You must realize how much I care for you."

Good Lord! It was coming. He was going to spoil everything, thought the girl.

"You'll be sailing at once. Will you marry me before you go?"

Alice recoiled. *Marry!* She had never dreamed he'd ask that. The other was bad enough. *Marry a—Chinaman!* The fellow was insane.

Sam waited: Alice's thoughts were racing, she glimpsed consequences that appalled her. In a panic she gasped:

"Oh, not that! I couldn't. You shouldn't ask me—" In spite of herself a shudder of physical repulsion ran over her.

"I'm sorry," Sam said quietly. "I hoped you cared for me."

"I do! You've been wonderful. I'd do anything in the world for you." Alice was thinking dizzily, sickly—what luck for *this* to happen! Tonight of all times. Just when everything was arranged. This would wreck her plans. Oh, it was cruel! But she mustn't let him, she wouldn't let him spoil it all. "Don't let's talk about it now," she said, trying to smile ingratiatingly. "Not tonight, anyhow! Sometime, perhaps—"

"Let's settle it now."

The girl swallowed hard, fright seized and shook her. "You're the dearest thing in the world and I owe you everything. I'm—crazy about you, honestly! I guess I've proved that—going out with you and—meeting you in your apartment and everything. But I can't give up my career, now can I?"

"That's the farthest thing from my thoughts."

"It isn't fair to—ask me. You know how much I like you, without my telling you."

"I'm beginning to understand for the first time."

"Now, Sam!" The speaker pouted, her tone reproached him. "We've gone along in such perfect understanding. Let's go on being just—"

"You've indicated in a good many ways that I could go further than I've presumed to go."

"You've no right to say that," Alice cried. "I think you're beastly."

There was a silence through which Sam drove with eyes fixed: upon his face was the intent blankness that hides emotion. Finally he nodded and said:

"I understand. In my person I'm not altogether unpleasing, nor very different from other fellows. As a lover, therefore, I'd be acceptable, if nobody knew. But marriage to a Chinese: that's another matter!"

"Now you're insulting!"

In an explosion of wrath as sudden as it was unexpected he exclaimed: "It's you who insult me! Bah! Women are monkeys! Animals fit only for breeding. You've insulted me not once but a thousand times and I stood for it. Your caution! Your secrecy! 'Nobody must

know!' 'What will people say?' The crowning insult was your surprise when I asked you to be my wife and not my mistress. Let's be honest, for a change. I'll be frank with you, please be the same with me."

"All right!" stormed the girl. "I'll pay any price to go to Paris, if you must know, but I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. I'd cut my throat first. Now what have you got to say?"

"Only this: there may be Chinamen who would have you, but I wouldn't."

Alice was shaking; she began to sob convulsively. "I—suppose this—ends everything," she gasped. "I could—kill myself."

"It ends nothing except a fantastic misconception on my part. Don't concern yourself in the least about your—'career.'" Sam pronounced the word bitingly. "My father has promised. I'm a yellow man, but not 'yellow' enough to interfere. For that matter he wouldn't listen to me if I did. I've fallen pretty low but not low enough for that."

"I don't see that caring for me—Is that something to be—ashamed of?" Alice wondered if Sam could be sincere. It was incredible, but his next words, contemptuous as they were, somewhat reassured her.

"Centuries before your country was discovered we Chinese had discovered the truth about women. But what can be made of a man who will not profit by the wisdom of his elders?"

Another silence came between them which lasted until the car stopped at Alice's hotel. Timidly she said: "Don't let's quarrel. I didn't mean all I said."

"Have no concern," he assured her coldly. "You'll go to Paris."

He lifted his hat and drove away.

The next two days were an eternity for Alice Hart. She suffered tortures. Sam did not communicate with her in any way, neither did Lee Ying, and as the hours crept along she called herself a fool for making an enemy of the son. She had been a bigger fool to believe his protestations of magnanimity. No man could be as generous as that—not after the hurt she had dealt him.

Why had she flared up? She could have managed somehow to temporize. Promises are made to break. But she had no experience. And the thought of marriage was so shocking. It had come so unexpectedly. Oh, he was furious! The way he had said "You'll go to Paris" should have told her he was beside himself.

Funny how a common Chinaman could, with a curl of his lips and a disdainful look, make her feel like a whining mendicant. And that's practically what she was... Yellow men are vengeful. Sam, of course, had told his father that she scorned him. Fool! Idiot that she was!

Lee Ying had promised, to be sure, and high-class Chinese are reputed to observe a scrupulous code of honor, but—This uncertainty was maddening. How different her situation now to a few days ago. Life was still going on around her, but she had no place in it and she feared to leave her room lest a message should arrive. Nevertheless she couldn't sit here like this forever. Not with a hotel bill running up. If she didn't hear from Lee Ying, who would pay that bill? How much longer would she be permitted to stay? Yes, and who would pay for these clothes? Here was a thought to bring consternation. She could be arrested—

That was it! What a simple and satisfying revenge, from Sam's standpoint. Every hour she stayed here she fell deeper into his power. He'd force her to meet his demands, humiliate her, make her eat dirt. The miserable curl! What craft, what ruthless cruelty. And if she refused—arrest! A trial! Disgrace! It would come out that she had been the associate of a Chinaman! People in Bartonville would hear of it.

In a panic she considered calling him up, making friends with him, but she was too frightened to finesse in the slightest. And telephone calls cost ten cents. They'd be put

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on her bill. Food, too, and "room service" cost money. Thank heaven she had no appetite. She supposed a real adventuress in her place would order extravagantly, cash a worthless check. But that took courage.

All the same she was slowly going crazy. Every voice, every sound in the hall made her start. Once her telephone rang and she stifled a scream. She nearly fainted before she reached the instrument, then to hear a voice drawl, "Wrong number. Excuse it, please."

The bell rang again, late on the second afternoon. A man—Alice was too agitated to heed his name—was calling. He was from Carter and Pelz, attorneys. Would he come up or would she come down? She stammered, "Yes."

Attorneys! Was this the beginning of the end? His voice had been cold, formal, forbidding. Her knees shook as she left her room.

Faintly she made inquiry at the desk, then started as a man stepped up to her side. He did not lay a hand on her shoulder, as she half expected; instead he proffered her a fat envelop and explained that it contained her steamship ticket and letter of credit. On the next morning, if agreeable, the speaker would call for her and together they would attend to the formality of securing her passport.

When Alice got back into her room she broke down and cried for an hour.

Docile and peaceful are the Sons of Han. Sam Lee returned to Eastern University that autumn and resumed his college life where he had left it off. His friends welcomed him and they made a rendezvous of his place. If he was not quite the same to them as formerly, if he was a little less deferent than usual and if there was a cynical flavor to his jests, they failed to observe it.

By now his social status had been firmly established and not even those closest to him made any effort to better it. Why should they when they accepted it as definitely and satisfactorily settled? It is doubtful if the thought of doing so ever occurred to them. To Sam, however, it was an ever-present dissatisfaction, an incurable canker, the which his experience with Alice Hart had merely made more painful. He could not resign himself to his situation. There were times when he rebelled against all things Oriental; when a voice in him fairly shrieked that he was a white man in disguise.

He was constantly at war with himself, queer cross-currents kept him in turmoil, opposing forces, too obscure to analyze, tugged at him, dragged him first one way then another. He was a trial and a disappointment to himself.

There was ample cause for him to wonder what ailed him and to speculate as to the reason for his resentments against both the white and the yellow races; it was not at all strange that he felt as if two civilizations, setting in opposite directions, met and clashed in him, for that is about what was happening. And yet he was no Eurasian; it was not a mixture of sour, antagonistic bloods in his veins that kept him in ferment as so often happens in the case of half-breeds. He was no mongrel; he was—an experiment. In him raged the conflict not of two human races but of two human forces, heredity and environment.

Inasmuch as this story has to do with the working of those antagonistic influences it will be necessary to go back more than twenty years to a night in San Francisco and to a street in Chinatown: back to Pan Yi, a Chinese woman whose little feet were like two "golden lilies," and to Officer Dunne whose feet were unlike anything in the botanical kingdom. We shall have to translate the meaning of the red paper prayers which Pan Yi pasted on the stone lions of the public library, and make the acquaintance of a sentimental patrolman whose heart was bigger than his feet.

When youths and girls alike fawn upon Sam Lee because of his wealth, his disgust at Western greed grows apace—in Rex Beach's November Instalment



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adoration of this child whom she had held in the palm of her hand the first hour of his life.

There was no evading the fact that Tish was bad for Bernard or that she was fastened into that household like a bracket to its wall. His unspoken desire seemed to flow into her consciousness, his unexpressed wish was her command. Racked, exalted, terrified, transported by the easy fears, superstitions and taboos of her race, Bernard's timidities were her timidities; his fears were her fears ten times intensified.

She knew his fear of the dark and out of her own money bought him pocket flashlights for those dread occasions when his mother purposely sent him through the unlighted house of an evening, or made him enter first if they had been out. She bought him a night-light with a battery that slid under the pillow, because, lying in her meager cubby-hole that opened off the kitchen, Tish knew what tremors were Bernard's, lying in his room.

Only, being Tish, she was openly at liberty to burn the one electric bulb her room afforded. Tish did not matter enough for it to be shameful for her to be afraid.

How passionately and how secretly she and Bernard shared their tremors! She knew how he dreaded the gnawing sound mice made at paper bags; how he feared lightning or the rude slanting glances of threats from the street boys. She knew his dread of the morning plunge into the cold tub his mother insisted upon and secretly diluted it with warm to allay the shock.

Known to Tish were Bernard's horror of the sight of blood, the swaying motion of a rowboat, his panic at the creaking noises the woodwork could make on those occasional evenings when he and Tish were left at home when Lydia, looking lovely, accompanied a client or a customer to a theater or a concert.

Yes, Tish was bad for Bernard, Lydia knew that. And yet, the idea of robbing Bernard of his home and his opportunities for education by abandoning the business at this time was surely the most impractical way out of the difficulty. It was then the plan of sending Bernard to a military academy dawned in slow inspiration upon Lydia.

She marveled she had not thought of it before. The major had been educated at a military academy. Lydia's best girlhood friend, Martha MacCree, who had also married an army officer, one stationed at Manila, was the daughter of one of the late head masters of a military academy near St. Louis.

It was there that Lydia decided to send Bernard. She had spent many a weekend at the lovely old academy with Martha, when they had been girls together at the Ferguson Seminary. Many a cadet had been beau to her and Martha. Manly little fellows in blue and gray uniforms and caps whose visors seemed to touch the tips of their noses.

Such a place would be the making of Bernard. It would awaken in him some of the latent qualities of his father, the major, which must lurk within him.

It hurt Lydia, who had a way of carrying misery with a high hand, probably more than anything that had ever happened to her, when the time came for putting into execution this parting from her son. He took it stoically enough, accepting it as a matter of course, except that there were little pools of dread in his eyes.

Tish was openly rebellious, in fact hysterical. On one occasion, when Bernard's small store of supplies as prescribed in the academy catalog was being assembled and a pair of stiff gray army blankets had arrived as part of the equipment of the young cadet, it appeared to Lydia that this time her frequent threat of dismissing Tish would have to be put into execution.

"Tish, you are to keep out of matters that do not directly concern you, or leave."

"But Miss Lydia—you can't send dat chile out of dis house to sleep on sech. Bernard has

Sissy (Continued from page 35)

got de skin of a young prince and those blankets is gwine to tear it off'n his body. You is fixin' to kill dat chile of youahs, Miss Lydia, tryin' to make a sow's ear out of a silk purse—dat's what you is. Bernard ain't got no soldier blood in him lak de major had, Miss Lydia. I knows dat chile better'n he knows hisself. You don't."

Didn't she! It seemed to Lydia that she did. Passionately she prayed to know him. To help him. To let her love guide him out of the troubled meadows that had been his childhood.

The military-academy experiment, however, proved not to be a success. At the end of the first semester, Bernard was returned home in the care of one of the head masters. There was nothing, he explained kindly and tactfully to Lydia, that could be said against Bernard as a lad and student, he was a good average both, except—er—perhaps certain diffidence that time would doubtless overcome.

"It would be casting no aspersion on your boy to say he has not in him the making of, let us say, a physician or a mining engineer. That is all we are saying to you in returning Bernard. He not only, in our opinion, is not the stuff of which cadets are made, but has not in him the ultimate making of a soldier—assuming that might be your ambition for your boy."

Listening, Lydia realized with finality. It was the last attempt she ever made to fan the flame of her hopes that he follow in his father's footsteps and carry on that career from where it had been so tragically ended.

To her secret joy at having the boy home again; to the constantly reiterated outbursts of Tish's garrulous delight, the little household reverted to routine.

"Didn't I tell you dat chile wasn't one of dem soldier boys dat follows de tip of his cap? Bernard's got mo' sense up his little sleeve dan a whole regiment of soldier boys wid der coat shoulders padded wid tennis-balls. Bernard ain't got no use fo' killin'. Bernard hates blood—he's lak me—de Lawd neber meant blood to show except on His blessed body."

Whatever of scars and bruises and heart-hurt Bernard brought home from the academy, no inkling of it ever left his lips. If some of the residuum of that experience remained in the small pools of his eyes, it was discernible only to his mother.

There was a burn on Bernard's smooth upper left arm after his return from the academy that looked as if it might have been branded or tattooed there.

To Tish's loud outcry when she beheld it, he said something about hazing. Lydia never inquired further, but bitterly she knew. The boys had been rough on Bernard.

More and more semblance of peace, however, came to settle down over Lydia after this academy experience. She could not look at her boy and fail to feel pride in the splendid kind of young manhood that was beginning to manifest itself.

When he was fifteen, he had already almost attained his full height, and if a bit lanky, there was something of grace and poise about Bernard's bearing. The women customers admired his pale narrow face. The long planes of his cheeks, the firm lips and the dark and velvety eyes distinguished him from the more usual types of boys about.

If Bernard had displayed the slightest aptitude for the piano, the palette, or the sculpt, all of Lydia's dull fears about him would have been dispelled in the luminous hope that here was an artist. In fact, after the return from the academy, rather than force the boy back into the public school from which he so obviously shrank, Lydia prevailed upon Bernard to take piano lessons and to attend the School of Design. Both of which he did, but only after a fashion.

There was no evading it, the sewing-room attracted Bernard. Sometimes he whisked fabrics from his mother's experimenting fingers and wound them swiftly and surely into the

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design for which she had been fumbling. She came almost unconsciously to depend upon him for draping and plaiting and his discerning and sensitive eye was quick to detect a flaw in the hang of a skirt or the fall of a drape.

Well, why not! Why not! The great dress-makers of the world were men. It was only in an insular community like theirs that there was anything the least bit strange about a lad whose propensities turned toward the art of human attire. Yes-sir, just that! The art of human attire.

It took an artist, and don't you forget it, to achieve a plait that could make Mrs. Bok's round back appear straight, or hone down the silhouette line of Mrs. Hammerschlakker. No one knew it, but Bernard, and Bernard alone, had designed those three bridesmaid frocks for the Sainspool wedding that had brought in more new customers than had ever bombarded the doors of the Vernon Avenue flat before.

What have you to say to that! Which was better, to have a good-for-nothing fellow for a son like Bleeker, who was discharged from every position his father obtained for him and who got his father's sedan into an ugly smash by stealing the car for a secret joy-ride, or a quiet, graceful lad who was a comfort and a companion to his mother, to say nothing of a help to her in her work?

Not that Bernard was immune to the opposite sex. What a twittering there had been in the house those days when the bridesmaids were being fitted! Boy-conscious twittering, Lydia called it.

With a sense of relief that made her seem loathsome even to herself, Lydia beheld her son one day making shy overtures to the daughter of one of the neighbors. How sweet! How right! How normal! That evening, she gave Bernard a dollar to take the girl to the corner ice-cream parlor, ashamed that it was done almost in a spirit of thanksgiving.

Indeed, by the time he was seventeen, Bernard was already quite a beau with the girls. They liked his lithe, slim appearance, his considerate ways, his long pale face, his habit of commenting upon their clothes and his gentle ways of consideration with older folks, their parents.

The fact that the boys gave him wide berth, the parents of the girls were inclined to take more seriously than the girls themselves, who were given to falling easily in love with Bernard Yardsley, whose finger-nails were always so nicely cleaned and pared, who frankly admitted to the rather precious trait of feeling a little squeamish at the sight of blood and who was not ashamed, as their brothers were, to lift baby-sister out of her perambulator and dandle her for the pleasure of it.

Bernard's middle teens were comparatively quiet years with Lydia. She ceased to urge upon him the outdoor sports of tennis on the municipal courts, handball or even golf. There was no law said a man had to be athletic. He took to dressing, and that proved his body grace.

By the time he was eighteen, she began to feel quite a pride in dressing herself in an evening gown that revealed her still fine shoulders, parting her ash-blond hair in the severe Rossetti fashion that he liked, and having her handsome young son accompany her to a concert or theater. He wore his first dress clothes well.

"Lak a young prince!" cried Tish and rocked her body and her hands.

But in a dozen ways Tish still catered to her secret awareness of what was what with her young prince. She knew how he still hated to enter a dark room and, shuddering with distaste for it herself, would hobble ahead of him to turn on the light. She still made a great show of drawing his bath cold, and then secretly diluting it. She would disarrange the Indian clubs his mother had given him for his eighteenth birthday, as if to indicate they had been in recent use.

Sly old Tish. Her brown trail was everywhere through that household.

What happened in the end was that



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Instantly Your Skin Feels as Soft and
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Mrs. Hammerschlakker's backing, repaid, by the way, the third year, did finally set them up in a downtown dressmaking establishment which consisted of a loft in the fashionable shopping district, divided into a pretty violet and mauve showroom, three tiny fitting-rooms, and the rear half consisting of one large brick-walled workroom, where helpers were kept humming away at machines all day.

Bernard was "on the floor." He greeted customers, showed them the fashion books, suggested fabrics, designs, colors, and wrote down measurements, at his mother's dictation.

Lydia's dressmaking establishment, "YARD-SLEY, INC.," came to be known as a first-rate place. Meanwhile, they moved into a larger flat in a pleasanter neighborhood known as Westminster Place where the front room was now a modishly furnished library, instead of a workshop.

It was along about the year that they had finished paying off Mrs. Hammerschlakker that another small windfall came the way of the Yardsleys.

Out of Bernard's favorite evening pastime of twiddling around with the silks and various fabrics had grown a remarkable aptitude for making dolls. One evening he contrived a brown taffeta one in the image of Tish that was startling in its amusing verisimilitude.

Next, Bernard tried one of his mother, achieving out of a rag, a hank of hair and a daub of paint, the soft rounded form, the heart-shaped face and the low ash-blond hair, with the same exactitude. Next he did one of himself, a caricature of long legs, pointed face and black satin hair.

In no time at all, Bernard was selling these character dolls to local department stores for as high as forty and fifty dollars apiece. He made them three or four feet in height, often in the image of some local celebrity, or again, improvisations such as a Spanish dancer, a traffic policeman or fat politician. They were handsome affairs, well made, every inch by hand, the features cunningly painted by a water-color process patented in Bernard's name.

Show Lydia a better son than hers. Not so easy. Not so easy. There was still defiance in these confabs Lydia had with herself, chiefly after she was in bed and the workaday had folded its wings about her.

Lydia was still unconsciously on the defensive about Bernard, as if in the darkness, when these contemplations rose before her, she could see derisive faces swimming about her. The derisive faces of the men who never mingled with Bernard or invited him to their games or clubs. The derisive faces of the girls, as they grew older and began to prefer the boys who went in for aviation, engineering, and the so-called men's jobs.

Well—just the same, show Lydia a better son than hers! Not so easy.

A crisis came, like a bolt out of the clear sky. One evening, as Lydia and Bernard were having supper at a popular café on Delmar Boulevard, something of so curious and startling a nature occurred that it seemed to Lydia her heart had been caught in the grip of a hand.

During one of the cabaret numbers a girl impersonator, of some cleverness, did several imitations of stage and screen celebrities. As an encore, she came bounding out to the platform in the guise of a boy in natty evening clothes, a crooked cane under one arm and an opera-hat on the back of her slicked black head. As if her resemblance to Bernard were not enough, she began to sing in a falsetto voice so undeniably his that Lydia could not drag her agonized eyes away from her plate, even after the spatter of applause had died down.

Accident pure and simple, a chance quality of manner and voice that was Bernard all over again. Perhaps he had not even noticed. She dared not let her eyes find his.

All the way home she kept up a quick and garrulous patter. The entertainment had been dull. So few good restaurants in town. Now they say that in New York . . .

Something leaden and dulled was walking

beside Lydia. She knew it with her instinct. She knew it with the sudden fears that were plying around her heart. And she was right. Words were about to be spoken between Lydia and her son that had never found their way to the rims of their hearts, much less to their lips.

And they were to be spoken without ado of preamble, because no sooner were they in the house, Lydia forging ahead to turn on the switch of the living-room as she had an unconscious habit of doing, than Bernard, who had been a sealed tomb to her compared to what was about to happen now, threw himself to his knees and with his arms about her knees, as she stood without even her hat removed, began to sob out his heart-sickening question.

"Mother, Mother, what is the matter with me?"

"Bernard," she said very quietly, placing her hands lightly upon his hair as if they were not too agitated for endurance, "what a question!"

"Don't, don't, don't!" he cried. "Don't try that on me, Mother. If you don't tell me, I think I can't live another day of it. Am I like that—tonight?"

"Like—what?"

"Don't pretend to me, Mother!" he cried, and sprang to his feet and caught her by the shoulders so that her face was foreshortened and toward the light.

"Bernard," she said calmly, through an old instinct to be his disciplinarian, "don't speak to me in that tone."

"Then you must tell me the truth, Mother. Why am I like—I am?" he said and laid his hand across his eyes as if to press back a hateful vision.

"Like what, Bernard?" she said, too frightened by the tone of his question to keep her voice up to the standard of steadiness she strained for. "Like—what, son?"

"Don't—don't make me say it."

"But Bernard, I don't understand."

"Like a sissy—there, if I must. Like a sissy. Like a sissy. Like a—gi—a sissy. In my voice. In my manner. In my ways. I am a man at heart, Mother. A fellow like any other fellow. It's the shell of me that makes me ridiculous. I know. I know. Don't think I haven't known it all my life. Or should I call it all my hell, instead of all my life!"

Her throat closed like a gate, jamming back the words she might have uttered.

"Mother, can't you help me?" he said, so quietly that it made her quiet.

"Yes, Bernard, that is the chief meaning life has for me. To be able to help you."

"Then begin by being honest with me."

"Yes, Bernard."

"What is there about me that has—has always made fellows torment me?"

"Why, Bernard, you're supersensitive."

"Cut that. Cut that. You promised to be honest."

"They torment you because you are—different. I mean—"

"I'm a man. With a man's desires."

Thank God for that, went streaming through her brain, making her as always loathe herself for the thought.

"Of course, Bernard, of course. I meant superficially, you are of more delicate fiber."

"That doesn't mean anything to me. Speak out. Is it my high voice that you call more delicate fiber? Speak out, Mother."

"Don't—"

"Is it?"

"In a way."

"God gave me that! I've tried to get it down. I've suffered to get it down. If anybody is to be ridiculed, God's the one."

"Bernard!"

"I've tried, Mother. I've tried to get it down. There's nothing I haven't tried," he said and thrust three fingers inside his collar. It seemed to Lydia, standing there before him, that her pity would make her faint or drown in some sea of her tears, or his tears, or both their tears.

"Can't you see, Mother?" he said and looked at her, with his hands hanging loosely at his

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sides. "God made that sort of a job of me."

"Mother thinks it's a good job, Bernard."

"Don't do that," he said and stepped back angrily from her pity.

"I just mean, son, it isn't the voice alone—"

"Then what, Mother? You promised to be honest. Nothing can help but that. What—else?"

"It's just, son, I must keep saying it, you are of more delicate fiber."

"Cut that out. I can't live on, if I don't get the straight of it. Why do the fellows treat me like—I guess I can't say it."

"It's because—because, for instance, their sports do not interest you."

"Yes? Yes?"

"Boys are great mimics, Bernard. They go in herds. They cannot understand a boy not taking to the sports they are trained to be most fond of—oh, like baseball and tennis and gymnasium and swimming."

"That's why you've been forever buying me Indian clubs and tennis-rackets and getting me to enroll at gym?"

"Yes, Bernard, I thought it might help you to—"

"I know. I know. I've tried, too."

"I know that, too, son. I'm not blaming—only—"

"Mother, shall I tell you something?"

"Yes, yes, son, everything."

"Not everything. Most of it is too terrible. The awfulness and the humiliation of being—me. But Mother, that time at the academy—you remember how suddenly I came home."

"Yes," said Lydia, her voice not audible.

"It was because, Mother—I wanted to kill myself—just on account of things you're saying now."

"You wanted what?" she said, uncomprehending.

"Oh, I don't know—a little crazy, I guess. Rope in a barn—the colonel who brought me home walked in on me. He was a brick about never telling why—or anything. He kept his word. But I tried up there, Mother, to play around in everything with the fellows. I tried terribly, because way back there I knew all the things you're telling me now. It wasn't a go—gym—or baseball."

"But it was me, trying to swim, that seemed to get the fellows' goat most. They kept ducking me, because I guess they saw how against the grain it was. Ever know what it is to feel suffocated with water, Mother? It kind of grabs you by the heart and pushes in your eyes and gets you around the neck. The suffocating part is the worst. I couldn't stand it. I couldn't stand being a swimmer and I couldn't stand not being a swimmer. I've been through it all, Mother."

"Yes. Yes. Yes," she said.

There were apparently moments in life that were simply unthinkable, until they came to be endured. This was one of them.

"I've been through every kind of hell a fellow like me has got to go through, if he is to live at all. If I only just knew, Mother, what is to be done. What is to be done?"

"Nothing need be done, Bernard. Mother is satisfied."

He took her again by the shoulders, quietly.

"Answer me this," he said, and forced her eyes to meet his, "would you rather I would change, if I could, into—just any other fellow, like a salesman or an aviator or a crack athlete or—an all-around chap? Or would you rather I'd just be me?"

For the life of her, she could not have lied to him. Her mouth closed.

"Mother!"

"Bernard, you are the finest boy in the world. Mother knows that. But maybe, if you were some of the things we've been talking about, the world would come to know that too, a little better than—it seems to now. Why not try, son?"

"You're wonderful, Mother. I feel helped," he said, and kissed her and walked out of the library into his bedroom where Tish had a light burning for him.

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"Driving hands... one minute at the wheel the next at tea..."

says Miss Adelaide Bride

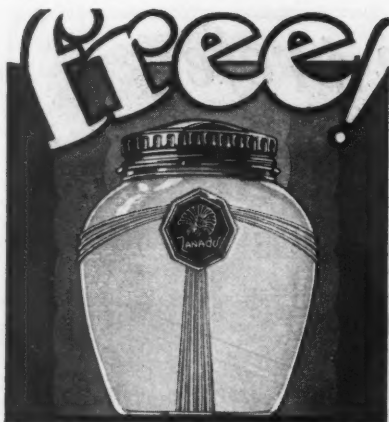
This winsome blonde of Washington society says: "Our social season is a mad whirl from one place to another."

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The gate had snapped closed again, securely, relentlessly, infallibly, and with her judgment and common sense, Lydia knew it and forced herself to let that night and its consequences sink into silence.

Not that its consequences were not apparent. It seemed to Lydia that, right off, there was something new and elastic in the manner and the very walk of her son. If she had dreaded, through that long night following their talk, to face a new day for her son, if her tears had soaked into her pillow and her sobs been stifled there, the dreaded new day brought a cheerful and even sprightly Bernard.

In the following weeks, Indian clubs were unearthed and swung to Tish's loud outcries of fear for chandeliers and dour anticipations of callous places on his hands. Three afternoons a week Bernard left the dressmaking establishment an hour earlier than usual, for the municipal tennis-courts and on Saturday afternoons, he usually invited one of the several girls whom he took about occasionally to attend the baseball game. A cloud was rolling back off the heart of Lydia and she had the wit to remain silent and watch and wait and sometimes pray.

About this time, the advent of Nicola came into the lives of Lydia and Bernard, so propitiously that Lydia was inclined to regard it a little mystically, as if a conciliatory fate had leaned into the picture of their destinies.

There came from the Martha MacCree of her girlhood, with whom Lydia still corresponded, a letter from Manila, frankly inviting Lydia to invite Martha's daughter Nicola to spend a year "in the States" with her mother's old school friend. Its frankness went further. Martha begged Lydia to take Nicola as a boarder. Major MacCree joined his wife in urging Lydia to accept their suggestion in the spirit of old friends and permit their daughter, who had just finished high school in Manila, to enjoy the benefits of a change of environment.

Of course, Lydia did nothing of the sort so far as the spirit of the invitation was concerned. She wrote eagerly inviting Nicola to be her guest. It was embarrassing and unthinkable to accept her as a boarder. There was a pretty little guest-chamber in the apartment yearning for just such an occupant as Nicola was sure to be. If, as her mother suggested, Nicola needed "toning down," she was to undergo that heroic treatment as guest.

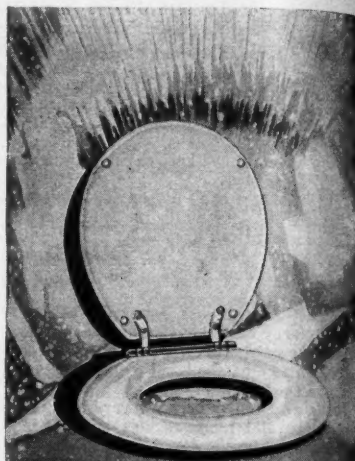
It was a pleasant idea all around. From the two or three photographs that Martha had sent on from time to time, Nicola was unusually personable. More than ever, her coming at this time seemed mystically providential to Lydia. What an opportunity to get Bernard further out of himself! What if—

A thought flashed through Lydia's mind that was radiant. Nicola and Bernard. Why not! But in any event, this was the opportunity to force Bernard out of himself. They could play tennis together—dance—swim.

The coming of Nicola was an opportunity to get Bernard out of himself that succeeded. She was a dynamo of a young miss, in a manner her photographs had never succeeded in conveying. Apparently no up-and-coming phase of American girlhood had failed to penetrate into the urban life of those Pacific islands where Nicola had first seen the light.

In fact, it might be said that she went the average American eighteen-year-old girl one better. Slim, chic, self-sufficient, trained to the out-of-doors, ultra-modern in dress and in manner and in a cunning, if shrewd sophistication, she descended upon the Yardsleys like a wink of bright lightning, foretelling, as it were, no end of disturbances in the calm atmosphere of that small ménage.

There was never a moment when Bernard hesitated on the brink of his capitulation. He was plunged into it from the moment she stepped off the train, with a huge green and gold hat-box on one arm and a hand-bag the shape of a Teddy-bear on the other. From the start, she was an unqualified parcel of delight, pranks and outrageousness.



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She established herself in a day. Scattered letters of introduction around town from half the army colony in Manila, kissed Lydia seven times before she would ever consent to sit down to a meal, set up a most rousing and outspoken hatred for Tish which was heartily reciprocated, and frankly admitted that Bernard was her idea of the young prince the old black crocodile in the kitchen was always yammering about.

Overnight, as it were, the quiet flat of the Yardsleys became, thanks to the scattered letters of introduction, a rendezvous for a young set they had never even known, except through society columns and the gossip of the dressmaking establishment. The telephone became a howling dervish demanding Nick.

The MacCree girl was success instantaneous. And what made it all the more unqualified, was that she made conquest of men and girls alike. She was no mere man's girl, leaving the women to form a little island of resentment by themselves. She had a way with her that went all the gamut.

Nicola, diplomat, coquette, angler for everyone's favor, made no secret of her methods.

"I like to be liked. I'd sooner tell a white lie than blacken a person's happiness. What's the use of breaking a date with a fellow and telling him it's because you want to keep it with another, when headaches and sick aunts might just as well be of some use in the world?"

Bernard could not keep his eyes off her. Her twittering mannerisms delighted him. He thought her adorable and told her so, and Nicola, sometimes, it is true, looking at him as if she had never seen his like before, threw him all her friendliness and her sweetness.

There was competition almost from the first day of Nicola's arrival. Martha MacCree had written various old friends of her daughter's visit. One of them, a Mrs. van Blarcom, who had married more successfully, in a worldly sense, than any of the little group that had included Martha and Lydia, called the first week with her son, a young lieutenant now in the United States airmail service.

He formed the nucleus of a group that quickly grew. Yardsley's became in no time a mecca for young people of the social caliber that moved in the set of Lieutenant van Blarcom, eldest son of the president of the Trades Bank of America.

And if Bernard was not quite one of them, either from social standing or habits of life, these chic young people, coming from the luxurious homes of the large Middle Western city, were too well-bred to let him know it. He was a great success on the dance floor, played an acceptable game of bridge and performed first-rate jazz with long, flying, fragile fingers. He was soon discovered to be the creator of the stunning character dolls that Vanderhof's were featuring in all their window displays and every girl of the gay and debonair set was after him for one.

If, at this discovery, Lydia held her breath a bit, she might have spared herself. Nicola was the most enthusiastic exponent of Bernard's dolls. She paraded them before all visitors, boomed their value and proudly exploited Bernard as their creator.

She created a sensation one day, appearing at a luncheon with Lieutenant van Blarcom at the country club, carrying a doll that lacked only a few inches of her own height and so precisely in her image that amusement ran high.

Bernard had achieved his Nicola with amazing fidelity. The lovely blond hair that Nicola had never worn short, but in a great bunch of blond curls on top of her head as if skewered there by a mother on a hot day, he had matched by snipping off a bit of one of those very curls. The color of the doll's face was Nicola's own coloring. The natty blue sports suit of silk sweater and flannel plaited skirt was Nicola. The perpetually bobbing young legs. It was Nicola to the life, all right.

It had been easy for Bernard to do Nicola to the life. Her loveliness was graven into his heart so that he knew the trick of the turn of her head, coquettish, yet half demure. Her



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fingers tapered in a way that was adorable to him. There was a little pool of shadow at her throat which he thought beautiful and there was no mannerism of her lithe and sinuous body too casual to seem lovely to him.

In the true sense of the word, it was a lithe and sinuous body. Nicola had not been reared along a white sun-baked seacoast for naught. The fluidity of water was in her movements. Her babyish body had slid into the purr of the Pacific almost before it could run.

The first day she dived off the spring-board of the country club swimming-pool, a storm of surprised applause rose from the side-lines. Why, here was a water-sprite! A past master of complex dives. In the one-piece bathing-togs that fitted her body like a coating of gold-leaf, she cut into the water as it parted in magic portières for the scarcely perceptible cleft of her body. Hardly a ripple. Not a splash.

Small wonder that the lieutenant was smitten. Or for that matter, Don Sertz, a brilliant young lawyer and amateur golf champion, to say nothing of the string of runners-up in the wake of the lively Miss MacCree.

Sometimes in his new and secret anguish of the lover, Bernard wondered if he even numbered among the runners-up. So did Lydia, fearfully. And yet, where Bernard was concerned, Nicola was consistently her gentlest and most considerate self. Not alone with the gesture of diplomacy that was born of her innate coquetry, but with something quieter and kinder was she considerate of Bernard.

Nicola was thoroughly capable of borrowing an evening that she had promised to Peter, in order to pay it to Paul, at the same time managing to keep Peter as enslaved as ever. But there was something in her attitude to Bernard that sometimes made Lydia fiercely hopeful, and then again would dash her to despair.

Was Nicola sorry for Bernard? Was she constantly on the defensive for him? Ready to throw her spirited defense in behalf of those who doled out their hospitality to her? Or was Nicola coming awake to the lure of the slim young prince of a Bernard whom Tish had celebrated since his birth?

They were a beautiful pair together. Swift, bladelike young bodies. Lifted profiles. Lean youngsters. Eager. On the tennis-courts, Bernard disported himself well enough.

He wore a glove on his racket hand because his service stroke raised blisters, but then so did the lieutenant. The sun bothered him on the court, and even with his cap pulled down far enough to impede his stroke, caused his eyes to smart and become bloodshot. But of all this, only Lydia and Tish were aware.

A notoriously good dancer, the girls clamored for him and that attested to a certain kind of popularity. It was about the third month of her visit, as spring came along, that Nicola decided he really must learn to swim.

It seemed to Lydia that, with the gesture of teaching Bernard to swim, Nicola was trying to answer either the spoken or the unspoken aspersions of the men who crowded in Bernard's home, without ever quite seeming to make him one of them.

Were these aspersions spoken or unspoken? Lydia would have given much to know. These men who came to the house and were polite to Bernard. What was the film of restraint in their manner to him? What was the film of Lydia's fear for him?

There was no way to read into the sphinx that was Bernard. She had long ago taught herself that, but his poise, both down at the business these days, and in his social hours, could not have been all simulated.

To be sure, it was poise that was keyed to a high pitch. Nicola was the lovely answer to that. She was the lovely answer to the high tension that gripped all the youths who flocked about her.

Between the frequent comings and goings of the lieutenant, Don Sertz and the runners-up, the very air of the household was beginning to be surcharged with something competitive.

The young lieutenant was now frankly

A Message to the Women of America



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Renowned Beauty Scientist

New beauty preparations are springing up overnight like the proverbial mushrooms . . . multi-colored bottles and jars are beckoning from shop shelves . . . theories of beauty culture are contradicting one another at every turn. . . No wonder thousands of busy modern women everywhere are asking themselves, "How am I to decide? Of all this vast bewildering array of products, products that promise so much, which shall I choose?"

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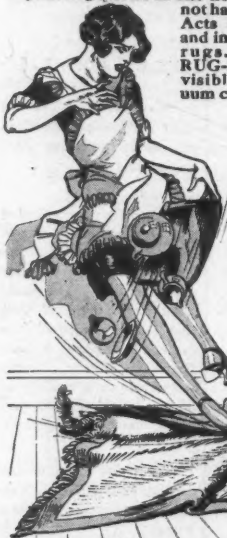
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paying his homage. Roses arrived in hampers tied around in ten-inch ribbon. He had a way of conferring elaborate gifts so simply that Lydia, in her rôle of chaperon, could not find conscientious excuse to damp his ardor. He had a small brooch made for Nicola in the form of a platinum biplane, set in what he called marquetry. In reality, they were small diamonds faultlessly matched.

Nicola was frank in her delight. So was she in response to competitive, if less subtle attentions of Don Sertz who showered her with telephone calls, motor rides, sweets, Angora kittens, theater tickets, a twelve-ounce especially balanced tennis-racket, and as crowning tribute, sent her over one day, decked in ribbons, the particular cleek which in his opinion had clinched for him the amateur state golf championship.

How Nicola, with vivacious ambidexterity, kept the various plates in the air was a source of never-ceasing wonder to the gallery of admiring onlookers who watched the contest with unabating interest. Not even the most obscure in the long list of runners-up ever had occasion to feel pique or slight at the hands of Nicola.

She reigned with a free high hand. She bestowed favors and kept the household in a gale of excitement and amusement over her infallible ability to keep everybody appeased. Lydia admired, even while she feared. And hoped.

Bernard was learning to swim now, down at one of the smart South Side boat clubs to which the coming of Nicola had given them entrée, by guest card. Every Saturday afternoon he and Nicola returned from there full of the recital of his progress.

Something warm and grateful was in Lydia's heart toward Nicola for this particular manifestation of her generosity of spirit toward Bernard. Yet somehow, even while she applauded, Lydia never could bring herself to accept their invitation to accompany them to the South Side boat club. It would have hurt her to see this effort of her son.

As that spring wore on into a hot and brilliant and not too humid summer, the competition formed itself into one that undoubtedly included Bernard as a neck-and-neck aspirant.

Nicola was awake to Bernard, all right. The flush along her smooth skin as he entered a room, the high brilliance of an eye, attested! And then—off again. On again. Time and time again, Lydia watched Nicola rob the lieutenant of an evening to pay Don with it; snatch Bernard's coveted hours away from him in order to go off riding with the lieutenant, or just as skillfully, with the litheness of a cat walking between porcelains, dart away from the lieutenant to attend the municipal opera in Forest Park with Bernard.

One day, without Lydia knowing about it until it was over, the lieutenant took Nicola up in a monoplane flight over the city. That seemed to excite Nicola more than anything that had happened to her. She dogged the lieutenant to take her up again and again. Something new and heady and additionally exciting was in Nicola's excited eyes these days.

The lieutenant's stock had taken a long leap forward. His flying-helmet hung on her bed-post. They rowed together, danced together, flew together, tennised, golfed, swam. The van Blarcoms owned saddle-horses, and at six o'clock of tender summer mornings the lieutenant would whiz down the quiet street in his cigar-shaped roadster, to take Nicola over to the park bridle-path where a groom waited with their mounts.

Even Lydia realized by then the dangers of this competition, but if faint heart overtook Bernard these days, he showed it neither by word nor act. With the fringe of her time Nicola still made her weekly excursion with him to the boat club, so that by midsummer they were able to strike out for a full half-mile swim together.

The first coat of tan he had ever known came down like a film over Bernard's pale oblong cheeks and blistered the backs of his hands. There had been a time when Tish would have



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anointed them with creams, but this the Bernard of the new hardness would have repelled. Instinctively, Tish did not attempt it, but her heart was sullen within her these days. "Cain't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse. Peelin' off de skin of mah young prince lak he was made out of de same leathah of all dis gang hangin' around heah—neber saw de lak, de way de Lawd made wimmin for to make fools of men!"

These observations, however, were made chiefly to the sink during the workaday hours when Bernard and his mother were at the establishment and Nicola was only in and out of the house sporadically, dipping in for a change of costume, for a dash for her tennis-racket or flying-coat of leather, and always, to the none too subtle disgust of Tish, leaving a trail of garments, scent and excitement in her path.

One evening, with a stoppage of heart, Lydia could have sworn that she felt against Nicola's little breast, as she tiptoed into Lydia's room in her black silk pajamas to kiss her good night, the pressure of a ring that must have dangled from a thin chain around the girl's neck.

Was Nicola secretly engaged to the lieutenant?

Surely not, Lydia told herself over and over again during the long watches of that sultry night. The lieutenant was all right, a fine fellow, but entirely without the magnetism necessary to hold a girl like Nicola. And Nicola was not worldly enough to sell herself. No. No. No. Why, Lydia knew it to be a fact, that by skillful maneuver to keep everybody happy, Nicola, past master at it, had contrived to attend the Edgewater Aquatic Club's annual sports day with Bernard and his mother, instead of abiding by her original plan to attend this picnic event with the lieutenant.

Sly child, she had maneuvered it in a way that quite passed over the rather heavy head of the lieutenant, giving him a paltry evening at the theater in return for the long lazy hours of a day on the beach.

There was only one motive could have prompted the little hedonist to this strategy. After all, there were limits to one's sense of obligation to one's host. Nicola must have done this because she wanted to be with Bernard.

It was on this thought, that the storm-tossed Lydia finally dropped off to sleep. It was on that thought that she awoke to the following day with a pleasant sense of its impending festivities. Weekends, during the long slack summer months, meant release from the torrid days at the dressmaking establishment, when Lydia was obliged to reduce her working force by one-half, and the city emptied itself of the majority of her customers.

Before the advent of Nicola, she and Bernard had indulged in the less pretentious pastimes of trolley rides out to Edgewater Highlands, the public park that adjoined the Aquatic Club, or little picnics, which included Tish to attend to the baskets, held in Forest Park or in lovely Shaw's Garden.

Nicola had changed all that. Doors now swung open to Lydia and Bernard at which previously they had never dreamed of knocking. Lydia, with no social instinct herself, was chiefly glad for Bernard. She loved to see him in the correct flannels that he wore so well, starting off for country club or summer dance in the cars of the chic young people who came clamoring for Nicola.

This day, Lydia who loved to be lavish and exceed her means if only for a brief while, and then scrimp in penance, had hired a large car. No trolley-car for Nicola, to remind her that she might have been skimming out in the lieutenant's roadster!

There were lunch hampers and Tish to attend to them and all of Nicola's paraphernalia of bathing-togs and dance clothes for the evening affair and tennis-rackets and Bernard's change of shoes and beach robes and wraps, and at the very last moment, because there was an unoccupied seat in the car, nothing would do but Nicola must send Bernard dashing back upstairs for the doll image of herself. And

while he was at it, shouting out after him, to bring down her Teddy-bear purse, who would be lonesome if left behind.

Nonsensical gaiety such as this she was capable of by the hour. To watch her was as diverting as to listen. Her face had no repose. All flashes and pouts and laughter.

What a girl, thought Lydia on the long drive out. The man who won the volatile creature would be let in for torment of a kind, and yet there was womanhood latent in Nicola that would assert itself once she settled down. Better Bernard should have her and suffer, than suffer for want of her. What a girl!

The day was as gay as a parasol. Whitish sky, almost too brisk a breeze, and the first barefoot children of the new summer out along the open roads. Nicola blew them kisses off the palms of her hands and bowed the doll solemnly. She was gay to absurdity.

If Lydia half feared that in the rush of young people at the club-house Bernard would lose Nicola, she might have spared herself this dread. Nicola had evidently, and even a little naughtily, determined to attach herself to Bernard for this occasion. She was quite firm, at least she was firm for Nicola.

Lydia knew that at some moment on the way out, beneath lap-robes, perhaps, the signet-ring on Bernard's left little finger had changed places and now gleamed on Nicola's third. It lifted the depressing sensation that the imprint of the ring had left against the bosom of Lydia.

The lieutenant was there in a flying-helmet, the silver wings of his plane visible on the great open meadow below the club veranda. Sertz was there too, in plus fours, and countless of the runners-up, all clamoring for favor.

The plan was very simple. Tish had remained in the car with the baskets. Nicola and Bernard were to change into bathing-suits and then return to the car with Lydia for an all-day picnic two miles down the beach, until time to return to the club-house for evening festivities.

Nicola had planned this day. She knew a cove. There was a gleam in her eye as she shook her bright head to a low-voiced remark of the lieutenant. Had they quarreled? Was this the secret of this sudden heritage of this precious day into the hands of Bernard? Her gay dash for the car dispelled that suspicion. No sir, Nicola had willed to give this day to the seclusion of a picnic down the beach, with just the family. "My muffins tuffins darling-ums family" as she put it.

"Muffins tuffins darlingness nuffin" had been Tish's retort to the sink, the first time she had heard it.

Well, just the same, whatever had been the last quirk of Nicola with the lieutenant, he was left standing rather dourly alone, as the car, filled with Nicola's patter, drove away.

The sun seemed to spread itself to make this coolish day a hard, white, glittering splendor. They found the cove, already known to Nicola, and so far removed from the sight of human habitation that there was a definite sense of isolation about it. The restless wavelets made a slapping sound against rocks. The wind was high enough to make a zipping cry as it turned the jagged edges of small crags.

The chauffeur and Tish planted a large red-and-white striped umbrella in the sand and spread rugs. Books and magazines were unearthed, the food-baskets placed in sheltered places beneath the rocks and a vacuum bottle of lemonade stuck into the sand beneath the umbrella.

It was a day that seemed to pour its vitality and brightness into the flesh. Nicola was like a big cat. She could not have enough of stretching and lying flat on her lovely back with the light streaming along the ridge of her body.

It was one of the few times that Lydia had ever beheld her son in swimming-trunks. His blade of a young body undulated with the ripple of muscles. If he was too slim, there was something packed and tight and right about the sparseness, and his torso was as concave as a Greek runner's.



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How beautiful they were, stretched out there side by side, shamelessly and sensuously going drunk on sunlight. They were like a pair of figures on the frieze of a beautiful alabaster vase, that stood in the van Blarcom drawing-room. Fleet, swift, soft youth. Presently they would bound away . . .

When they did, it was to cleave long-limbed into the tumbling lake. Nicola was as quick and sure as a sword into its scabbard. Bernard next, blanching and shivering for a moment, and then after her in the strokes she had taught him.

Lydia was not prepared for the sensation of beholding her son swim. Her limbs trembled. Splotches swam before her eyes. Tish's voice, garrulous and full of a dozen concerns, banged thickly against her ears. How daringly Bernard swam beside Nicola, right out to where the waves became hillocks. Except that his face was contorted with effort and his stroke perhaps a beat behind, there was little difference between the motion of the two bodies out on the bobbing waves.

The sun caught in Nicola's bright skewered hair, which she always wore uncovered, and presently it was streaming out behind her like seaweed. The sun lay on Bernard's black crop too, and shone along his tanned hairless arms as he cleaved.

"Be yo'self, honey-chile—dat swimmin' ain't in yo' nachure—it's again' it."

"Tish, be quiet! Can't you see Bernard has turned into a splendid swimmer?"

"Mah young prince'll bust his heart over dat little sea-devil out thar, what ain't fit to shine his shoes."

"Tish!"

"Cain't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse."

Silly old brown crocodile of a Tish. Lydia began to help her set out the picnic luncheon on a red-checked table-cloth, while the children swam.

After the young ones had climbed out of the water and packed one another in sand-graves and then soaked in more sun, they dined under the striped parasol off the checked table-cloth. Nut-bread sandwiches with cream-cheese hearts. Olives wrapped in bacon and stabbed with a toothpick. Cold white meat of chicken, rolled and filled with caviar. Home-made candied prunes stuffed with apricot. Potatoes-chips. Hard-boiled eggs with sardelle yolks. Tish's devil's-food cake! Pineapple punch. Salted walnut meats.

How they ate! With what incredible gusto, Nicola nibbling off Bernard's sandwich and Bernard closing down on her fingers when she offered him a bite.

A place had been gouged into the sand for the doll Nicola, but she persisted in toppling over on her side, and finally, for bad behavior, was banished in a swift toss by Nicola, within near reach of the waves, where she remained exiled for lack of back-bone.

Nonsense. Nonsense. Dear nonsense that warmed Lydia. The breeze stiffened. The sun poured. It was an afternoon to relax on a beach.

It was an afternoon, declared Nicola, to sleep on a beach. And nothing would do but that they sleep on a beach. The chauffeur was fed and allowed a stroll to the village. The knives, forks, pasteboard spoons and plates, the leavings, the boxes, the paper napkins, the glasses, the cups, were cleared.

Conversation drifted. Nothing could distract Nicola from the idea of sleep on the beach. She yawned prodigiously. She spread a rug for Lydia and another for herself, and before she curled up into hers made a little dugout of sand for Bernard.

Talk and high laughter between him and Nicola long after they were all stretched out in the sun. Finally, only the high, remote sound of a rook. Even Tish had curled up for a snooze in the rear seat of the car. The silence seemed to sleep.

A tonic of a day, one not soon to be forgotten. Relaxed limbs lay along the sand, even those of the doll Nicola, so perilously down near the waves.



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It seemed to Lydia, drowsy with the sweet-
est kind of fatigue, that the sun could suck her
in.

And then spew her out, on a shout. It was
the sort of awakening that lands one upright
from a horizontal.

The rug that Nicola had tucked around
Lydia had been jerked off with a rude hand.
The rude hand of a high wind. A sudden fury
of sand flew forward along the beach, like a
woman's skirt. The striped umbrella bounced
from its moorings and Bernard sat upright in
the little shelter of sand Nicola had built for
him, and fumbled a moment to get his bearings.

"Nicola!"

Nicola's rug had been tossed aside, but the
sand still held the light print of her body.

"What's up, Mother?"

"It's a blow! Where's Nicola? Throw that
sweater over your shoulders, son. Gracious,
what a change!"

The lake had the tumbled look and the
hissing sound of surf. Low clouds, the lead-
color of water and with shredlike edges, hung
over the lake. Waves, the lead-color of the sky,
rose to small peaks and made hissing sounds as
they went down.

"Nicola! Yoo-hoo, Nick! Where is she?"

"Here, Mother, you'd better slide into this
slicker. It's a blow, all right. Nick—yoo-hoo!"

Suddenly as they scurried into wraps, a
thought struck Lydia. Sly Nicola. It seemed
clear now, to her rested brain. Had she tucked
them all soundly to sleep in order to keep a
tryst with the lieutenant? Nicola's way of
having her cake and eating it, too.

It seemed to Lydia that back there in her
daze she remembered the soft sounds of
laughter and of Nicola moving about. Was
Nicola at her old trick of keeping everybody
happy? How more than probable! Oh, dear!
Poor Bernard. How more than probable that
down there behind the cove she was keeping
rendezvous with the lieutenant, or perhaps had
even gone with him for a hop in the plane.

Surely though, the lieutenant would not
dare that in this roguish weather! Scanning
an anxious eye across the tumbling heavens,
Lydia's gaze caught on an object out beneath
the horizon. Oh. Oh. Oh. Foolish daredevil
little water-rat! Just like her to have gone for
a swim. There she bobbed, far too remote
from shore.

"Why, Bernard, Nick's out there swimming.
She oughtn't to be away out there with this
blow coming up. Yoo-hoo, Ni-ick!"

"Well, I'll be darned!" So it was! Nick
bobbing along out there! Why, one didn't
swim that far out!

Simultaneously, standing there beside Bern-
ard on the wind-swept beach, that same
thought was born on Lydia. One only swam
out that far if one was carried out! Yet how
could one be carried out . . .

"Mother—something's not right—out there!"

"No," said Lydia quite softly, and laid her
hand against her mouth.

A flurry of sand flew between them and the
horizon and the lake seemed to lurch away.

"Nick!" screamed Lydia, and ran down
toward the receding water.

"Nick!" shouted Bernard and made a mega-
phone of his hands. The wind whistled over
his light voice.

"Mah Gawdalmighty!" cried Tish, who had
tumbled out of her nap on the rear seat of the
car by now. "Who dat out thar—little Miss
Nick—Gawd have mercy on mah soul."

"Nick," shouted Lydia, forming her hands
like Bernard's and bending into the whirling
sound the wind made, "Nick. Nick. Turn
back. Can't you—turn—back?"

Nicola's voice came back faintly, "Yoo-hoo."
"Dat chile's cotched out thar, Miss Lydia.
Dat's what comes of playin' wid de will of de
Lard."

"Nick," screamed Bernard, "swim in!"

"Yoo-hoo," came Nicola's voice fainter this
time and then, unmistakably, the head bobbed
out farther.

Nicola was beyond her depth. Beyond her

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strength. The waves were forcing her out. Nick was being carried out. There was no mistaking that. On a roughening lake, that was known to be squallish upon occasion. Martha, you put your girl in my trust . . .

"Lawdalmighty!" cried Tish and fell to the posture of supplication that came natural to her, and dug her knees into the sand and dry-washed her hands. "Tote dat chile inward instead out, O Lawd. Tote dat chile in."

Standing there, sand curling around in spirals, it might have been an hour, it might have been an instant that Lydia regarded her son. She only knew that her feet were rooted in immobility and her voice was rooted in silence.

"Well, well, well, Mother!" cried Bernard and began to run toward her with swinging, helpless gestures of his long arms and then to back away from her. "Well, Mother . . ."

The terror in his voice smote her, cracked her heart with pity and it felt to her for an instant that she must be standing here unconscious. Well, Mother . . .

"Bernard-boy!" screamed Tish, rising out of her suppliant crouch as if a specter of fear, undreamed even by her fertile imagination, had poked lean finger through her. "Bernard-boy," screamed Tish, rushing to throw her arms about his knees, "don't you go out thar in dat water. Gawd made you too high-toned fo' dis man-huntin' world. You stay heah by Tish, Barney-boy. Only Tish and Barney know how cold and black dat water out thar is. She don't. Miss Nicola will git back all right, Barney-boy. 'Tain't nothin' to her to swim out thar, 'cause she ain't got no scare in her. 'Tain't nothin' brave to do what you ain't scared of. Only Tish and Barney knows dat water thar—hates dat water thar—"

"Dare I, Mother?" shouted Bernard. "Dare I, Mother?" And with one jerk threw Tish over on her side, cleared her and struck out, cleaving through the water in the breast stroke that only a few hours before—or was it years?—had so delighted Lydia.

Was distance tricking Lydia? Was there some unsuspected and cruel law of physics leaning evilly into this moment to make it impossible for Bernard, by swimming steadily toward it, to lessen the distance between himself and that bobbing head out there.

"Jesu', lover of mah soul—help him, Jesu'—mah boy's scared till his marrow's froze. I know him so well, Jesu'. Mah young prince is scared and needs his Tish to hold him in her arms. Hold him fo' me, Jesu'. Hold mah boy, Jesu', in yo' arms. Hold him—hold him."

What would it have availed to call out, even if Lydia's tongue had not become a rooted thing? Tish, pray. Tish, pray. The wind made a souging noise that said that. Lydia's tongue would not move.

Bernard, son, said the souging noise: Bernard, son. Tish, pray. There you go! Push with your stroke. Up. Down. Tish, pray. Only now the wind and the praying were all one. Everything, gale, water, Tish. All one.

"He's got her. Gawdalmighty—thanks—Jesu'. He's got her. Hold 'em both in yo' arms, Jesu'; and git mah boy back to me. He hates de water, Lawd. It suffocates him. He's comin'. He's got her. Jesu'. Gawdalmighty let me burn de soles of mah feet and pull down de flesh of mah bones to you fo' this. He's got her. He's a-comin'. Jesu', lover of mah soul, hold mah boy in yo' arms."

How quickly they rode inward. No more quickly, though, than the thaw began to run through Lydia's limbs.

Here they were coming. Quick, Tish, blankets! He's so pale. Bernard—quick, son. Give me your hand. Quick. Blankets for Nick. Quick. Tish—brandy.

He stumbled a little as he climbed up out of the water as if he had come from under instead of across waves, and dropped his burden, with the blond hair flowing back from her in a fan, on the sand before his mother, and his smile, just before he dropped into a heap, was as if his face were in two pieces, cleft into a lower

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and upper half by the frightfully pulled lips. "Barney-boy! O mah Jesu! Dat—ain't Miss Nick he done brought back! Dat's de doll dat was bobbin' out thar. Dat's de doll. Dat's de doll," blubbered Tish. "Dat's de doll, dat's de doll," and began pinching at Nick's blue legs and waving his long slender arms like semaphores. Crazy semaphores.

The doll which Bernard had brought in lay now on the beach like a bit of seaweed, sprawling in more directions than a star has points, the hair wet gold . . .

"Bernard!" cried Lydia softly, and dropped to her knees and tried to take his head, that rolled a little loosely, away from Tish. She knew. That look on his face, as he rose out of the sea; that look, half satirical, half ecstatic, and full of pain, had been the look of a face at the moment of feeling its heart in the act of leaving its moorings.

To have looked upon that face as it made shore smiling, was to know what it means to have the heart strain itself to death. To have looked upon that face in the debonair act of trying to smile the smile that cut it in two, was to know pretty nearly all the pain and all the joy there was to know.

Lydia had looked upon such a face.

Bernard.

"Barney-chile, don't you heah yo' ma? What you layin' thar dataway fo'?"

Around the crag there burst the high-keyed apparition of Nicola, and in her tow the young lieutenant. Spray was in her hair and along his mustache.

"We heard you shouting for me down along

the beach. Didn't you hear me answer you, muffins tuffins darlings family? The lieutenant and I," she said, with the adorable look of guilt and irrepressible coquetry that made her madden and delight, "had a date for a walk while you-all sleepies slept. Oh, who's been drowning my imsy-bimsy baby-doll called Me?"

Suddenly the little group seemed to dawn upon her. She ran into its center, her bare feet making the sand fly.

"What? Bernard? Why—what?"

Something had flashed to Tish as the head in her arms rolled a little loosely to Nicola's touch. Immemorial grief for the immemorial dead was puckered terribly into the brown of her face.

"Bernard!"

"Don't you touch mah boy. Don't you touch mah honey-chile. Don't you touch mah young prince."

"BERNARD!"

"You! Stan' off! And dat piece of flyin' lieutenant thar! And you, his mothah, who let him bust his heart. What do you-all know about bein' brave when you've neber been afraid enough? Mah Barney-boy wasn't fo' no man-huntin' world lak youahs. He knowed de Lawd was gentle, and if you'd all let him alone, he would have been gentle lak Him.

"Mah young prince was too gentle to go out thar fo' to bring in a piece of on'ry woman-flesh. And de Lawd turned her into sawdust. Jesu, open yo' arms. O Jesu, step down out de fiery chariot, and open up yo' arms. Tish is a-bringin' a young prince into de arms of de Lawd."

Enter Sir John (Continued from page 49)

with most exquisite accuracy reproducing yet gilding the manner of Mr. Tanqueray addressing the jury on behalf of the crown.

"And will you tell me why it wasn't in question? Will you tell me—" He broke off. His manner changed. "It's too late," said Sir John jadedly, returning to the sofa. "After all, a mere jester—a poor player who struts and frets his hour—why should they listen to him? to a mere John Saumarez? Even though, mark you this, Delia, even though a woman's life, a young and a beautiful woman's life hangs on the player's trick of seeing what the man of affairs doesn't see. But there it is."

"What have you got up your sleeve now, Johnnie?" said Miss Simmonds cozily.

He pulled in his chair, his delightful face alight with excitement. "The brandy, Delia. The nip of brandy. What happened to the brandy that Martella offered Magda Druce, and that Magda Druce didn't drink?"

"She drank it herself."

"So they implied. But she wouldn't have it. Said she was sure she hadn't."

"Naturally."

"But why—naturally? Why should she deny it? It wouldn't have made any difference to her case to admit it. She was not responsible for her actions at the time; that was the plea. And she'd confessed, or as good as confessed, to a murder; why boggle at a drink of brandy? There was another explanation, too, that she might have given. She might have said: 'Magda Druce drank the brandy, grew excited, attacked me. I defended myself!' But this ridiculous girl admits the murder, admits the dispute, and denies any possible explanation of the brandy."

"It's odd," said Miss Simmonds, "but I don't see that it's important."

"Nobody saw that it was important. They assumed that she was guilty; she assumed it herself; they assumed that she had forgotten the incident; and so they never considered the other possibility."

"What possibility?"

"That she had forgotten the incident because the incident never happened. In fact, that she was telling the truth."

"Well?"

"Well, suppose she was telling the truth—

suppose she never drank that brandy—suppose Mrs. Druce did not drink it?"

"Well?"

"Well, then, who did? Because, Delia, whoever did was the murderer."

"What? When she confessed—"

"She confessed to the struggle; but she thinks she didn't drink the brandy. Can't you see how important it is? Both sides assumed that she killed, because she didn't deny it. The killing wasn't in question. The question was, is killing murder? Prosecution says, 'She was drunk when she killed.' Defense says, 'She may have been drunk when she killed. What does it matter? Anyhow, she wasn't responsible.' When she says she can't remember drinking it at all, but supposes she did if they say so, nobody takes the slightest notice. Interesting, isn't it?"

"Interesting? It's thrilling. But where does it lead? What are you going to do about it?"

"Do? Well, for the moment, continue upon the assumption that she was telling the truth."

Miss Simmonds gaped at him. "Telling the truth? You mean the truth throughout?"

"Throughout."

"Then—then"—Delia's shrewd face grew suddenly grave and pitiful—"why, then, the poor girl! The poor girl! It's horrible."

"Pretty horrible! All that vehemence, that indignation, that disregard for the forms, that—bad taste, one might call it—did call it—that was innocence, Delia. All that came of a good conscience."

"And inexperience."

"And a fine healthy resentment of injustice." "The poor girl!" said Miss Simmonds. "The poor fool innocence of it." She shivered. "It's that that touches one."

"Yes. It was that which convinced me. No one who was guilty could afford to behave like that. A blush is guilt; but there's the blush of innocence. We forget that. You remember the friar's speech?

"I have marked

A thousand blushing apparitions

To start into her face—"

Sir John rolled out the phrase with an enthusiasm that worried Miss Simmonds; for he had an intermittent hankering to play "Hamlet"

Well, I said to Mr. er-er-er what's his name--you know who I mean--that if we were going to do business with his firm, they ought to act right-er-er--regardless of what anyone else said. You get what I mean?



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Doucie did not for an instant cease to believe in her Novello's star. But she felt that he needed a mixture of reproof and encouragement.

"I'm not blaming you, Nello," she said sorrowfully; "but why don't you do something? Why don't you go to see Saumarez? Write for an interview. You know he never refuses outright. He just says come, and then all you see is Foulkes. But you stand up to Foulkes. Insist on seeing him," said Doucie grandly.

"It would be tactfuller to wait till he sends for me, wouldn't it?" said Novello ironically. He rose at the sound of an impatient knock and opened the door. "Well, what is it, Mrs. Didsome?"

"You know what it is well enough, Mr. Markham!" returned the landlady without amenity. "And I may as well tell you, Mrs. Markham, these rooms are engaged from the day after tomorrow; so I'd be glad if you'd settle up now so I can start the week easy."

"My husband has been expecting a remittance," said Doucie. "It ought to have come this morning."

"Ho!" said the landlady incredulously. "Indeed! Then I dare say this'll be it."

She drew a letter from her bulging pocket, a square rich letter; handed it to Markham and, folding her hands, waited for the further excuses which after twenty years of letting rooms could hold for her no surprises.

"Yes," said Doucie, gallantly fencing still, "a remittance from the manager of our last tour. My husband saw him through a lot of trouble and lent him a good bit of money; and then, of course, he didn't like to press for it back; so I dare say that's what it is—"

"Doucie!" cried Novello into that taut situation. "Doucie! It's what they call telepathy, Doucie—that's what it is!"

"What is?" cried Doucie; and the landlady, her animosity forgotten, craned into the scene. "What you said—about me—about Sir John. He wants me," said Novello blissfully.

"He wants you?" Her pretty mouth began to draw down a little at the corners, like the mouth of a child on the edge of tears.

Novello, white with excitement, patted her shoulder, trying to be wise and dispassionate. "It's all right, dear. Don't think about it too much. It won't be anything, you know. It—of course it couldn't be anything—"

The quiver in his voice steadied his wife.

"Why shouldn't it?" demanded Doucie, her voice clearing. "Why you do always run yourself down so, Novello, I don't know. Not much compliment to me. What's he say? Here, let me look!" And she snatched the letter from her husband's hand.

It was a real letter. There was the famous imprint, crowning the pale blue paper, the silhouette of Sheridan addressing the House of Commons, the mask of comedy trodden under foot; and the imprint was in red.

"It's personal," breathed Doucie.

"Oh yes, it's private; he's signed it himself," said Novello carelessly. "Be glad to see me at twelve o'clock!" continued Novello, glancing at the black marble timepiece.

Doucie was on her knees at the chest of drawers, rummaging like a terrier among her husband's stage clothes. She swung round on her heels at last, displaying a bright blue navy suit, limply hammocked across her two arms.

"I won't wear that suit," said Novello. "It's too light by day. I'll wear my brown."

"You will not wear your brown. There's places," said Doucie significantly, "where it's rubbed."

The landlady began to dispose of their difficulties one by one with the wide sweep, combined with the attention to detail of the born tactician.

"You'll get into your trousers," she informed Novello. "Never mind about the seat. You won't be turning round much after you get there; and I'll 'ot up an iron and press your tie. Then you'll want a nice clean handkerchief; and 'ow are your socks? 'Ole in the toe? That'll never show. You see to 'im, Mrs. Markham, and give me the things."

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They worked for the next half-hour—Doucie and the landlady combined their endeavors to turn little Markham into the likeness of a prosperous, competent man of business, without a care or a debt in the world. By eleven-thirty it was done; and little Markham went down the street with the bearing of a man who has an appointment with a brilliant future at twelve o'clock precisely.

Doucie turned back to the little fog-laden sitting-room and sat down to wait for his return. The excitement had died out of her and left her dumpish. She wandered about the room, tried to read "Home Chat," and then, said Doucie, telling the story afterwards, "Something seemed to say to me—'Dress!' I don't know why, but I just felt—fog or no fog, it's the morning for my crêpe georgette!"

So Doucie, governing her restlessness, had got out the crêpe georgette and put it on, when the front doorbell rang loudly.

Mrs. Didsome ran to open it; and Doucie waited breathlessly to welcome Ulysses returned.

But no Novello appeared. There was instead a male murmur and an exclamation in the voice of Mrs. Didsome. A moment later the landlady appeared in the doorway, beaming.

"Sir John Saumarez would be obliged if you could make it convenient to call on 'im at the Sheridan Theater! 'E 'as sent 'is car."

The study to which a man servant admitted Novello was an apartment so perfect, so like the study of any stage ambassador, that Novello at once felt at ease.

Sir John did not advance to meet him; but his expression was considerate and welcoming. They shook hands.

"Sit down, won't you?" said Sir John.

Novello obeyed.

"I've seen you before, Mr. Markham," Sir John began charmingly, "though you were not aware of it. You mustn't think I'm trying to flatter if I say that I was impressed."

In a haze Novello wondered, "Which part? Where?"

Sir John hesitated. "It seems to me, Mr. Markham," he said thoughtfully, "that we artists have a double function. We use life to create art, and we use art to—how shall I put it?—criticize life. You agree?"

"Certainly—most certainly," said little Markham fervently.

"I knew you would. But Mr. Markham, are we not so much occupied in using life to create art that we sometimes forget to apply the technique of our art to the problems of daily life?"

Markham coughed. His immediate problem was the payment of Mrs. Didsome's bill, and he did not see how the technique of his art was going to help him pay it. But he did not comment. Better keep quiet, he thought, till I see what he's getting at. He's getting at something, for all his talk. For Sir John's protective pomposities were well known. Markham's shrewd little face was intent. He watched for Sir John's meaning to emerge as a huntsman watches for a fox to break covert. His silence pleased the arbiter of his destiny.

"Mr. Markham," said Sir John shrewdly. "I read your thoughts." Markham started. "You are saying to yourself, Mr. Markham, this man is—talking through his hat. Eh? Of course you are. You wouldn't be the practical man I take you for otherwise. Let me explain myself. I have something to say to you; and I don't quite know how to begin. And so," said Sir John, with an airy wave of the hand, "I ramble; I descant; while you, of course, are wondering to yourself, as a practical man, why on earth I have brought you here."

"The fact is, I was anxious to gratify a whim of my own. Mr. Markham—I listened to you in court. You gave your evidence, if I may say so, as an artist, and as a man, in a way that impressed me. I feel that you will not at once accuse me of idle curiosity if I come to you with an unusual request. May I ask you now to give me something more than a repetition of your evidence? Mr. Markham, I want from

you the inner history, if you can recall it, of the Peridu murder."

Little Markham had to swallow once before he could answer. In spite of his disclaimer to Doucie, he had hoped; and the phrase "I have seen you before" had set him on a pinnacle. He understood now, and accepted the situation gallantly; but there was an instant before he could recover control, and Sir John saw it. Sir John knew that look. It stirred unbearably the pity he genuinely felt for those who could not share his success. He answered it in words impulsive yet measured.

"But first you'll forgive me if I refer for an instant to the question of business. I understand that you are at present undecided as to your future arrangements. I had hoped that we could induce you to act as stage-manager for the first tour of 'Griselda's Garter,' which I am sending out at Christmas. I repeat, Mr. Markham, you impressed me in the witness-box as a man of business and a man of feeling—an ideal combination in our profession."

Little Markham swallowed again. "Thank you, sir! I'm free at present. I've had a lot of experience that might come in handy."

"That's settled, then; we will regard you, from today, as a Sheridanian!" said Sir John, and smiled, and was proceeding. But something in Markham's face once more arrested him. "Well? What is it, Mr. Markham?"

Little Markham flushed. "Sir John—I it's my wife—Sir John, we've always been joint, as you may say, Sir John. Would it be asking too much—if a part—any part—"

Sir John was amused. "Mrs. Markham acts?"

"Acts? Sir John, it's not for myself—but if Doucie—my wife—could only get her chance—"

Sir John's smile was a benediction upon marital attachment. "She was with you at Peridu?"

"Oh yes, sir, a joint engagement. She understudied poor Magda Druce. The comic chambermaid was her own part, but she doubled one or two nights when Miss Baring was off, to oblige."

"To oblige Miss Baring?"

"To oblige the management, Sir John; we couldn't trust the understudy, though I don't say she wouldn't have done it for Miss Baring. Between you and me, Sir John, my Doucie was the only woman in the company who hadn't her knife into Miss Baring all the time. But they dressed together and they got on well; though my Doucie had to hold the scales impartial as you might say, being S. M.'s wife. But she liked Martella, Doucie did."

"Ah well, I've no doubt, Mr. Markham, that it would be possible to arrange an—ah—joint engagement. Is Mrs. Markham in town?"

"She's at home now, sir, waiting to—" He flushed up and broke off, only to begin again. "It's a big thing to us, Sir John, the engagement; I'd like to say—"

Sir John waved aside the little man's emotion. "It would perhaps be better if Mrs. Markham joined us." He picked up the telephone. "Is that you, Foulkes? Have you Mr. Markham's address? Ladbroke Grove, ah! Send down one of the cars at once to Ladbroke Grove, and give my compliments—what? Yes. That's it! At once if she can make it convenient."

"She will, sir," murmured Novello fervently. "He's to wait. He's not to come back without her. That's all, thank you."

He turned once again to Novello, who, perceiving that the *scene à faire* was upon him, bright-eyed with past emotion and present tension, presented, as Sir John realized, in his passionate attentiveness, the perfect foil.

Privately registering a decision that if the little man could only keep it up he would not waste him on a tour, Sir John spoke.

"I was at the Peridu trial," said Sir John, "as I think I explained to you. I was interested; I followed it with care. At the end—I wonder if this will surprise you—I came to the conclusion that the decision of the jury was wrong."

Little Markham regarded him dumfounded. "It was assumed that she was guilty,"

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Sir John continued, "because she did not deny it. It was assumed that no other person could possibly have committed the murder. It was difficult, I grant you—her character, her answers, the folly of her defiance in the witness-box—was she playing a part? As a man of the world, I answer, perhaps; but as an artist—and here I bring to bear my knowledge of the human mind, my imagination—I think not. I apply, in fact, the technique of my art to this problem of life that presents itself."
"Good heavens!" said little Markham. This was what Sir John had been driving at. Sir John had watched, had followed, and had seen what he, Markham, in the thick of it had forgotten or misrepresented to himself, the real Martella. In that cloudy atmosphere of the court involuntarily he had looked, not for innocence, but for guilt; had twisted her answers and glances towards guilt. The thought of another murderer had never occurred to him, as it had occurred neither to prosecution nor to defense.
"But I saw her with my own eyes," he protested feebly.
"And what did you see? A woman standing by the dead body—an empty flask of brandy that neither she nor the dead woman had touched. Was there no other person in the house that night? Who knows? It was never in question. She was dazed, the doctor thought and you thought—what was the cause of that? Drink? She never touched it. Her head hurt her, she told you. What was the cause? Drink? I give you the same answer. A person emerging from a fugue has no pain in the head. Martella Baring was neither drunk nor in a fit. What then? Think it over, Mr. Markham!"
"Another point. Why did she fetch the poker from the room in which she was not sitting? Odd, wasn't it? And the pain in the head, if it were not caused by drunkenness, might have been caused—how? Think it over; think it over, Mr. Markham. Meanwhile, as we have a little time to wait," said Sir John, "do you care for a cocktail at this hour? A very dry Martini, don't you think so?"
Markham agreed, a trifle absently; for he was, in all simplicity, obeying orders. He was thinking it over. A bell was sounded and answered. The cocktails appeared upon a lacquer tray.
"Success to our researches," said Sir John, lifting his glass.
Little Markham nodded and drank recklessly. He had not breakfasted; but the liquor could make no difference to him. He was drunk already, more completely than ever whisky had made him. Spiritually little Markham was under the table. He said, as he set his glass down:
"Sir John—I am grateful——"
A hand attempted to wave his words aside, but he was no longer speaking of his own concerns.
"I am grateful," he repeated, "for this chance to do something for Miss Baring."
"Ah!" said Sir John, looking at him with approval. "So you do share my opinion?"
"I didn't, Sir John! I was no wiser than the rest of 'em. But you're changing my mind for me. Lord knows why she admitted it—but she wasn't the sort to kill."
"No, but if she didn't kill Magda Druce—who did? Someone killed her."
"That's right, sir, but who?"
"Ah—who?" Sir John began to pace his room. "We have only two points to go on," he said at last. "She did not do it; and she confesses to having done it. Somehow we have got to reconcile those two statements. And the first thing of all is to admit within our calculations a third person—a person unknown."
"That's one more than the lawyers allowed."
"Quite so. The lawyers took it for granted that no third person entered that room until you appeared with Druce and the policeman. But we are not lawyers; we can afford to neglect facts and give rein to our imaginations."
"It didn't strike you she might be shielding somebody?" Markham asked.
"I thought of that," Sir John answered; "but

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it will not do, I'm afraid. There appears to be nobody with sufficient claim on her—"

He broke off. Markham answered his look. "No, sir, nobody in the company. She was friendly to all, and kind too when there was any need; but that's all."

"So I thought," said Sir John. "No, that theory is tempting. It squares with that obstinacy of hers; that question, you remember, of the person she discussed with Mrs. Druce during their supper—I should very much like to know who that was. But we must dismiss the idea that she is shielding someone. No sane woman carries quixotry to the point of hanging, unless for the sake of someone very dear. And," concluded Sir John, with satisfaction, "there is, as far as we know, no such person in her life as yet."

"If it wasn't for her saying she did it," said Markham almost irritably, "there'd have been a chance. They were ground-floor rooms; anyone, a tramp could have got in at the back; but when she admitted it they didn't look any further."

"But where, in that case," said Sir John, "would be the motive? Invariably there is a motive."

"No, sir, pardon me—not always. I read the Sunday papers a lot," Novello excused himself, "and it looks to me as if two out of five murders were done in a panic, because the fellow lost his head."

"The view taken by the prosecution, in fact," said Sir John.

"Not quite, sir," Markham contradicted. "Suppose now a fellow gets in at the back—a tramp or such like—sees the window open and thinks it a chance to steal. Suppose Mrs. Druce sees him—she might have seen his reflection in the glass of the folding doors. She calls out and starts to wake the house, and he knocks her on the head and bolts."

"Yes," said Sir John slowly, "but what about Miss Baring? She'd have seen him too."

Markham hesitated before he answered. "If you ask me, sir, Miss Baring mightn't have noticed. She—you see, she wasn't used to spirits, and that flask was empty. She'd been working hard, and she might have taken more than she ought, not being used to spirits. I tell you, sir, when I saw her there leaning on the mantelpiece, that was the first thought crossed my mind—"

"That she was drunk?" said Sir John bluntly.

"There's some go like that," said Novello.

"For the sake of argument," said Sir John, "we will suppose that it was so. But why should your imaginary intruder enter a room where he was liable to be heard or seen at any moment through the folding doors?"

"People do a lot of silly things when they're desperate," said Markham, "and anyhow, they were talking, the two women. You know what that means—wouldn't notice Gabriel's trumpet."

"But why should he attack Mrs. Druce?"

"She might have seen him. Miss Baring said she thought she remembered a look of horror on Magda's face. She may have seen him then, coming at her."

"Surely Miss Baring would have some recollection of the actual struggle?"

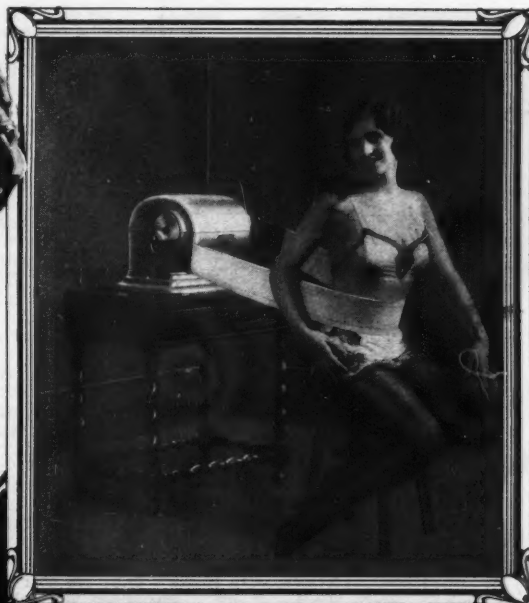
"She might not; you can't tell. He might have knocked her down first. If she got a blow on the head she wouldn't remember just what went before. I fell off a bicycle once," said Novello, with feeling. "Or she might have seen it and thought she was doing it herself, if she was in that state."

"Miss Baring doesn't appear to me the sort of person—" Sir John was beginning, when little Markham, forgetting reverence, gratitude, all save the point at issue, cut him short: "We've got to leave Miss Baring out of this—cut her right out. She didn't do the murder; she didn't see the murder; or if she did, she don't remember it and can't be any use to us. There's only two people left in, like there was to start with. But it's not the same two—there's Magda Druce, poor woman—"

"And X," said Sir John—"the person unknown."



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In the silence that followed, while Sir John strolled to the window, Markham, deserted by his confidence, had leisure to view his own behavior with misgivings. He had contradicted the great man; he had brushed the great man's comments aside as lightly as flies. In fact, led on by enthusiasm, he had presumed.

Markham sat still, cursing his tongue, cursing his improvised theory of the crime, that appeared, for all Sir John's urbanity, to contain one premise that he could not stomach. Certainly, Markham admitted to himself, it was not very nice to think of a lady getting drunk. He wouldn't like it at all if some man were to say it of Doucie; Doucie must be on her way by now, he thought; and perhaps, with his silly arguing, he had done in their chances.

The clock, after a silvery prelude, struck one. On the stroke Sir John turned.

"You'll have luncheon with me, won't you? And Mrs. Markham too when she comes. There are more points to consider. I am inclined to think that Peridu itself has not been sufficiently explored for evidence."

"They had her confession; they didn't need evidence. Why should they look for it?"

"Exactly. But we don't accept her confession, and so it becomes our duty to search for evidence. That follows, I think, and I am rather wondering—"

But the door was opened before he could proceed, to disclose the small form of Mrs. Markham in her blue crêpe georgette. She had, on tour, entered the drawing-rooms of many a stage countess; she knew just the manner that was necessary, and brought it into play from the first moment. Novello, proudly watching, admired her.

"So good of you," Sir John was saying, "to let me bring you here at such short notice."

"Oh, I was quite glad to come," Doucie answered, "glad of the breath of fresh air. What a charming flat you have, Sir John!"

Even while he looked and admired, Markham was troubled. He understood his Doucie; but Sir John—Sir John might not guess the actress that lay hidden beneath the veneer of the woman of the world.

"My wife's had as much experience as myself," said he; "been going ever since the war, playing everything but Shakespeare. She's a very quick study. And as for costume—"

"Quite," Sir John interrupted gently; "but all this is business. And we may leave business aside till after luncheon. I confess I sometimes find it difficult to wait till a reasonable hour for my luncheon."

"Oh, so do I," said Doucie.

"Then perhaps you would ring, Mr. Markham," Sir John suggested, and smiled at the couple. This happiness, he thought, how easy to bring about, how satisfying, how romantic an achievement!

The bell was answered.

"Luncheon!" said Sir John. "At once. Mr. and Mrs. Markham will join me."

The slave of the bell retired.

"Mr. Markham," said Sir John to Doucie, "has been giving me his views on a certain matter in which we are both interested. He is going to be good enough to lend me his collaboration."

"Of course," said Doucie. "I've always said my husband could do anything, given the chance. I've seen a lot of S. M.'s; and really—never saw one that could come up to him—never in a hurry, never loses his temper—"

"I'm not speaking now of his professional collaboration," said Sir John, "though that too has been discussed. It is his views on the Peridu murder that have so interested me. He believes that if the crime were to be approached from another angle, we should reach a different result."

"And get Martella off, you mean?" Doucie asked, surprised out of her grand manner.

"I hope so. Mr. Markham shares my conviction that she was not guilty. I wonder if you agree?"

In a flash Doucie guessed at the cause of Sir John's interest, knew what she must say, and said it in full.



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"Agree? I never thought it for one moment! Haven't I always said, Nello, that nobody who knew her could ever think it for a moment? Why, that girl's kindness, and the way she never said a catty thing, and the way she'd lend you anything you wanted—you couldn't wish to have a nicer girl in any company. It's all very well for these lawyers arguing round and round till you can't hear yourself think, but I dressed with Martella Baring for six weeks, and there's not much you don't know about a girl after that. Oh, Sir John, are you going to take it up yourself? Have you found anything out? Nello'd be ever so glad to help, and so would I! Poor thing!"

Sir John did not interrupt her; he found pleasure in listening to praise of Martella Baring, pleasure which, as he told himself, was the result of hearing his own judgment of her confirmed.

It was an excellent luncheon. At first there was little talk. The guests waited for their host to lead them, and the host was preoccupied. At the end of the second course he became aware of the silence and took his guests into his confidence.

"It is perhaps hardly a subject for conversation at a meal," he began, "but after all, our time is short. You'll forgive me, I know, if I recur to this matter of the trial." And then: "Tell me all about the company—the men of the company—I dismiss the women. The only woman physically capable of—ah—poker-work was Miss Baring herself, they tell me. But what of the men?"

"Well, there's me," said Markham innocently.

Sir John laughed. "Ferocious as is your general aspect, my dear Markham, you have, I fancy, an alibi."

"That's true," said little Markham, relieved. "But what of the rest? What of your comedian, for instance, who did not give evidence?"

"Tom Drewitt? No, sir! His wife had a baby a month ago. He hadn't time for goings-on. A good husband, Drewitt! No, sir, if you're looking for romance, so to speak, it would be among the youngsters—Fane, now, or Ion Marion."

"Fane, now!" Sir John was thoughtful. "I was interested by Fane. Liked him better than young Marion."

"Everybody liked Fane, sir. You couldn't not. A bit soft, but that was the war. They say he was a good actor before the war. Started in a circus as a kid and had worked his way up to Number One tours and occasional London. Lost his nerve in the last offensive. Funked London when he got back. Though I have heard, sir," finished Novello doubtfully, "that you yourself had sent for him."

"Possible—quite possible," said Sir John airily. "Foulkes keeps an eye for me on the younger generation; but we'll find out." And stretching out an arm to the silken doll on the occasional table behind him, he threw off the toy and took up the receiver beneath. "That you, Foulkes? Did we ever send for a Mr. Fane? Handell Fane. Yes, that Fane. Oh! Oh, we did, did we? What for? Revival of Paola? Indeed. I wasn't told. Ah!" He put down the receiver and said, "Well, Markham, he was sent for, but he couldn't arrange to come to us. Can you continue the history of this eccentric?"

Little Markham had a sense of justice. "Why, sir, he didn't come because he knew he wasn't ready for a big job. He'd rather postpone his chance than lose it, I guess. You see, he'd lost his nerve, Sir John. He came to us to cure himself, with first nights and quick studies."

"Ah! An artist, then. He knew himself. That's rare," said Sir John with quick appreciation. "I like him for that. Continue!"

"Well, sir, Mrs. Druce had played with him before the war. She made Druce take him; said he'd been a draw before and would be again. And so he was, except when he got stage fright."

"Remember the secret panel scene, Nello!" Doucie prompted.

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the panel scene in Buckingham? Your scene, Sir John. Well, at the first night Martella had to haul Fane out of the secret room and say his lines for him and bundle him back at the end—he was that paralyzed. She kept her head as usual, and they never spotted anything in front. But I tell you, sir, it was ticklish. And afterwards Fane bumps into the prompt corner looking like a chewed rag. 'My nerve's gone,' he says. 'I tell you it's gone for good. What am I going to do?' 'Oh, get out,' I said. 'Go and cry somewhere else!' I didn't see him again that night. Lord knows where he got to."

"I'll tell you where he got to, Sir John," said Doucie. "He went to Martella's dressing-room."

"Steady, Doucie," said Novello uneasily. "Oh, nothing anyone need mind," said Doucie, woman of the world. "And we heard every word they said."

"We?" said Sir John, frowning.

"Magda and me. We heard all Fane said, anyhow. You know how that high voice of his carried, Nello. And Martella wasn't being horrid to him. She was just laughing, nicely, you know. I heard her say, 'Goodness, that's nothing, Mr. Fane! Let's do some rehearsing every day till you feel really sure of yourself.' And next day they began running over their scenes in odd corners. And she steadied him. He never fluffed when she was on the stage after that. He saved his fluffs for Magda."

"For Mrs. Druce? He was uncomfortable with Mrs. Druce?"

"Yes, and Magda didn't like it—upset as she was already about Marion going. She'd have sold her soul to keep him. But there it was—Marion was out for himself. Nello always said he'd never stay."

"No," said Markham, "not even on the salary he screwed out of the Druces."

"How much?"

"Ten, Sir John," said Novello with wide eyes. "And he only halving leads with Fane."

"It wasn't fair," broke in Doucie passionately, "with me and Nello at nine. Oh, it wasn't fair, Sir John!"

"I did say something to Druce myself once," said Novello mildly; "but Druce said it was his wife's affair. She'd booked Marion and Fane, you know, while Druce was under the weather."

"Did she?" Sir John lifted an eyebrow. "Both men?"

"Well, the fact was, Sir John, she had to have someone in tow. But as my wife said to me, she wouldn't tow Marion for long. He knew what he was doing. I'd bet on his being in London before Fane, for all Fane's start. I've met his sort before."

"Fane's the better actor when he doesn't dither," said Doucie professionally.

Sir John sipped his liqueur. "Ion Marion—Handell Fane. Anyone else?"

Novello reflected. "Tom Drewitt—the ladies—Druce himself—the supers—that's all, Sir John, inside the theater. But outside." He threw up his arms. "The world's wide, Sir John. It might have been anybody. Tramps—and with tramps you've a motive—robbery! But otherwise, where's the motive?"

"Just so, where's the motive?" Sir John finished his liqueur with a sigh. "I don't know where to begin, Markham, do you?"

"Oh yes, sir," said Markham modestly, "I should say I knew where to begin."

The two stared at the serious little man. "But if Sir John doesn't know, Nello—" began Doucie admonishingly.

But Sir John checked her with a smile and a lift of the hand. "We'll hear it, please, Mrs. Markham. At present I'm completely in the dark. If your husband can light a candle I'm the first to be grateful. Go on, Markham, where would you begin?"

"Why, sir, at Peridu. You see, sir, we've got to work on this idea that it was a third person killed Magda Druce. It might have been someone from outside or someone who was in the house already. But we know that there was only Miss Mitcham in the house besides Magda and Miss Baring. That leaves someone

from outside who got in and did the murder. If he got in he must have got out again. If he got out again he must have made off somewhere, and if he had far to go through the streets, the chances are somebody noticed him. That's what I'd like to do—go to Peridu and ask questions; find out if there's anyone in the whole town heard or saw a man walking through the streets at three that morning."

Sir John lighted a cigar, not answering.

"Of course, as I said before, it's clumsy, but you've got to make some sort of beginning."

"Well," said Doucie, "there's that man to start with, that you thought you saw going round by the bakery."

"The policeman?" Her husband shook his head. "That was nothing."

"But it wasn't," Doucie insisted; "it wasn't Grogam—he came along afterwards."

"Tell me, please!" Sir John begged.

"It's only this, sir," said Novello. "When I heard the knocking that night I got up and went to the window. I saw Druce, and I thought, he'll have the police soon if he goes or making that row. Then I saw a policeman coming round by the left, by the corner of the bakery. I said to Doucie here, 'Just as I thought! Here's the constable!' Doucie came to the window and looked out. 'Where's your constable?' she said. Well, I'd taken my eye off him to speak to her, and sure enough there was nobody in sight. Then she said to me, 'Oh yes, I see now, there he is!' But when I looked there was another policeman coming round a different corner."

"What had become of the first one?"

"I couldn't say, sir. He must have turned clean round and gone back."

"You're sure it wasn't the same man?" Sir John asked.

"No, sir! Couldn't have been. The corners are a hundred yards apart in that square, and I only took my eye off him for two seconds."

Sir John sat silent once more, while they waited. At last he asked a question. "Are you free this afternoon?"

"Yes, Sir John."

"Can you give me a day or two of your time?"

"Yes, Sir John."

"Then, if I may suggest it," said Sir John, "my car shall take you home at once—no, no, Mr. Markham, finish your sweet; it's not so urgent as that—and wait while you put a few things into a suitcase." He caught Doucie's eye, imploring. "And Mrs. Markham too, if she will be so good."

"Oh, Sir John," Doucie murmured, incredulous, ecstatic, "do you mean—"

"Yes," said Sir John. "We're going to Peridu!"

Dusk was darkening a pink sky as the canary-colored Bentley drew into the Peridu station yard. Sir John and his companions stepped out and hastily effaced themselves within the station itself, while the car rolled out of sight.

For the three travelers had elaborated a plan of campaign which required an instant elimination of the Bentley. Peridu was to be lured into talk; Peridu would not talk to the Bentley. Behold then three poor travelers, strolling players, strolling into Peridu down the Station Road, and playing if not the rogue at least the vagabond, with as much energy as if the King and Queen were watching.

Doucie and Novello booked a room at their former lodgings; but the sister of Grogam the policeman, who officially did not let lodgings but "obliged" bachelors of good repute rather often with beds and breakfasts, was more than ready to accommodate Sir John when the Markhams vouched for him.

Grogam's sister—she had apparently no name of her own—placed a first-floor bed-sitting-room at Sir John's disposal; and there he left the suitcase which Novello had carried for him from the station yard. Grogam? Oh, Grogam was out. It was his late night. Did the gentleman want to see Grogam? Well, they'd know at the police station, if the gentleman couldn't wait till the morning.

did the murder. out again. If he made off some- go through the body noticed him. to Peridu and anyone in the a man walking that morning." answering. it's clumsy, but of beginning." s that man to you saw going band shook his ted; "it wasn't wards." begged. yello. "When I t got up and Druce, and I on if he goes on a policeman- the corner of the ere, 'Just as I ble!' Doucie out. 'Where's I, I'd taken my and sure enough men she said to is!' But when iceman coming st one?" st have turned me man?" Sir a. The corners at square, and re, while they uestion. "Are of your time?" said Sir John, once—no, no, et; it's not so you put a few ight Doucie's arkham too, if ured, incred- "e're going to k sky as he to the Peridu s companions ed themselves the car rolled borated a plan instant elimina- us to be lured o the Bentley. lers, strolling wn the Station ue at least the as if the King room at their Grogam the t let lodgings epute rather was more than n when the pparently no rst-floor bed- and there o had carried rogram? Oh e night. Did gram? Well, if the gentle- ing.

The gentleman thought that they might just as well look up Grogam at the police station. Sir John was sincerely terrified, not so much by the chamber in which he was to pass the night as by its furnishings.

"Is—is it aired?" he asked wildly, perceiving an opportunity for retreat.

"Aired?" said the policeman's sister. "I should say it was aired. That young Fane what give witness in the case—'e was the last 'ere. But I've 'ad some of the kiddies in and out of it till yesterday. It's aired, all right."

Sir John, revived by the word Fane and the oblique reference to the object of his visit, made no further attempt at withdrawal. But receiving from the landlady a door-key of incredible size he hastened forth for a walk-about, as he fondly imagined, with the Markhams.

He was undeceived. Walk-about was a phrase entirely incorrect as a description of the rest of the afternoon and evening. For Sir John's tentative suggestion for a cocktail and early dinner first at the Red Lion before investigations began, though welcomed glowingly by Miss Dearing, was instantly struck aside and trampled on by that fighting bantamcock Novello, upon whom, now that his own crowing ground was reached, the direction of the expedition appeared inevitably to devolve.

For the grateful little man had flung himself into the business with an ardor that stupefied Sir John, accustomed as he was to good service. But service is one thing, and hero-worship another. It became dreadfully plain that Novello Markham perceived in the dull details of the expedition opportunities for Sir John to apply the technique of his art to the problems of life, to exercise that acumen, that awareness of the significance of trifles, that instant grasp of the situation, that power of reducing opposed personalities to a state of submissive servitude which Novello so obviously took for granted that his patron possessed. Sir John had but to come, to see and conquer; but it was Novello's business to provide the opportunities.

He provided them till Sir John's feet were red-hot in his shoes, and his banner-like smile but a faded tatter of itself. Late afternoon wore into evening and evening into night, and still Markham would not let him dine.

The first visit was to Markham's own lodgings to let Sir John look from the window and see for himself the lie of the street from above.

"That's where the first policeman stood, Sir John; and that's where Grogam, the second policeman, come running. You see, don't you, sir, it couldn't have been the same man? The distances were too great. Now, sir, Miss Mitcham's!"

They left the disappointed Doucie and continued their foray.

But if Sir John had begun to call himself a fool for mixing himself up in a profession that was not his in order to fail where experts had not succeeded, his mood changed once more as Novello rat-tatted at the door upon which Gordon Druce had once hammered drunkenly and desperately. His sense of the gravity of the business deepened once more; his knowledge, too, of that queer latent capacity in him to succeed fantastically where others failed.

Miss Mitcham recognized a personage when she met one, however disordered his attire. She reacted impeccably, withering the small maid who had admitted them with eye and tongue.

"Good evening, sir! Alice, why didn't you show the gentlemen straight into the sitting-room? (That'll do now—don't argue with me.) This way, sir! Certainly, sir! Of course, sir! Any question you wish to ask. The room itself? In here, sir! Anything I can do. Yes, sir, I knew Miss Martella well, poor lamb! With her grandmother for many years, sir, housemaid first, then parlormaid. The whole business is preposterous, if I may say so, sir. You might as well convict Princess Mary. Excuse me, sir, but I can't bear to speak of it."

But though she was anxious enough to help him, Sir John got little from her, save reiterated asseverations of Martella's innocence.

"Could anyone have got into the house from

the back? Look for yourself, sir!" and she drew him into the inner room and showed him the window. It looked directly onto the stage door of the theater itself, with its built-out, flat-roofed porch and double row of dingy dressing-room windows above. The window was nearly level with the porch roof, lifted high as a tall man's waist above the pavement.

"Easy enough to get in," continued Miss Mitcham—"but it's a drop down again inside, sir!" And indeed, the window was set high in the wall as if the floor within was sunk below the level of the street.

"Did Miss Baring have many visitors?" "Only out of the company, sir. Mrs. Markham now and again, and Mr. Fane and Mr. Marion to tea; and little Mr. What's-his-name—the man with the squeaky voice."

"Tom Drewitt," said Markham. "Drewitt, that's him. He came once."

Sir John turned. He had been walking about the room as he talked, shifting the folding doors to see if an intruder's head would be visible behind the aspidistra leaves, if he could get across the room without being reflected in one or other of the mirrors.

"A squeaky voice? Ah, that reminds me. In your evidence, Miss Mitcham, you spoke of hearing voices, angry voices?"

"Yes, sir, and so I did."

"You swore at the time that they were women's voices?"

"Oh, yes, sir! You can't mistake a woman's voice."

"I've known a contralto—" Markham began.

"Oh, but they were high," said the landlady—"quite high."

"Just so." Sir John nodded, and returned to his folding doors and after a moment passed behind them; while Novello engaged their hostess' attention.

This was easy to do. He asked questions and listened with interest while she described the virtues of Martella until a feminine voice from the passage broke in upon them.

"Miss Mitcham! Miss Mitcham! Oh, Miss Mitcham, where are you? The kitchen chimney's afire, Miss Mitcham!"

Miss Mitcham paled. "That Alice—" she began, and swept downwards.

"One moment, Miss Mitcham," said Sir John gently, reappearing at the same instant.

"Excuse me, sir, but I can't stop now. That Alice of mine has set the chimney alight. Didn't you hear her calling?"

"That was me, Miss Mitcham," said Sir John. "Or is it 'I'? Do you know, Markham? I never know."

"Lord, sir," began Novello, as he took in the situation. "That's one to us."

But Miss Mitcham was annoyed and would have said so if she had been given time. Sir John, however, was before her.

"I am ashamed to say, Miss Mitcham, that I played a trick upon you, for which I know you will forgive me. The high voice that you heard that night needn't have been a woman's—you've just admitted it."

Miss Mitcham was ruffled.

"I haven't admitted anything, sir. No need to—I've nothing to conceal. And I must say, playing a trick like that on me in my own house, I don't like it. Brought me out all of a tremble. I'll thank you to keep your tricks to yourself another time, sir! And you, too, Mr. Markham, setting there grinning!"

Sir John's smile left his face, and he said sternly: "Miss Mitcham, do you realize that your evidence, as it stands, will hang Miss Baring, and that it is false evidence?"

"What's that, sir?" The woman's pleasant face whitened, and the anger died out of it. "Hang Miss Martella? Me? Why, dear lamb, I'd cut off my hands for her. But I had to tell the truth, didn't I? I swore to tell the truth. You mean to say my evidence—" Miss Mitcham's face began to pucker. And Sir John, having subdued, hastened to console.

"I'm not blaming you, Miss Mitcham. You told what you thought was the truth. We all know it. We all respected your distress. But



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it's a fact, nevertheless, that if you had not been so sure the voices you heard were women's voices the whole course of the case might have altered. You were sure you heard women. I had to prove to you that a man speaking in a high voice might, sleepy as you were, have deceived your ear. I have proved it. Be thankful that I have. It will help to save her life, Miss Mitcham, this trick that I've played upon you. And now, Markham!"

He flashed his smile upon her as he swept Markham into the passage.

"The theater, Markham, eh?"

"Well, sir, we did say Marion's lodgings," began Novello, much impressed, but still sticking to his program.

"Ion Marion had a deep voice. Two members of the company excluding yourself had high ones. Possibly, of course, the voice doesn't belong to the company at all. Nevertheless—the theater next, Markham," said Sir John, stepping out.

Novello looked up at his leader admiringly as he trotted beside him. Sir John was in charge.

But at the theater the two men received a check. Neither manager nor stage-hands, though quite ready to talk, had anything whatever to say. Even the garrulous stage door-keeper did not altogether deserve the ten shillings that passed at the close of the interview from Sir John's hand to his.

No, said he, there had been the usual letters for a few days for the company to be redirected; but no inquiries from unpaid landladies; no telegrams, nothing unusual. There was the usual mess of course, papers, grease-paints, envelops and so forth, left behind. It was natural there should be after a six-weeks' stay. A basin had been broken, a fixed basin under one of the windows in a first-floor dressing-room now he came to think of it. "But whether the Druce company did that or the next crowd, sir, I couldn't really tell you. Oh, yes, and one of the gents in the same room left his cigaret-case. I couldn't send it on—no address being left. So perhaps you, sir—" The stage doorkeeper fumbled in his lockers.

"I'll see to it," said Markham, mechanically holding out his hand; for he was accustomed to such small commissions. And the door-keeper put into it an ivory case.

Thus unsatisfactorily the conclave ended; and the police station, though it welcomed them, was not much more helpful. Markham succeeded in extracting the whereabouts of all the town policemen on the night of the crime. Their whereabouts, however, did not explain the presence of the policeman whom Markham was beginning to believe he had dreamed, not seen.

The extreme depression of the two investigators as they walked away at last was not lightened by realizing that it was long past closing time, and that the hotel would not welcome demanders of a meal, but not a bed, at half past eleven at night.

Timidly Novello suggested "a snack with me and Doucie, Sir John, before I see you home." Gloomily Sir John acquiesced. Yet the meal which, in spite of Doucie's efforts, was not a riotous one, had its moment. Filled but not satisfied by new bread, bloaters, raspberry jam and cheese, Sir John came at last to the stage when he could be cheerful.

"May I smoke?" Sir John's eyebrow lifted wittingly as he felt for his cigaret-case. Novello brought out his own in a hurry.

"Have one of mine, Sir John?"

"That's not your case, Nello!" cried Doucie.

Novello, realizing that he had brought out by mistake the chryselephantine trifle entrusted to him, threw it hastily down and began another search as he said, "It's Marion's. Got to forward it."

"Pretty," said Doucie, picking up the case and snapping it open. "Look, Nello, it's got an inscription—M to HIM! I bet you Magda gave him that," said Doucie, her eyes gleaming.

"Ah, that's how her money went. That cost something," said Doucie, examining the detail of the inlay. "Why, that would pawn for ever so much—even now, with that brown mark

all over it. Pity," said Doucie, displaying the interior. "Wonder what he spilt on it?"

"That," said Sir John, holding out his hand for the case, examining it, snapping it together, and putting it down again before he spoke. "that, my dear Mrs. Markham, is a smear of blood."

"What?" cried little Markham, picking up the case in his turn.

Doucie snatched it from him. "It'll wash off," began Doucie. Then she caught her husband's eye. "Oh!" said Doucie in another voice. "Blood?"

"No, I don't think we'll wash it off, Mrs. Markham," said Sir John agreeably. "If I were you, Mrs. Markham, I'd get a nice clean handkerchief and wrap up that case very carefully indeed and give it to your husband to keep. And I think, Markham," finished Sir John, "that, all things considered, we will go back to town tomorrow as soon as we can get the car. We haven't done all we might, Markham, and I would like to locate your policeman before we shake the dust of Peridu from our shoes, but one cannot have everything; and I think we have a clue or two to go on with. Yes—I wish we could have located your policeman," said Sir John, rising to go. "Good night, Mrs. Markham!"

"Au revoir, Sir John!" said Doucie. And then, to round it, "A rider-veci!"

She bowed the two men out, and fetching a clean handkerchief, employed herself till her husband's return in wrapping up gingerly the gorgeous ivory case.

Sir John dreamed he was lying on a bag of damp tennis-balls. He opened his eyes; for it would be incorrect to say that he awoke. His state had been too tormented to be a sleep; but he became aware that he had shifted from one state of consciousness to another.

"Fugue," I suppose they'd have called it," said Sir John aloud, with extraordinary bitterness.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a voice. "I didn't catch—quiet, can't you, Johnnie!"

Sir John turned on what was left of the tennis-balls, which he now perceived were a mere dream version of the innumerable lumps in his flock mattress, and beheld the sister of the policeman Gramogam at his bedside. One hand carried a large cup of tea, while with the other hand she steadied against her shoulder a hearty infant who smiled at Sir John with an air of confidence.

"Take it, sir, or e'll 'ave it over," said the landlady, hurriedly extending the cup and saucer. "Quiet, Johnnie, can't you! Edith, take Johnnie's 'and."

Mechanically accepting the beverage, the bewildered knight perceived that his hostess was addressing a sturdy male child imperfectly habited and still more imperfectly groomed. The boy clung to her skirts, while a younger girl, clasping a writhing kitten, strove with him for what was evidently regarded as a front seat.

An older girl, immediately behind the group, was weighed down by a large laden tray of black tin and a cold in the head, while the procession was completed by the figures of yet another boy and girl. These last two wandered round the room, taking stock of Sir John's luggage and fingering his clothes.

Sir John drew a deep breath, but he was not allowed to speak.

"Will you 'ave the tray on the bed, sir, or shall I pull over the chair?"

"Oh—oh, please don't trouble," said Sir John helplessly. "If you would put it down somewhere—anywhere," said Sir John wildly, "I'll see to it myself. I—I'll dress first—I'll get up at once."

"Oh, don't say that, sir," returned the landlady, laying the tin tray heavily across the lodger's legs. "When would you like your 'ot water? When you like. Don't mind me! My gentlemen aren't often early."

"I'd like it as soon as possible," said Sir John, gingerly raising himself to a sitting position.

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"You shall 'ave it," said the landlady agreeably, "as soon as I've got my brother's breakfast. 'E's just come 'ome. Albert, leave that suitcase alone, d'you 'ear me? The trouble they are to me," continued the landlady, "what with lodgers who 'ate children, and lodgers who encourage them to 'ang about, you never know where you are."

Sir John assumed his dress-rehearsal voice. "If you would kindly put the tray on the table and let me have the hot water at once, I will get up."

"Just as you like, of course," said the landlady, resigned. "Leave that bag alone, Albert, d'you 'ear me!" in sudden wrath. "Time and again I've told you not to meddle with the lodgers' luggage. Remember what come of it last time! Will always be touching," said the landlady confidentially, strolling, however, to the door as she spoke. "Some lodgers don't like it. There was one we 'ad in the summer—Fane, 'is name was—time of the Druce case. Reely, the way 'e went on that morning about Albert! I said to 'im at last—'Well,' I said, 'the child meant no 'arm.'"

"What had Albert done?" inquired Sir John, restraining the interest in his voice.

"Done? Why, the child come in with me, as 'e did just now, and sees Mr. Fane's bag lying in a corner; and of course 'e's bound to open it. 'Oh, Ma' 'e says, 'the gentleman's got Uncle's 'elmet.' And so 'e 'ad. I saw it myself. One of them stage policeman's costumes. And reely I couldn't see what 'arm it did the 'elmet, the child seeing it. But the way Mr. Fane took on, you'd 'ave thought it was wedding-cake! You never 'eard anything like it."

"Well, reely, Mr. Fane," I said, 'you needn't be 'ave like Uncle Rex in 'is off time—if the child 'as touched what 'e oughtn't.' And then 'e calmed down; said 'e was nervous of getting 'is stage clothes spoilt, being the management's property. 'Well, what did you bring them away from the theater for, then?' I says. 'Oh, 'e says 'e'd brought 'em 'ome to sponge and press. 'Well,' I says, 'you needn't be 'ave as if Raw-'ead and Bloody-bones was after you, if you 'ave brought 'em 'ome to sponge and press! Shouting and cursing and frightening the child! Give the clothes to me and I'll press 'em for you,' I says, 'if that's all.'"

"But no, 'e wouldn't 'ear of it. But 'e give Albert a shilling, and that was the end of that. There wasn't no 'arm in 'im, you might say," said the landlady. "But there it was; 'e couldn't bear anyone touching 'is things."

Sir John, his mind agog with thoughts which longed to translate themselves into action, surveyed with impatience the processional exit of the policeman's sister and her family. When the door banged behind the final child, he sprang from the bed, shaved himself, dressed himself, and sped forth to find Markham and communicate his news. They would, he thought, return instantly to London; they would invade the office of Trenny Rice; they would give Trenny Rice to think.

Sir John was preoccupied as he strode towards the Markhams' lodgings; but even so, he could not help observing the unwanted quiet of the streets.

"Confound it!" he thought. "It's Sunday, of course. Nothing to be done; Rice always goes out of town. Another day wasted! But I'll write; he'll get it first thing tomorrow."

And he proceeded at a more moderate pace, wistfully considering the breakfast he had forsaken.

"Odd!" mused Sir John. "One is not, as a rule, emotional about breakfast. Not in London. But here things have other values. Emotions here may be stated in terms of kippers, and a child's dirty, prying fingers may open the gates of a prison."

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